

THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
GIL BLAS
OF
SANTILLANA

BY
M. DE CAYE

VOL. I

LONDON:

Printed for J. A. COOK, in Strand, 1725.

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near St. Dunstons Church.

To the READER.



THE

AUTHOR

TO THE

READER.

BEFORE HERE being some Per-
sons who cannot read a
Book without making
Victious and Ridiculous
Applications of the Char-
acters they find in it; I declare to
those Malicious Readers, that they
will be in the Wrong if they apply
the Portraits in this to particular Per-
sons; I make this publick Confes-
sion, That all I aim'd at was to repre-
sent the Life of Man such as it is.

To the READER.

God forbid I should have a Design
to speak for any Person in particular.
Let no Reader therefore take that to
Himself which suits others as well as
him : Otherwise, as *Phædra* says, he
will shew himself *mal a propos, stulte
nudabit, animi conscientiam.*

There are Physicians in *Castile* as
well as in *France*, whose Method is
to bleed their Patients too much.
The same Vices, the same Originals
are every where to be met with. I
own I have not always exactly imi-
tated the Manners of the *Spaniards*,
and those that know what disorderly
Lives the Players at *Madrid* lead, may
blame me for not painting them in
more lively Colours : but I thought
it proper to lessen some Parts of
them, that they might be more con-
formable to our way of living in
France.
Those Malicious Readers, that may
will be in the Wrong if they apply
the Portraits in this to particular Per-
sons. I make this publick Confessi-
on. That all I aimed at was to repre-
sent the Life of Man such as it is.
God

To the READER.

GILBLAS

TO THE
READER.

BEFORE thou enterest up
on the Story of my Life,
Hearken, Kind Reader, unto
the Tale I am about to tell
Thee. Two Scholars going together from Pa-
nafil to Salamanca, and finding them-
selves weary and faint, stop'd by the side
of a Fountain, which they came to in their
Way. As they were resting themselves
there, they by chance found a Stone with
some Words written upon it, almost effaced
by Time, and the Feet of the Flocks that
came to drink at that Spring. They wash'd
the Dirt off the Stone; and when they
could

TO the READER.

*And I have found a Soul, who found
the Soul of the Candidate here:*
Aqui esta encerrada el alma del Li-
cenciado Pedro Garcias : " *The Soul*
" *of the Licentiate Pedro Garcias is*
" *here enclosed. The Youngest of the*
Scholars, a brisk blunt Boy, had no
sooner read the Inscription, but he laugh'd
and cry'd, The Soul here enclosed,---
a Soul enclosed ! I would fain know
the Author of such a foolish Epitaph.
His Companion who had more Judgment,
said to himself, There must be some My-
stery in it ; I'll stay and see whether I
can find it out. Accordingly, he let the
other Scholar go before him, and when he
was gone, he pull'd out his Knife, and
cut up the Earth about the Stone, which at
last he remov'd, and found under it a
Leather Purse which he open'd. There
were a Hundred Ducats in it, with a Card,
wherein was written in Latin to this
Effect. Be thou my Heir, Thou who
hast Wit enough to find out the
Meaning of this Inscription, and
make a better use of my Money than
I did. The Scholar was overjoy'd at
this

TO the READER.

this Discovery, cover'd the Place with the Stone again, and proceeded to Salamanca with the Soul of the Licenciate in his Pocket.

Whoever thou art, Kind Reader, that art going to resemble one or t'other of these Two Scholars : If thou readeſt my Adventures without having regard to the Moral Instructions that are contain'd in them, this Work will be of no Use to Thee ; but if thou readeſt them with Attention, thou wilt meet with the Utile and the Dulce, according to the Rule of Horace.



THE

To the READER.

His Discourse, concern'd the Place with the
Stone again; and I intended to Saluam
ca with the Soul of the Lamentable in dis
Pocet.

Wherever thou art, Kind Reader, thou
art going to receive one or more of these
Two Sermons: If thou readest any of
them without having regard to the
Moral-Instructions that are contain'd in
them, this Work will be of no Use to
Thee; but if thou readest them with at-
tention, thou wilt meet with the Uti-
lity and the Pleasure, according to the Rule
of Horace.



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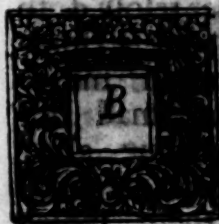


THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
OF
SANTILLANE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of GIL BLAS's Birth and Education.



BLAS of Santillane, my
Father, having a long time
born Arms for the Service
of the Spanish Monarchy,
retir'd at last to the Town
he was born in, where he
married a Woman that
could by no means be said to be in
the Flower of her Youth. At ten Months
Vol. I. B end

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and I came into the World; and they afterwards remov'd to *Quidd*, where my Mother serv'd a Gentleman in the Quality of a Chamber-maid, and my Father in that of Groom. As they had nothing to live upon but their Wages, I should have been in danger of a very indifferent Education, if I had not had a Canon for my Uncle. Imagine to your self a little Man of three Foot and a half high, with a Head sunk into his Shoulders: Such a one was this Uncle of mine. He was a Priest who minded nothing but good Living, I mean good Cheer; and his Tythes, which were pretty considerable, furnish'd him with the means of doing it, according to his Appetite.

He took me from a Child, and had the Care of Breeding me up. My Parts were so promising, that he resolv'd to cultivate them. He bought me a Horn-book, and undertook to teach me to read himself, which was no small Improvement of his own Reading also; for by teaching me my Letters, he recovered the Knowledge of them, which he had lost by long Dis-use; and thus in a little while he could run over his Breviary very cleverly, which he could not

Chap. II of GIL BEAS. 3

not do before. He would fain have taught me *Latin*; it would have serv'd him some Money in his Pocket; but ah, poor *Gil Peris*, he knew not how many Parts of Speech there were. He was perhaps (for I would not be too positive in asserting it) the most ignorant Canon of all the Chapter. I have been told that he got his Benefice, not by his Learning, but by the Favour of some *Nobles*, for whom he had provid'd a discreet and successful Agent; and they had Interest enough to get him admitted into Orders, without passing thro' any Examination. His Ignorance oblig'd him to put me to School; accordingly he sent me to Dr. *Sodium*, who had the Character of the most able Pedant of *Ovindo*. I made so good Use of his Lessons, that in 5 or 6 Years time I understood something of the *Greek* Authors, and was tolerably well acquainted with the *Latin*. I apply'd myself also to *Logic*, which help'd me out at a Pinch, when I was put to it for want of Argument, as it often happen'd to me, thro' an inordinate Desire of Disputation; which I was so fond of, that I frequently stop't People as they went along the Streets, whether I knew them

4 The HISTORY Book 10

them or not, to propose Arguments to them; and sometimes met with some *hymers*, who lov'd disputing as well as my self, and we made rare Work of it; I lov'd, what *Grimaes*; What *Gestures*; What *Curricens*; Fire sparkled in our Eyes, and we always foamed at the Mouth: Every one that saw us, ought to have taken us rather for Madmen than Philosophers.

By this means I acquir'd the Reputation of a learned Person; and my Uncle was overjoyed to find me so forward, hoping 'twould ease him of any farther Expence about me. So, *Gil Blas*, says he to me one Day, Thou art out of thy Childhood, 'tis time for thee to provide for thy self; thou art Eighteen, and a notable Lad: I think to send thee to the University of *Salamanca*; thou canst not fail of getting some Employment or other there. I will give thee my Mule, which is worth ten or twelve *Pis* stoles, and put some *Ducats* in thy Pocket. Thou mayest sell the Mule at *Salamanca*, and live upon the Money till thou canst get thee a Place.

He could not have made me a more agreeable Proposal; for I long'd mightily to see the Country: However I did

not

not

Chap. 2. of AGIL BLAS. 5

And I lov'd him as I lov'd it, and conceal'd my
Joy; and when we parted, I seem'd to be
sorrow'd at my leaving an Uncle who
had been so kind to me, that the good
Man was touch'd with it, and gave me
more Money than I should have had
of him; had he known the bottom of
my Soul. Before I departed I took
leave of my Father and Mother, who
sail'd not to give me very good Coun-
sel: They admonish'd me to pray for
my Uncle, to avoid ill Company, and
above all things to beware of wronging
any body, and talking what was not my
own. After a long Harangue, of this
kind, they made me a Present of their
Blessing, the only Gift I had of them:
I mounted my Mule, and quitted Ovinda.

CHAR II

*How he was alarm'd as he was going to
Penaflex; what he did when he came
aboard, and with whom he sup'd.*

BEing got out of Town in the Road
to Penaflex, A Master of my own As-
sions, of a sorry Mule, and forty good Du-

cats, besides some Reals which I had stolen from my most honoured Uncle: The first thing I did was to give my Mule her Head, and to go at what Pace she pleas'd: I threw the Bridle on her Neck, took the Ducats out of my Pocket, and told them over and over in my Hat: I had never seen so much Money in all my Life; and I could not help telling it and handling it. I suppose it might be about the twentieth time of telling, when my Mule prick'd up her Ears; and stop'd in the middle of the High-way: I imagined she was frighted, and looking to see what was the Occasion of it, I saw a Hat on the Ground, with a huge Rosary upon it, and heard a lamentable Voice pronouncing these Words, *Have pity, Signior, on a poor Cripp'd Soldier: For the Lord's sake throw some of those Pieces into my Hat: God will reward you for it in the other World.* Turning my Head to the Place from whence the Voice came, I spy'd a kind of a Soldier under a Hedge ten Yards off me. He held out a Pole, which seem'd to me to be as long as a Pike, and rather intended for Arms than for a Support. At sight of this I fell into a Panick, and did not know what

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 7

what to do. In the first Place I took care of my Ducats, put 'em in my Pocket, and pull'd out some Reals. I then approach'd the Hat, which was dispos'd to receive the Charity of all frighted Believers; I threw them into it one after another, to let the Soldier see how generous I was. He was satisfied with my noble way of Proceeding, and gave me as many Blessings as I gave Strokes with my Heel into my Mule's Sides, to get him from him as fast as I could; but the curs'd Jade made not the greater Speed for it; she had been so long us'd to go my Uncle's slow Pace, just one Leg before t'other, that she had forgot what a Gallop was.

I did not at all like this Omen: I thought to my self, I am not got to *Salamanca* yet, and something worse than this may befall me before I get thither: My Uncle should not have let me go by my self: but doubtless he did it to save Charges, and not consider'd the Risk I run in travelling alone at my Years. I therefore resolv'd as soon as I came to *Penafier* to sell my Mule, and go by the Carrier to *Astorga*, and so to *Salamanca* after the same manner. Tho' I had never been out of *Oviedo*, I knew

8 *The HISTORY . Book I.*

the Names of the Towns I was to pass thro', having inform'd my self of them before my Departure. Being arrived at *Benafier*, I stopt at the Gate of an Inn, which made a pretty good Appearance. I no sooner alighted than the Man of the House came and receiv'd me very civilly. He untied my Portmanteau, put it upon his Shoulders, and conducted me to my Chamber: The Hostler took my Mule, and led it into the Stable. My Landlord was the most talkative Person of all his Fraternity; and whether there was occasion for it or no, was very free to tell me all his private Affairs. He was no less inquisitive about those that did not concern him. He told me his Name was *Andrea Corucelo*, that he had serv'd in the Army many Years as a Serjeant, and had quitted the Service 15 Months before, to marry a young Woman of *Castrapol*, who, tho' she was no Beauty, did the Business of the House well enough. He told me abundance of other Things, which I was not very fond of hearing; and in return for so great Confidence, he thought I could do no less than satisfy his Demands who I was, and whence I came. He would needs have

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 9

have me answer him Article by Article, accompanying every Question with a Pause and a low Bow, praying me to excuse his Curiosity, and that with so much Respect, that I could not help satisfying it. This necessarily drew me into a long Conference with him, and gave me an Opportunity to talk of my design to dispose of my Mule, and go the rest of my Journey by the Carrier. He highly approved of my Reasons, and represented to me the many sad Accidents I might be exposed to on the Road, telling me several dismal Stories of Travellers, which he exaggerated and enlarg'd on so much, I thought he would never have done. At last he came to the Case, and said, If I would sell my Mule, he knew an honest Jobber who would buy it of me. I let him know I should think my self mightily oblig'd for that piece of Service; and he went immediately to fetch my Chapman.

He soon returned, and brought his Man with him, whom he recommended for his Honesty. The Mule was led out into the Yard, and we three went to view it. My Chapman examin'd it from Head to Foot, and made the Hollar ride him up and down the Yard,

TO *The HISTORY* Book I.

which did not at all add to the Credit of the Beast. The Jobber found a hundred Faults with it, and truly there was not much Good to be said of it; but if it had been the Pope's Mule the Fellow would have had something to say against it. He swore mine was good for nothing; and to convince me of the Truth of what he said, he obliged my Landlord to vouch for it, who doubtless had his Reasons to say what the Jobber would have him. The latter turning to me, said gruffly, You would not impose such a Beast upon me for a good one, I hope; he is not worth driving home. After he and my Host had pass Judgment upon my Mule, I took it for granted that he was as bad as they made him to be. I therefore threw myself on the Honesty of the Jobber, and bad him give me for it what he thought in his Conscience it was worth. My Man pretending to be a Person of strict Honour, reply'd, That by referring it to his Conscience, I had taken him by the weak Side, and indeed I found it was not his strongest; for instead of coming up to the Value my Uncle set upon it of ten or twelve Pistoles, he had the Impudence to rate it

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 11

it at three Ducats ; which I took with as much Joy as if I had gain'd by the Bargain.

Having dispos'd of my Mule so advantageously, my Host carried me to a Carrier, who was to set out next Day to *Assois* : The Carrier said he should be going before Day-light, and that he would come and call me. We agreed for the Price, as well for the Mule he was to provide me, as for my Maintenance on the Road ; and when that was done, I return'd with *Cornelis* to my Inn. My Landlord told me the History of the Carrier by the way, and what the People said of him there. He deserv'd me with his Babbling, and I believe would have murder'd me with it, if by good luck a Man who look'd like a Gentleman had not come and interrupted him. I left 'em together, and went towards my Room, not dreaming that I was at all concern'd in their Conversation.

I called for Supper, and so being a Fast-Day, they accommodated me with some Eggs : While they were getting them I enter'd into Discourse with my Landlady, whom I had not seen before. She was not over-handsome, but had

12 *The HISTORY* Book I.

had such a Way with her, that if her Husband had not told me, I should have guess'd that she knew how to do the Business of his House. When my Eggs were ready, I sat down at Table by my self: Before I could put a Bit into my Mouth, in comes my Host, and brings in with him the Man I spoke of, who took him off from his long Tale to me about the Muletier: The Gentleman had a Sword by his Side, and was thirty Years of Age: He came up to me with a very solemn Look, and address'd me thus, Mr. Scholar, I am inform'd you are Signor *Gil Blas* of *Santillane*, the Ornament of *Oviedo*, and the Flambeau of Philosophy. Is it possible that your Scholarship should be so deep, and that you are the Person whose Wit is so much talk'd of in this Country? You don't know, continues he, addressing himself to my Landlord and Landlady, what a Man you have in your House: He is a Treasure, and the Eighth Wonder of the World. He then turn'd to me, and taking me about the Neck, Pardon, says he, young Gentleman, Pardon my Transports; the Sight of you gives me so much Joy, that I am not my own Master.

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 13

I did not know what to say to him, in return for his extraordinary Compliment; and besides he held me so fast that I could hardly fetch Breath. With much ado I got loose of him, and reply'd, Signor, I did not think that any Body knew my Name at *Penafier*. How, says he, not know your Name? We keep a Register of all illustrious Persons within twenty Leagues round us: You pass for a Prodigy, and I doubt not but one time or other *Spain* will be as proud of having produc'd you, as *Greece* was of having given Birth to the Seven Wise Men. These Words were accompanied with fresh Embraces, which I was forced to undergo, tho' with the Peril of being serv'd as *Ansbew* was. Had I had ever so little Experience, 'twould have been impossible for me to be bubbled by his *Hyperbole's*; I should have smelt his extravagant Flattery, and have found out that he was one of those Parasites that are to be met with in all Cities, ready to break in upon any Stranger, and cram himself at his Expence: But my Youth and my Vanity made me judge of him otherwise. I took him for a Man of great Honour and Judgment, and invited him to Sup with me.

With

14 THE HISTORY Book I

With all my Heart, cries he, I rejoyce too much in my good Fortune, in having met with the renowned *Gil Blas* of *Santillane*, not to take hold of so glorious an Opportunity of enjoying his Company, and having as much of it as I can. I have no great Stomach, continued he, I will however eat a Bit or two out of Complaisance. He then sat himself down over against me: A Napkin was brought him, and a fresh supply of Eggs, which he swallowed as fast as if he had not eat in three Days. That Parcel were soon dispatch'd, and then another and another; he all the while finding leisure to overwhelm me with his Elogies, not omitting my Person; which I took very kindly of him, tho it was not of a Size to be the Subject of Panegyrick. He drank often; sometimes it was my Health, sometimes my Father's and Mother's, whose Happiness, in having such a Son, he could never enough admire. Every now and then he would fill up my Glass, and urge me to pledge him in a Bumper to such agreeable Toasts. I was not backward in obliging him; and the Wine and his Flattery put me into so good a Humour, that I was not satisfied with

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 15

a Supper of Eggs; I must have some Fish also for him. Signor Cresolo, who no question had an Understanding with the Parasite, said, he had an excellent Trout in the House, but it would come dear, and was too nice a Dish for me. Too nice, said my Flatterer, raising his Voice? You forget your self, Friend, Can any thing be too nice for Signor Gil Blas de Santillane? He deserves to be treated like a Prince.

I was very glad that he took up my Landlord so: I was going to do it my self. And when he had done, cry'd, *Bring your Trout, Sir, and don't you trouble your self about the Niceness of it.* That was what the Host wanted. The Trout was presently got ready, and serv'd up to Table. At the Sight of this new Dish I perceiv'd the Parasite's Eyes sparkled with Joy; and he eat of that with the same Complacency that he dispatch'd the Eggs. At last he was forc'd to give over, for fear of an ill Accident, having cramm'd himself up to the Throat; and to finish the Farce, he rose from the Table, saying, Signor Gil Blas, I am too well pleas'd with your Entertainment, to leave you without giving you some important Advice, which you seem
to

16 *The* HISTORY Book I.

to stand in need of. Beware hereafter of Flattery: Be upon your Guard against Men whom you have no Knowledge of: You may find others, who will, like me, impose upon your Credulity, and perhaps carry the Matter farther. Be not their Cully, and do not take their Word, if they tell you, you are the Eighth Wonder of the World. Saying this, he laught in my Face and retired. I was as much out of Countenance at having this Trick put upon me as ever I was at the greatest Disgraces that happened to me in the Course of my Life. I could not bear being so grossly bubbled, or rather to have my Pride so mortify'd. How, said I to my self, has the Traytor made a Jest of me? He was so close with my Landlord, to carry on his Plot against me: 'Twas a Contrivance between them. Ah poor *Gil Blas*, go hang thy self, for Shame of being made Sport of by such Rascals. They'll make a fine Story of it, which will soon get to *Oviedo*, and be a mighty Honour to thee. Thy Parents will doubtless repent that they took so much Pains in instructing a Dunce not to cheat any Body. They should surely have exhorted me not to be cheated my self.

Thus

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS: 17

Thus, full of Spite and Shame, I lock'd
my self up in my Chamber, and went
to Bed, but I could not sleep a Wink:
The Muletier came at Break of Day
to tell me he staid for me. I got up,
and while I was dressing me, Costabel
brought in his Bill, where the Troar was
not forgotten. He not only charg'd eve-
ry thing at his own Prices, but I ob-
serv'd, when I paid him, the Rogue grinn'd
at the Thought of my Adventure. My
Reckoning being discharg'd, I went with
my Portmanteau to the Carrier, giving
a hearty Curse to the Parasite, my Host,
and his Inn.

CHAP. III.

*Of a Temptation that betel the Mule-
tier, on the Road: What happened
thereupon: And how Gil Blas fell
out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.*

I Was not the only Person that tra-
vell'd with the Muletier: There were
two Lads of Pinaster, a little Quir-
riller of Penedada, who went from place
to place to sing where they would hire
him

him, and a young Man of *Astonga*, who was returning home with a Girl he had lately Married at *Kereu*. We were presently acquainted, and told one another whence we came, and whither we were going. The Bride, tho' she was young, was so ugly, and so flattish, that I took no great Delight in looking upon her: Nevertheless her Youth and her Size, which was not of the smallest, render'd her agreeable in the Eyes of the Muletier, who resolv'd to do his utmost to gain her good Graces. He spent the Day in contriving how to effect it, and adjourned the Execution of it till Night: Our Muletier rested at *Caabelos*, and put up at the first Inn we came to, which was more in the Country than in the Town. The Man of the House was, it seems, a discreet, complaisant Person, and at the Muletier's Request he shew'd us to a Room apart from the rest of the Inn, where we order'd Supper to be brought us. When we had almost supp'd, the Muletier enter'd the Room, and cry'd, *Si Death, I am robb'd; I had a hundred Pistoles in a Leather-Bag; I'll have 'em again I warrant you. I am going to the Magistrate of the Town, who won't make*

Chap. 3. OF GIL BLAS. 19

make it a Jesting Matter, but will put every Man of you to the Torture, till you confess the Crime, and restore the Money: Saying this very seriously, he left us all in a terrible Consternation. We did not imagine it was a Feint of his. We knew nothing of one another. I suspected the Quirister had done the Feat, and perhaps he suspected the same of me. We were not acquainted with the Formalities practis'd on the like Occasions. We doubted not but we should indeed be rack'd; and being also extremely terrified, we shifted every one for himself: Some ran into the Street, others into the Garden: All of us endeavour'd to save ourselves by Flight, and the young Man of *Astorga*, who was in as great a Fright as any one of us, made his Escape like another *Æneas*, not minding what became of his Wife. The Muletter, as I learnt afterwards, was overjoyed that this Stratagem succeeded so well, and went to brag of his Artifice to the Bride, intending to take hold of the Opportunity it had given him. But this *Lucretia* of the *Astorgias*, whose Virtue was fortify'd by the Deformity of her Tempter, made a vigorous Resistance, and cry'd out so loud, that

that she was heard by the Watch, who by chance were coming that way; and the Inn being a House of no good Fame, kept to hearken what pass'd there. They entered it upon hearing a Noise, and demanded what was the Matter? The Inn-keeper was in the Kitchen, and whistled as if he knew not what was doing; but the Watch oblig'd him to shew them to the Room where the Noise was made. They came at the nick of Time, for the Woman could hold out no longer. The Officer who commanded the Watch no sooner saw what the Muletier was about, than he fell upon him with his Staff, and rated him in Terms as impudent as the Action which was the Occasion of them. That was not all; he seiz'd the Criminal, and carried him before the Magistrate, together with the Woman who had been assaulted, she not minding the Disorder the Carrier had put her into, so eager was she to have Justice of him. The Magistrate examin'd her, and having consider'd the Matter, thought the Offender was unworthy of a Pardon. He order'd him to be strip, and whipt in his Presence; and that if the Woman's Husband was not forthcoming

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 21

coming the next Day, two Bayliffs, at the Cost and Charges of the Defendant, should carry the Plaintiff to *Forge*.

For my part I was more frighted than any of my Fellow-Travellers. I ran into the Country, and travers'd I don't know how many Fields and Heaths, leaping all the Ditches I met with in my Way, till I came at last to a Forest. I entered it, and hid under the thickest Hedge. I had not been long there before two Men a Horseback came up to me: Who's there, cry'd they? And I being so afraid that I made 'em no Answer, they drew nearer me, and clapt a Pistol to my Breast, commanding me to tell them who I was, whence I came, and what I was about, and charg'd me to conceal nothing from them. They questioned me so strictly, that I thought I was bound to answer them as sincerely as if the Muletier's Threats were going to be put in Execution, and the Torture was before me. I told them I was a young Man of *Oviedo*, going to *Salamanca*: I inform'd them of the Fright I had been in, and that I had run away from the Carrier for fear of the Rack. They burst out a laughing at this Discourse, which shew'd

shew'd my Simplicity; and one of them bid me have a good heart, come along with us, and be afraid of nothing, we'll carry thee to a safe Place. Saying this, he made me get up behind him, and rode away with me into the thickest of the Forest.

I could not tell what to make of this Encounter. However, I did not think there was any thing ill in it. If these Men were Robbers, said I, to my self, they would have robb'd, and perhaps have murder'd me. They must be some honest Gentlemen of these Parts, who seeing me so frighted, took pity of me, and carry'd me with them out of Charity: I was not long in an Uncertainty: After several Turnings and Windings we came to the Foot of an Hill, where we alighted. We live here, says one of these Cavaliers. I look'd about to see where their Dwelling should be, but could perceive neither House nor Hut, nor the least Sign of an Habitation. In the mean time the two Men lifted up a huge Trap-door, cover'd with Earth and Briars, which conceal'd the Entrance of a long Alley under Ground. Their Horses descended of themselves, as being us'd to it. The Cavaliers oblig'd me to follow

Chap. 4. of GIL BLAS. 29

low them. They then ty'd down the Trap-door with Ropes which were fasten'd to it on purpose: And thus was my Uncle's hopeful Nephew caught like a Mouse in a Mouse-Trap.

CHAR. IV. *A Description of the Habitation under Ground, and what Gil Blas saw there.*

I Then found out what sort of Men I was got amongst; and one may imagine that my present Fear could vie of that which the Muletier had put me into. I had now more reason to be afraid. I gave my Ducats and my Life for gone. I look'd upon myself as a Victim leading to Slaughter, and follow'd 'em where-ever they led me, like a Person who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead. After we had gone about 200 Paces in this subterranean Labyrinth, descending still as we went, we came to a Stable, where hung two great Iron Lamps fix'd to the Ceiling, and always burning to light the Place.

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Place. There was good Store of Hay and Oats, and Room for 20 Horses; but there were then no more than the two that we brought with us. An old Negro, who seem'd to have quite lost his Vigour, took them, and ty'd them to the Manger.

We left the Stable, and by the Light of some other Lamps, which serv'd, as one would think, to shew the Horror of the Place, we arriv'd at a Kitchen, where an old Woman was roasting some Meat, and preparing for Supper; the Kitchen was adorn'd with all necessary Utensils; and adjoyning to it was an Office furnished with all sorts of Provisions. The Cook, to giv'e you her Picture, was a Person upwards of Sixty. In her Youth her Hair was of a deep sandy Colour, as might be seen by part which was not turn'd grey, and retain'd still it's former Hue; her Chin was long and pick'd; she was blobber-lip'd; her Nose of the *Roman* kind, and advancing towards her Chin; her Eyes blood-shed always, and her Shape indented.

Here, Dame *Leonarda*, says one of the Cavaliers, presenting me to that Angel of Darknells, Here's a young Man we have brought you: He then turn'd about

Chap. 4. of GIL BLAS. 25

to me, and observing I look'd pale, and trembled, he again bad me not to be afraid, for they would do me no harm, adding, We Want a Servant to assist our Cook : We happened to light upon thee, and thou wilt have cause to rejoyce at it : Thou shalt here supply the Place of a Lad that dy'd 15 Days ago : He was a sickly Youth ; thou seemest to be lusty, and wilt not die so soon. 'Tis true, thou wilt not see the Sun any more ; but to make amends, thou shalt have a good Fire, and a full Belly : Thou shalt spend thy Time with *Leonarda*, who is a very humane Creature. Thou wilt want for nothing ; I'll shew thee that thou art not come among Beggars. Come, follow me ; and taking a Torch in his Hand, he led me into a Cellar, where I saw a vast Quantity of Bottles and Jars full, as he said, of excellent Wine. He then carried me into several Rooms, some full of Silks, others of Stuff, others of Linen ; in others there were Vessels of Silver and Gold ; in others Brass, Copper, and coarser Metals. After this I follow'd him into a large Hall, where were three Copper Sconces, with Candles burning. There were other Rooms joyning to this, and

Lights in every one of them. He demanded of me, as we went along, what my Name was, and why I left *Oviedo*? When I had satisfied him, he cry'd, Well, *Gil Blas*, since you quitted your Country to get a Place, thank your Stars that you have got so good a one. 'Twas a happy thing for thee that thou met'st with us. Thou wilt have Plenty of all things here, and roll in Silver and Gold: Besides thou canst here come to no harm. This subterranean Dwelling is so safe, that the Officers of St. *Hernando* may come a hundred times into the Forest, and not find it out; no body but my self and my Comrades know the Entrance into it. Perhaps thou wilt ask me how we could make it, and the Inhabitants of the Neighbourhood never discover us: Thou must learn therefore that it is no Work of ours; it was made a long time ago. After the *Moors* became Masters of *Granada*, *Aragon*, and almost all the rest of *Spain*, the Christians, who would not submit to the Yoke of the Infidels, fled hither, and conceal'd themselves in *Biscay* and the *Asturias*, whither the brave *Don Pelagio* retired. Being thus scatter'd up and down in small Companies, they liv'd in Mountains

Chap. 5. of GIL BLAS. 27

tains and Woods, some in Caves, and some in such subterranean Vaults as these are. When afterwards they had the good Fortune to drive their Enemies out of Spain, they returned to the Cities; since which Time their Retreats have serv'd for an *Asylum* to Men of our Profession. 'Tis true, *San Fernando* has discover'd and destroy'd some of them; but, thank Heaven, there are some left still. I have liv'd in this Place securely these fifteen Years. My Name is Captain *Rolando*; I am the chief of a Band, and the Man thou sawest with me is one of them.

CHAP. V.

Of the Arrival of several other Robbers in the Habitation under Ground, and the pleasant Discourse they had together.

AS Signor *Rolando* had done speaking, there appear'd six new Faces in the Hall, the Lieutenant and five Men more of the Band laden with Plunder. They brought with them two Baggs full of

Sugar, Cinnamon, Pepper, Figs, Almonds, and dry'd Raisins: The Lieutenant address'd himself to the Captain, and told him he had just taken those two Bags from a Grocer of Beneventa, whose Mule also became his Prize. After which he gave an Account of his Expedition to the Steward; and the Booty taken from the Grocer was deposited in the Office.

The next thing to be done was to make merry. The Cloth was laid in the Hall; I was sent into the Kitchen, and instructed how I was to employ myself by Dame *Leonarda*. There was no help for it; I must do what she bad me; and making a Virtue of Necessity, I put the best Face I could upon it, and went about the Work she set me upon.

I put every thing in order in the Buffet; I placed there the Plate that was wanted, and stow'd it with Bottles of that excellent Wine which *Rotando* boasted of. I then serv'd up two Ragous, and the Cavaliers immediately seated themselves at the Table. They all fell to with keen Appetites, and I stood behind them to fill out Wine; I did it with so good a Grace, that I was complimented by them in an extraordinary manner. The Captain in few Words told

Chap. 5. of GIL BLAS. 29

told them my Story, which very much diverted them. He glor'd all with saying, I was a Lad of Merit. I could very well have been without their Praises, but they had never enough of it. They said I shou'd be born to be their Butler, and was worth a hundred of my Predecessor. Dame *Lennarda* had had the Honour of presenting *Astar* to these Infernal Gods ever since his Death; but they now depriv'd her of so glorious an Employment, to bestow it upon me; and I, like another *Ganymede*, succeeded this old *Hib*.

The Ragous being dispatch'd, I carried in several Dishes of Roast-meat: The Robbers eating heartily of them, as they had done of the Ragous, became at last pretty well satisfy'd; they drank in Proportion to their eating, and grew very glad, and very noisy. They talk'd all at a time: One began a Story, another told a Jest; one shouted, another sung: They knew not what each other said. Which made Captain *Rolando*, who had in vain endeavour'd to have the best Part of the Talk, assume an Air of Authority, and impose Silence on the rest of the Company: Gentlemen, said he, hearken to what I

have to say to you: Let us not desert one another by talking all together: Wou'd it not be better to discourse like reasonable Men? A Thought came into my Head. Since we associated ourselves together we never had the Curiosity to enquire into each others Families, and how we came to take upon us this Profession: Methinks 'tis a thing we should not be ignorant of: Let us tell our Adventures to divert us. The Lieutenant and the rest, as if they had something fine to relate, accepted of the Captain's Propositions with great Demonstrations of Joy; and the Captain himself spoke first in the following Terms:

You must know, Gentlemen, that I was the only Son of a rich Citizen of *Madrid*. There was no end of the Rejoycings in our Family on the Day of my Nativty. My Father, who was stricken in Years, was overjoyed to have an Heir to his Estate, and my Mother undertook to give me Suck herself: My Grandfather, by my Mother's side, was then living: He was an honest old Fellow, who minded nothing but saying his Rosary, and boasting of his military Exploits, for he had born Arms a

Chap. I. OF GIL BLAS. 31

long time I became insensibly the Idol of all these Persons: I was always surrounded by my Arms: And left nothing to my Mother, who suffered me to spend them in the most childish Amusements. Children, I thought, should not apply themselves to any thing too seriously; they should stay till their Judgments are riper. Waiting for this Ripeness, I grew up without being able to Read or Write: But I did not however lose my Time; my Father taught me a thousand little Plays; I could manage a Pack of Cards as well as any Body; I understood Dice too; and my Grandfather told me Romances of the several Warlike Enterprizes wherein he had been concern'd: He every day fill'd my Head with them, and made me repeat Verses on so fine a Subject, which I did very exactly, and for which my Parents admired my Memory: They were as well pleased with me, as I was with myself. I would break in upon them, and say any thing that came into my Head. What a rare Boy he is? My Father would cry, with a Look full of Content. My Mother overwhelmed me with her Caresses, and my Grandfather wept

for Joy. I did whatever I pleas'd before them; they forgave me, and were never so indecent, when I abus'd me. I was thirteen Years of Age before that the Devil was permitted for me: they then provided me, but they gave him a strict Charge not to molest me. I was permitted him to threaten me a little sometimes, to make me afraid. This Permission was of no great Use; for either I made a Jest of his Threats, or with Tears in my Eyes went to complain to my Mother or my Grandfather of my Preceptor's ill Usage: 'Twas to no Purpose for the poor Devil to excuse himself. He always pass'd for a Brute with them, and they were sure to take my Word before his. One Day I scratch'd my self, and then cry'd out as if he had done it. My Mother ran in, and drove him out of the House immediately, tho' he protested, and call'd Heaven to witness, that he had not touch'd me.

At last I was rais'd of all my Preceptors, and I met with one of my own kind, a Bachelor of Arts of *Alcala*, an excellent Master for the Heir of a Family; He lov'd Women, Gaming, and Wine: I could not have fallen into the Hands

Chap. 5. of GIL BLAS. 33

Hinds of a Person more to my Honour. He, in the first Place, endeavour'd to gain me over to him by flattery in all things. He succeeded, and by that means got the Love of my Parents, who abandon'd me entirely to his Conduct. He becom'd instructed me in the Knowledge of the World. He carried me with him to all the Houses of Pleasure which he haunted. He instill'd into me the same love for it as he had himself; and excepting *Latin* he taught me every thing that he himself knew. As soon as he saw I had no farther Occasion of his Precepts, he went away, and offer'd his Service elsewhere.

Tho' I was us'd in my Infancy to a very free way of Living, 'twas nothing to what I was when I became Master of my own Actions. I every Moment turn'd my Father and Mother into Ridicule: They bore it all in good Part, and the more wicked I was, the more they took me to be pleasant. There was no kind of Debauchery which I was not guilty of: My Companions were all of the same Make; And as our Parents did not give us Money enough to continue so delicious a Life, every one of us stole from em all we

could lay our Hands on; which, not answering our Occasions, we began to rob a Nights. The Corrigidor unhappily got Intelligence of us; he resolv'd to apprehend us, but we had notice of his mischievous Design. We ran for it, and enter'd upon Exploits on the Highway; since which, Gentlemen, I have had the good Fortune to continue in my Profession many Years, in spite of the Perils that attend it.

Here the Captain ended his Relation, and the Lieutenant began his: An Education, Gentlemen, quite opposite to that of Signor *Rolando*, produced the very same Effect: My Father was a Butcher of *Toledo*: He past, and with good reason, for the greatest Brute in that City, and my Mother was ev'ry whit as ill-natur'd as he. They whipt me when I was in Arms, and strove who should do it to me most. I dally was turn'd-up ten or twenty times: The least Fault I committed had the severest Punishment: 'Twas in vain to down on my Knees, and beg Pardon, to promise with Tears in my Eyes, that I would do so no more: They never would forgive me, and very often chastis'd me tho' I did not deserve it. When
my

Chap. 5. of GIL BLAS. 35

my Father beat me, my Mother, as if he had not done as much as he ought to do, would be sure to have a hand in it, and set him on, instead of interceding for me. This Usage gave me such an Aversion to the House, that I left it before I was fourteen Years old: I begg'd my Way thro' *Aragon* to *Saragossa*, where I associated my self with some Beggars, who liv'd a merry Life enough. They taught me to counterfeit a Blind-man, a Cripple, a *Le-zer*, and several other Parts proper to procure Alms. We every Morning acted 'em over, as Players rehearse their Comedies. Each of us knew his Post by Day, and at Night we all met again, and spent together what the Charity of pious Christians had given us. In time I grew weary of living with those Wretches, and endeavour'd to joyn my self to a Company of a higher Order, such as liv'd by their Industry. They shew'd me a hundred Tricks: but we could not stay long at *Saragossa*, having unluckly had a Quarrel with one of the Magistrates, who was of Intelligence with us, and always protected us. Each of us went his Way. As for me, I enter'd my self in a bold Troop of Adventurers,

venturers, who rais'd Contributions from Travellers; and I lik'd their way of Living so well, that I resolv'd to think of no other. I am, therefore, Gentlemen, very much oblig'd to my Parents for using me so ill as they did; for if they had been kinder to me, I had doubtless been a Merry Butcher at this Time, whereas I have now the Honour to be your Lieutenant.

These Stories, Gentlemen, says a young Robber, who sat between the Captain and the Lieutenant, are not so extraordinary nor so curious as mine: I was the Son of a Peasant in the Neighbourhood of *Seville*. Three Weeks after I was born, my Mother, a young, handsome, neat Woman, had a Nursery propos'd to her, the only Son of a Man of Quality in *Seville*, of about my Age. My Mother accepted of the Proposal: She went and fetch'd the Child, which, as soon as she brought home, she observ'd to be something like me. Upon this she took a Resolution to make me pass for the Child of Quality, in hopes that I would one time or other reward her for it. My Father, whose Conscience was not more delicate than any other Peasant's, approv'd of the Cheat. Thus after she had

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 37

had chang'd our Cloaths, he put out the Son of Don *Rodriguez de Herrera* to another Nurse, under my Name, and nur'd me herself under his.

Whatever might be said of Instinct and the Strength of Blood, the Parents of the Little Gentleman were easily impos'd upon; they did not in the least suspect the Trick that was play'd them; and I was never but of their Arms till I was Seventeen Years of Age. Their Intention was to render me a perfect Cavalier: They provided me Masters of all kinds; but I had no manner of Inclination to the Exercises they taught me, nor any more Disposition to learn the Sciences in which they would have instructed me. I had much rather play with the Footmen and Grooms, whom I every Moment followed into the Kitchen and Stables. But Play was not long my predominant Passion; I learnt to Drink before I was Seventeen, and fell upon all the Women that came in my Way. I particularly was very fond of a Servant Maid in the Kitchen, who seem'd to me to be the most amiable of them all: She was a jolly, fat Wench; and I made Love to her so openly, that Don *Rodriguez* took notice of it. He reprov'd

reprov'd me sharply, upbraiding me with the Baseness of my Inclinations; and lest the Sight of the beloved Object should render his Remonstrances useless, he turn'd my Princess out of Doors.

I was mightily displeas'd at it, resolv'd to be reveng'd, robb'd Don *Rodriguez's* Wife of all her Jewels, and ran after my fair *Helen*, who retir'd to a Washer-woman's House of her Acquaintance: I took her thence at Noon-Day, that every Body might know it; and not satisfy'd with this, I carried her into her own Country, where I solemnly married her, as well to spite *Herrena* as to set a fine Example for other Children of Quality. Three Months after I was married, I heard that Don *Rodriguez* was dead; which News was, I thought, the best I ever heard in my Life: I immediately repair'd to *Seville* to demand Possession of his Estate. But, alas! the Case was alter'd; my Mother was dead too, and on her Death-bed she confess'd to the Curate of the Parish the Trick she had put upon Don *Rodriguez*, whose Son had already fill'd my Place, or rather his own; and every one was the more pleas'd with the Discovery of his Birth, for

Chap. 3. *of* GIL BLAS. 99

for that, I had given for little Hope of coming to Good. By this means finding my self left destitute, and having no great Fancy for my fat Spouse, I took to the Company of some Knights of Fortune, with whom I began my Exploits on the Road.

The young Robber having finished his Story, another said, He was the Son of a Merchant of *Burgos*; that he rashly took Orders in his Youth, and apostatiz'd some Years after. In fine, the Eight Robbers talk'd every one of his Birth in their Turn; and when I had heard them all speak, I was not surpriz'd to meet them all together: They afterwards turn'd their Discourse, and debated several Projects for the next Campaign: They concluded to prosecute one of them; and it being late, went all to sleep in their several Chambers. I followed the Captain into his, where while I help'd to undress him, Thou seest, said he, *Gil Blas*, how we live here: We are always merry; we have neither Hatred nor Envy among us, nor ever had we the least Quarrel; we agree better than Monks in a Convent: Thou art going, Child, to live a pleasant Life of it. I don't take thee to be such a Fool

Fool as to make any Scruple of living with Robbers. Who are there in the World that are not such? Every Man loves to take another Man's Goods from him; this Sentiment is general; the manner of doing it is only different: For Example, Conquerors seize the Territories of their Neighbours; Persons of Quality borrow, and never pay; Bankers, Brokers, and all sorts of Tradersmen, as well great as small, are not very scrupulous in this Point. I will not say any thing of the Lawyers; their Practices are well enough known. However, it must be own'd, they are more innocent than we; for we often take away the Lives of the Innocent, and they sometimes save the Guilty.

CHAP. VI.

Of an Attempt of Gil Blas to make his Escape, and what was the Success of it.

AFTER the Captain of the Robbers had made this Apology for his Profession, he went to Bed, and I returned to

Chap. 6. of GIL BLAS.

to the Hall, where I clear'd the Table, and put every thing in Order. I then went into the Kitchen, where Domingo, so the old Negro was call'd, and Dame Leonarda were at Supper, expecting me to come to them. Tho' I had my Stomach, I sat down with them; I could eat nothing; and my Looks shew'd that I was as much afflicted as I had reason to be. Those two Equivocant Figures endeavour'd to comfort me. Why are you troubled, Child, says the old Woman? You ought rather to rejoice at your being here; you are young and easy; you would soon have been ruin'd, had you liv'd in the World; you would have met with a Parcel of Libertines, who would have engaged you in all manner of Debauchery; whereas your Innocence will here be safe. Dame Leonarda is in the right, said the old Negro, very gravely; besides there is nothing but Trouble in the World: Come, Friend, thank Heaven that you are at once delivered from all the Perils, Cares and Afflictions of Life. I hearkned to them with seeming Attention; for it signified nothing to do otherwise. Domingo, after he had plentifully eaten and drank, retir'd to his Stable. Leonarda took

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took also a Lamp, and conducted me to a Vault which the Robbers made use of for a Burying Place, when any of these Fellows died a natural Death: I sawer spy'd a Pallad, which look'd more like a Tomb than a Bed. This is your Chamber, says she; the Lad, whose Place it is your good Fortune to fill, lay there as long as he liv'd, and some time after he was dead. He was such a Fool as to die in the Flower of his Age: Don't you be so silly as to follow his Example. Saying this, she gave me the Lamp, and return'd to the Kitchen. I set the Lamp upon the Ground, I flung myself on the Pallad, not so much to sleep, as to give myself up entirely to my Reflexions. O Heaven, what a terrible Fate is befallen me! cry'd I: I am not only doom'd never to see the Light of the Sun more; but as if it were not enough to be buried alive at eighteen Years old, I am also reduced to serve Thieves by Day, and to spend the Night with the Dead! These mortifying Thoughts made me burst out into Tears. I a hundred times curs'd my Uncle's Desire to send me to *Salamanca*. I repented that I ran away from the Magistrate at *Cacabelas*. I would gladly

Chap. 6. of GIL BLAS. 49

gladly have been rackt, to have got above Ground again. But considering that bemoaning my self thus, was all in vain; I bent my Thoughts to contrive the means to escape. Is it impossible, said I to my self, to get out from hence? The Robbers are asleep; the Cook and the Negro will be the same presently. While they are Sleeping, cannot I with this Lamp find out the Alley by which I descended into this Hell? 'Tis true, I don't believe I am strong enough to lift up the Trap-Door, but let me try. I will not have any Blame lie on me, that I did not what I could to escape. Despair will lend me Strength, and perhaps I may accomplish it.

Thus did I form this great Design, and rose, when I thought *Leonardo* and *Tomingo* were fast. I took the Lamp, and went out of the Vault, recommending my self to all the Saints in Paradise. It was not without much Difficulty that I found out all the Turnings and Windings of this new Labyrinth. I arriv'd, in the end, at the Gate of the Stable, and at last perceiv'd the Alley I was in quest of. I march'd on, and advanc'd towards the Trap-door with as much Nimbleness as Joy. But alas! in the middle of the

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shudd'ly I met with a curst Grate, well fasten'd, and the Bars so close, a Man could hardly put his Hand through. I was sadly vex'd at this Obstacle, which I had not observ'd as we enter'd. I hand-
led the Bars, I examin'd the Lock, I endeavour'd to break it open; when on a sudden I felt on my Shoulders half a dozen lusty Bangs of a Bull's-
Pistle; I cried out, so that all the Vault rang with it; and looking behind me, saw the old *Negra* in his Shirt, with a Dark Lantern in one Hand, and the Instrument of my Correction in the other. So, so, you young Rascal, you, cried he, you would get out, would you? Don't think you can be too hard for me. I heard you; you thought the Grate was open. Believe me, Friend, you shall hereafter find it always shut. When we keep any one here against his Mind, he must be cunninger than you if he can escape us.

In the mean time, my crying out so, awaken'd two or three of the Robbers, who not knowing whether it was not the *St. Hermas* that was coming down upon them, got up and awoke their Com-
rades: They rose all in an instant, and came running almost naked to the Place
where

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 43

where I was with *Domingo*. But as soon as they understood what was the Matter, their Concern was converted into Laughter. Now! *Gil Blas*, said the *Apostate* Robber, Thou hast not been here six Hours yet, and wouldst thou be gone already? What wouldst thou do, if thou wert to be a Monk? Go, get thee to Bed, thou shalt be forgiven this Time, in Consideration of the Blows of *Domingo's* Bulls-Pizzle; but if thou dost ever make another such Attempt, by *St. Bartholomew*, we'll see thee alive. At these Words he retir'd. The other Robbers return'd also to their Chambers. The old *Negro* betook himself to his Stable again, very well pleas'd with his Expedition; and I went back to my Burying-place, where I pass'd the rest of the Night in Sighing and Weeping.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

What Gil Blas did, when he could not do better.

I Thought I should have died of the Grief which seiz'd me, and continu'd several Days after my fruitless Attempt to escape; I could hardly hold up my Head, or stand on my Feet; but at last my good Genius inspir'd me with a Resolution to dissemble. I affected to seem less Melancholy, I began to laugh and sing, though I had no manner of mind to it. In a Word, I put such a Constraint upon my Self, that *Leonarda* and *Domingo* were deceiv'd by it. They believ'd that Use had made the Cage familiar to the Bird. The Robbers were of the same Opinion. I assum'd a gay Air when I fill'd out their Wine for 'em, and put in a Word now and then among them, when I could do it to divert them. They were pleas'd with the Freedom I took. *Gil Blas*, said the Captain, one Evening when I had been very pleasant, thou didst well to banish Melancholy; I am charm'd with thy Humour

Chap. 7. of GIL BLAS. 47

mour and thy Wit: One don't know People at first; I did not take thee to have so much Wit, and so much good Humour.

The rest of them spoke mightily in Praise of me. They appear'd so well dispos'd towards me, that I resolv'd to take hold of that Occasion, and said, Gentlemen, Let me speak my Mind to you: Since my being here, I find I'm quite another Creature; you have cured me of the Prejudices of Education; I have Insensibly acquir'd your Sentiments and a Liking to your Profession. I long to have the Honour of being one of your Brethren, and to share with you in the Perils of your Expeditions. All the Company applauded this Discourse; they extoll'd my Good-will, and resolv'd unanimously that I should serve a-while to make Tryal of my Vocation, and afterwards be admitted into the Band. In hopes of so honourable a Preferment, I continued to put a Force upon my Inclinations, and to exercise my Employment of Butler. It was an extreme Mortification to me to stay where I was; for I had no Ambition to become a Robber, only to have an Opportunity by it to get out of the Vault where I was confin'd

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confid'd, in hopes to make my Escape from them. These Hopes kept me a-king: I was often tir'd with waiting; and more than once endeavour'd to sur- prize Donago's Vigilance, but there was no way of doing it, he was too much upon his Guard: I would have de- fy'd a hundred Orpheus's to charm this Cerberus. Indeed I was so afraid of ren- dering my self suspected, that I did not do what I could to deceive him. He watch'd me, and I was obliged to act very warily, that I might not betray my self. I adjourn'd therefore all Thoughts of getting out, till the appointed Time for my Reception into the Troop; and I waited for it as impatiently, as if I was then to be admitted among the Knights of the Order.

The Time, thank Heaven, came, six Months after, when Signor *Rolando* ad- dress'd himself thus to his Comrades: We must keep our Words, Gentlemen, with *Gil Blas*; I have no ill Opinion of that Lad: I believe we shall make something of him; I think we had best let him go with us to morrow to gather Lau- rels on the High-way. We'll take it upon ourselves to breed him up in the Way to Glory. The Robbers join'd
all

Chap. 8. of GIL BLAS. 49

all in with him; and to shew me that they already look'd upon me as one of their Companions, they dispens'd with my waiting upon them. They restor'd to Dame *Leonarda* the Post they had taken from her in my Favour. They made me throw aside my Habit, which was only a Thread-bare Frock, and equipt me out with the Spoils of a Gentleman whom they had lately robb'd. After which I prepar'd myself for my first Campaign.

CHAP. VIII.

Gil Blas accompanies the Robbers. An Exploit of his on the High-way.

'T WAS about Day-break, in the Month of *September*, that I sallied out of our Subterranean Dwelling with the Robbers. I was arm'd like them, with a Carabine, two Pistols, a Sword and Bayonet, and mounted on a pretty good Horse, which they took from the same Gentleman whose Cloaths I wore: I had so long li'd in Darkness that the Light dazled my Eyes; but by degrees I could bear it.

We past by *Ponferrada*, and posted ourselves in Ambush in a little Wood near the High-road to *Leon*. We were there waiting for some good Booty, when we spy'd a Monk of the Order of *St. Dominique*, mounted, contrary to the Rules of that Order, on a sorry Mule. Heaven be prais'd, cry'd the Captain, smiling; This is a Master-piece for *Gil Blas*; he must dismount the Monk; Let's see how he'll do it. All the Robbers agreed I was very fit for that Commission; and they exhorted me to behave my self well in the Execution of it. I will please you, Gentlemen, said I to them, I will strip the Priest to his Skin, and bring you his Mule hither. No, no, reply'd *Rolando*, 'tis not worth while; bring us only his Reverence's Purse; that's all we require of you. Upon which I rode out of the Wood; I came up with the Monk, praying Heaven to forgive the wicked Action I was about. I would gladly have made my Escape then; but the greatest part of the Thieves were better mounted than I; if they had perceived that I fled, they would quickly have been at my Heels, and have either carried me back with them, or have discharg'd their Carabines at

Chap. 8. of GIL BLAS. 51

at me, which I did not care to hazard, the Step was too delicate. I demanded the Priest's Purse as soon as I drew near him: I held my Pistol to his Breast to shew I was in earnest. He stopt short to take a View of me, and did not seem at all afraid. Child, says he, you are very young; you begin this Rogues Trade betimes. Father, said I, as bad as 'tis, I wish I had begun it sooner. Ah Son, reply'd the good Man, who did not understand my Meaning, What dost thou say? How blind art thou! Suffer me to lay before thee thy wretched Condition. Father, said I, interrupting him, No Preaching, I beseech you; I don't use the High-way to hear Sermons; I want Money. Money cry'd the Monk! in a Surprise: You have an ill Opinion of the Charity of the *Spaniards*, if you imagine that Persons of my Character have occasion of Money when they travel in *Spain*. Be not deceiv'd, we are entertain'd where-ever we come, we are lodg'd, we are fed; and all that is required of us in return, is our Prayers. In short, we never carry Money on the Road with us; We give our selves up to Providence. No, no, reply'd I, you do not always give your selves up to it;

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you have sometimes good Pistoles about you to make you the more sure of Providence : Father, let us have done ; my Comrades who are in this Wood expect my Return with Impatience. Fling your Purse on the Ground this Minute, or I'll kill you.

I pronounc'd these Words with so threatning an Air, that the Priest began to be afraid of his Life. Stay, says he, I'll do as you would have me, since it must be so ; I perceive that Rhetorical Figures have no Force with such Men as you are: Saying this, he pull'd a great Shammy Purse out from under his Gown, and threw it upon the Ground. I then bad him go on, which he did not give me the Trouble to repeat. He prick'd his Mule's Sides ; and the Beast doing much better than I thought she could, for I took her to be such another as my Uncle's, answer'd very well the Haste he was in to get out of my Sight. When he was at some distance, I alighted, and took up the Purse, which was weighty ; I mounted my Horse again, and made as fast as I could to the Robbers, who were Impatient to felicitate me on my Victory : They would scarce give me time to a-
light,

Chap. 8. of GIL BLAS. 53

light, so hasty were they to embrace me. Courage, *Gil Blas*, says *Rolando*, thou hast done Wonders ; I had my Eye upon thee all the while ; I observ'd thy Countenance: I foretel that thou wilt make an excellent Man for the Road. The Lieutenant and the rest of them applauded the Prediction, and assur'd me that I could not fail of accomplishing it. I thank'd them for the high Idea they had of me, and promis'd them to do my utmost to deserve it.

After they had prais'd me so much more than belong'd to me, they wanted to examine the Booty I had brought them. Let's see, cry'd they, what the Monk had in his Purse. It must be well stor'd, said one of them, for those Reverend Fathers do not generally travel like Pilgrims. The Captain untied the Purse, open'd it, and took out of it three or four Handfuls of little Copper Medals, Intermix'd with *Agnus Dei's*, and some Crucifixes. At the Sight of such an uncommon Prize, all the Thieves fell into an Immoderate Fit of Laughter. We are mightily oblig'd to *Gil Blas*, said the Lieutenant ; his first Booty is a very salutary one. This Jest was the Occasion of many others: Those

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Rogues

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Rogues, particularly he who had apostatiz'd, were very merry upon it; they said a thousand things that shew'd the Wickedness of their Morals: I was the only Person who did not make a laughing Matter of it. The Rallery was all at my Expence, which was enough to spoil my Mirth, had I been so inclin'd: Every one had a Fling at me; and the Captain said, Faith, *Gil Blas*, I advise thee to have no more to do with Monks; they will be too cunning, and too hard for thee.

CHAP. IX.

Of a serious Adventure which follow'd that pleasant one.

WE staid almost all Day in the Wood, but met with no Prize to make amends for our Baulk in the Priest. In the Evening we return'd towards our Dwelling under Ground: The Robbers diverted themselves all the Way with my Booty. At last we spy'd at a Distance a Coach and four Mules. They drew nearer to us upon a full Trot; and by the Coach

Chap. 9. of GIL BLAS. 55

Coach rode three Men, who seem'd to be very well arm'd. *Rolando* bid his Band halt, to consult what was to be done. The Robbers resolv'd to attack them; so we march'd up to the Coach in Rank and File, prepared for a Battle. Tho' I had been so highly complimented in the Wood, I fell a trembling, and was seiz'd with a cold Sweat all over me. My Post happened to be unluckily in the Front between the Captain and the Lieutenant; I suppos'd they contriv'd it so, to see how I would stand Fire. *Rolando* observing in what a Panick I was, cast a sour Look at me, and said furlily, Mind me, *Gil Blas*, I give thee fair Warning, If thou dost flinch, I'll shoot thee thro' the Head. I was too well satisfied that he would do as he said, not to take care of my Behaviour; so I took a Resolution to dare my Fate, and recommended my Soul to Heaven. By this time the Coach was got up with us; they perceiv'd what sort of Men we were, and what our Design was: They stopt at 20 Paces distance; they had Carabines and Pistols as well as we; and while they were preparing to receive us, there leapt out of the Coach a Gentleman richly dress'd. He mounted a led

Horse, and put himself at the Head of those that attended him. He had no Arms but a Sword and two Pistols: There were nine of us, and but four of them, the Coachman sitting neuter in his Box. They advanc'd towards us so daringly, that my Fright redoubled upon it; however, tho' I shook hand and foot, I made ready to do as the rest did: To speak the Truth, I was so afraid that I wink'd when I fir'd my Carabine, and shot it off in such a manner, that I believe I have nothing to repent of on that score.

I will not enter into the Particulars of the Action: Tho' I was by I saw nothing; and my Fear was so strong, that I did not see the Horror of the Sight that terrified me: All that I know is, that after great Firing on both sides, I heard my Companions shout, and cry *Victory! Victory!* Upon which I took Heart, and looking up, saw the four Men who defended the Coach dead on the Spot. On our side we lost only one Man, the Apostate, who met with a just Punishment for his Apostacy, and ridiculing Religion in the Priest's Crucifixes: The Lieutenant was wounded in the Arm, but very slightly, the Ball
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Chap. 9. of GIL BLAS. 57

only razing the Skin. Signior Rolando ran immediately to the Coach-door: There was a Lady in it of 24 or 25 Years of Age, who look'd very lovely; notwithstanding the sad Condition she was in: She swoon'd away during the Combat, and was not recovered out of her Swoon when the Captain came up to her. While he stood gazing upon her, we fell upon the Plunder: The first thing we did was to secure the Horses of the dead Cavaliers; those Animals, frighted at the Noise of the Carabines and Pistols, broke loose, and ran about without their Riders, who were kill'd in the Combat: The Mules stood still all the time of the Action, tho' the Coachman quitted his Box to save himself. We alighted off our Horses, took the Mules from the Coach, and loaded them with several Bundles and Parcels which we found before and behind the Coach. That done, the Captain ordered us to take the Lady, who was still in a sort of Fit, and put her on Horseback. Accordingly one of the Robbers, who was best mounted, took her in his Arms, and seated her before him. We stript the dead Men, and

left 'em with the Coach in the Highway, taking with us the Lady, the Mules, and the Horses.

CHAP. X.

*How the Robbers treated the Lady.
Of a great Design form'd by Gil
Blas, and what was the Consequence
of it.*

ABout an Hour after Night we arriv'd at our subterranean Habitation: We put the Horses and Mules up in our Stable, and were forc'd to look after them our selves; for the old Negro had been a-bed three Hours; besides a violent Fit of the Gout which he had upon him, he was seiz'd all over with a Fit of the Rheumatism. We left that Wretch cursing and swearing, and went into the Kitchen, where we carried the Lady, and was every one of us very busy about her: We manag'd it so well, that we recover'd her out of her Swoon; but when she had her Senses restor'd to her, and saw herself in the Arms of several Men who were Strangers to her, she

she imagined how miserable she was, and fell a trembling. Whatever Grief and Despair could represent to her, appear'd before her Eyes, which she lifted to Heaven, as if to upbraid it for the the Injury she was threatned with: These terrible Idea's threw her into a second Swoon; her Eyes shut; and the Robbers were afraid that Death had depriv'd them of their Prey. The Captain thinking it more proper to leave her to herself, than to plague her with new Relief from them, order'd her to be put upon *Lemarda's* Bed, where she lay by herself, expos'd to the Insults of the most wicked of Mortals.

We went thence into the Hall, where one of the Robbers, who had been a Surgeon, dress'd the Lieutenant's Wound. We then examin'd our Parcels and Bundles, which we found full of all sorts of Cloaths, Linen, Woollen, and Silk, and among the rest a Bag of Pistoles, which was very welcome to the Gentlemen concern'd. After this the Cook laid the Cloth, and brought in Supper. All our Discourse was of the great Victory we had gain'd. Upon which *Rolando* address'd himself to me, and said, Thou must own, *Gil Blas*, thou wast in a dreadful
Fright,

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Fright. I cannot deny it, reply'd I; but when have serv'd two or three Campaigns, you shall see what Feats I'll do. All the Company took my Part, and said, that for that Time I should be excus'd; that it was a brisk Action, and considering I was a young Man, who had never stood Fire before, I had come off pretty well. We then talk'd of the Mules and Horses we had taken; and it was resolv'd that we should all go the next Day, before 'twas light, to *Manfilla* to sell them; for probably our Expedition would not be heard of there by that time. When we had supp'd, we return'd to the Lady, whom we found as we left her: Tho' she was in that Condition, and seem'd rather dead than alive, some of the Robbers cast a prophane Eye upon her, and shew'd their Brutal Lust, which they would have satisfied, if *Rolando* had not hinder'd them, by representing that they ought at least to stay till the Lady was recovered out of her Fit, which her Grief had thrown her into, and taken from her the Use of her Senses: The Respect they bore for their Captain, was a Restraint upon their Incontinence. Nothing else could have sav'd the Lady; perhaps Death itself had not been a Defence

Chap. 10. of GIL BLAS. 61

Defence for her Honour. We again left that unfortunate Woman in the same Condition; *Rolando* charging *Leonarda* to take care of her, and retir'd all to our Chambers. As for me, as soon as I lay down, instead of sleeping I could not help thinking on the Misfortune of the Lady, I trembled to consider the Horrors that surrounded her, and was as much concern'd for her as if she had been my Relation or Friend. In fine, after having pity'd her heartily, I contriv'd how to deliver her from the Danger she was in, and carry her out of our Under-ground Habitation. I consider'd that the old Negro could not stir; and that since his Indisposition the Cook kept the Key of the Grate: This made me form a Project, which I immediately put in Execution in the following Manner.

I pretended to have the Colick, and cry'd out as if I was in terrible Pain. The Robbers awoke, and presently came to me: They ask'd me why I made such a Noise? I answer'd I was rack'd with a Fit of the Colick; and to shew them that I was sincere, I made a hundred ugly Faces, like a Man in violent Pain. I then lay still, as if the Fit was over, and

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I somewhat easier. Presently after I roll'd on my Pallad, and twist'd my Arms as if the Fit came upon me again: In a Word, I acted my Part so well, that, as cunning as they were, I impos'd upon all of 'em, and they took me to be terribly tortur'd by my Distemper. They were all very officious to assist me; one brought me a Bottle of Brandy, and made me drink half of it; another, whether I would or not, anointed me with Oil of sweet Almonds; a third warm'd a Napkin, and clapt it burning hot to my Belly. I in vain cry'd out, Hold: They imputed my Cries to my Colick, and made me continually endure Real Pain to ease me of a Counterfeit one. At last, not being able to bear it any longer, I told them I was pretty well again, and begg'd them to have Mercy upon me. They then gave over applying their Remedies; and I took care how I complain'd again, for fear they should again torture me with their Relief.

This Scene lasted above three Hours: After which the Robbers supposing it was about the Time they had resolv'd to go to *Manfilla*, prepar'd for that Expedition. I made as if I would fain go with them,

Chap. 12. of GIL BLAS. 63

them, and was getting up, but they would not let me: No, no, says *Signor Rolando*, stay here, Child, thou shalt go with us when thou art better in Health; the Colick may now take thee again; thou canst not yet bear travelling. I did not think fit to insist farther upon going, lest they should have comply'd with my Request; I only seem'd to be very sorry I could not be one amongst them on that Occasion: And this I did so well, that they all went out of our subterranean Dwelling, without the least Suspicion of my Design. When they were gone, as I heartily wish'd them, said I to myself, Now, *Gil Blas*, is the time for thee to pluck up all thy Resolution; take courage to finish what thou hast so happily begun: *Domingo* is not in a Condition to oppose thy Enterprize, and *Leonarda* cannot hinder thy executing it: Take hold of this Opportunity to escape, thou wilt never have a more favourable one. These Reflexions embolden'd me; I rose, took my Sword and my Pistols, and went first into the Kitchen: But before I enter'd, I heard *Leonarda* talk, and stepp'd to listen, where she was endeavouring to comfort the strange Lady, who being come to herself, and considering

considering her Misfortune, wept bitterly. Ay, ay, says *Leonarda*, weep on, sigh as much as you can, 'twill be some Ease to you; the Fit you were in was dangerous; but now 'tis over, there's nothing to fear: While you weep there's no Danger: Your Grief will wear away by degrees; and you'll like living with our Gentlemen here, who are Men of Honour: They'll treat you like a Princess; they'll be extremely fond of you, and doubtless you will grow as fond of them also: There's many a Woman that would be glad to be in your Place.

I did not give *Leonarda* time to proceed; I enter'd, and clapping a Pistol to her Breast, bad her give me the Key of the Gate. She was in a dreadful Surprise; and tho' well advanc'd in Years, she was too much in love with Life to refuse my Demand. When I had got the Key, I address myself thus to the Lady: Madam, Heaven has sent you a Deliverer: Rise, and follow me, I will conduct you whither you please to command me. The Lady was not deaf to this Offer. It made such an Impression on her Mind, that recollecting all her Strength, she arose, threw herself at my Feet, and implor'd me to save her Honour:

Chap. 10. of GIL BLAS: 69

near. I rais'd her up, and assured her, she might depend upon me. I then took some Cords, which I spy'd in the Kitchen, and with the Lady's help ty'd *Leonarda* to the Leg of a Table, protesting that I would kill her if she made the least Noise: I lighted a Lamp, and went with the Lady to the Room, where was the Robbers Treasure of Gold and Silver: I put as many single and double Pistoles in my Pockets as they would hold, and oblig'd the Lady to take what she could carry, representing to her that she only took what was her own. Having thus made a good Provision for ourselves, we went to the Stable, which I entred by myself, with my Pistols cock'd. I suppos'd that the old Negro, as ill as he was of the Gout and Rheumatism, would not tamely let me saddle and bridle my Horse, and resolv'd, if he resist'd, to cure him of all his Ails for ever. But as good Luck would have it, his Pains were at that time so violent that I took the Horse out of the Stable without his perceiving it. The Lady waited for me at the Door: We soon pass thro' the Alley that led to the Gate, which we open'd, and coming to the Trap-door, with much ado lifted it up.
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Had we not been strengthen'd by our great desire to escape, we should never have been able to have done it. Day began to break when we saw ourselves out of that Abyss, from whence we endeavour'd to get away as fast as we could. I mounted my Horse, and took the Lady behind me: We gallop'd along the first Path we met with, and soon got out of the Forest: We came to a Plain, where were several Roads; we took the first; and I was in mortal Dread lest it should lead to *Manfilla*, and so meet *Rolando* and his Comrades: But it happened that I was afraid without a Cause; and about two a Clock in the Afternoon we arriv'd at *Astorga*. I observ'd the People gaz'd at us, as at a Novelty, to see a Woman a Horseback behind a Man. We alighted at the first Inn we came to; and I immediately order'd a Partridge and Pheasant to be laid down to the Fire. While my Orders were executing, I conducted the Lady to a Chamber, where we entred into Conversation, which we could not do on the Road, because of the Haste we made. She express'd her self to be extremely sensible of the Obligation I had lain upon her, saying, She could not think that

Chap. II. of GIL BLAS. 67

a Person capable of so generous an Action, was a Companion of the Rogues, out of whose Hands I had deliver'd her. I told her my Story, to confirm the good Opinion she had conceiv'd of me. By which she put Confidence in me, and inform'd me of her Misfortunes, as I am about to relate them in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XI.

The Story of Donna Mencia de Mosquera.

I Was born at *Valladolid*, my Name is *Donna Mencia de Mosquera*; my Father *Don Martin*, after having spent almost all his Patrimony, was kill'd in *Portugal* at the Head of a Regiment which he commanded there. He left me so little Fortune, that I was an indifferent Match for any one, though I was an only Daughter. However, as little as I had, I did not want Lovers, for several of the most considerable Gentlemen of *Spain* courted me, but I preferr'd *Don Alvar de Mello* to all of them. Indeed he was the handsomest Man of them all, tho' that only

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only would not have gain'd him the Preference. He had Wit, Discretion, Courage, and Probity; besides, he had the Character of the most gallant Man of his Time. If he made an Entertainment, nothing could be more Elegant: If he appear'd at the Jests, his Strength and his Dexterity were admir'd by all: For these Reasons I lov'd and marry'd him.

A few Days after our Marriage, he met Don *Andrea de Bacsa*, his Rival, in a Bye Place; they quarrell'd and drew. Don *Andrea* was kill'd, and he being the Nephew of ^{the} Corregidor of *Valladolid*, a violent and mortal Enemy of the Family of *Mello*, Don *Alvar* did not think himself safe in that City. He came Home immediately, where, while his House was getting ready, He told me what had happen'd: My dear *Mencia*, said he, we must part. You know the Corregidor. Don't let us flatter our selves. He'll prosecute me to the utmost. You are not ignorant of his Power. I shall not be safe in the Kingdom. He was so troubled at our Parting, and so griev'd at my Grief, that he could say no more. I made him take
some

Chap. II. of GIL BLAS. 69

some Jewels, and as much Gold as he could carry with him. We then embraced, and for a Quarter of an Hour did nothing but mingle Sighs and Tears. Having notice that his Horse was ready, he broke from my Arms, and departed, leaving me in a Condition which 'tis impossible to represent. Happy had I been, if my Affliction had kill'd me at the Instant. How much Grief and Pain had Death then spar'd me. Some Hours after Don *Alvar*'s Flight, the Corregidor was inform'd of it, and order'd him to be pursu'd. He did his utmost to get him into his Custody. My Husband was too hard for him, and got into a Place of Security. Thus the Magistrate was forc'd to content himself with the poor Satisfaction of seizing the Goods of a Man whose Blood he thirsted after, and he did that effectually. He left me nothing to live upon. Poor and pitiful was my Condition. I had but one Woman-Servant to wait upon me. I spent all my Days in Weeping, not for my Poverty, which I bore patiently, but for the Absence of my Husband, whom I lov'd, but could hear no Tidings of. I had no News of him for Seven Years together, and not knowing what was become

come of him, liv'd in continual Sorrow. At last I understood that he was kill'd in a Battle, fighting for the King of *Portugal*, in the Kingdom of *Fex*: A Man who came from *Africa* gave me an Account of it, assuring me that he was perfectly well acquainted with Don *Alvar de Mello*; that he had serv'd with him in the *Portuguese* Army, and saw him fall in the Action: To this he added some Circumstances which made me believe that my Husband was dead.

About that time Don *Ambrosio Mesia Carillo*, Marquis de la *Puerdia*, came to *Villadolid*. He was one of those old Lords who, by their polite and gallant Behaviour, make Women forget their Age, and think 'em as taking as if they were in their Youth still. One Day some body told him the Story of Don *Alvar*; and described me to him so favourably, that he had a mind to see me. He came to my Lodgings, gave me a Visit, and, tho' I was in so much Grief, took such a Liking to me, that it turn'd to a tender Passion. Perhaps indeed he pitied my sad and dismal Condition; and Pity very often converts itself into Love: My mournful State touch'd him, and he told me more than once, he look'd
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Chap. II. *of* GIL BLAS. 71

upon me as a Prodigy of Constancy, and ev'n envy'd the Fate of my Husband in having such a faithful Wife, tho' his End was so deplorable. In short, from the very first Visit he made me, he resolv'd to marry me, if I would have him. He broke his Mind to a Relation of mine, who came to me, and represented to me, that my Husband being kill'd in *Fes*, it was by no means reasonable that I should bury my self alive, and make my Charms useless to my Youth; that I had mourn'd long enough for a Man with whom I had liv'd so little a while, and ought to take hold of the Opportunity that was offer'd me to be the happiest Woman in the World. She then set forth the Marquis's Nobility, Riches, and Character. But all she said was lost upon me: I would not hearken to her: Not that I made a Doubt of Don *Alvar*'s Death, or was afraid of seeing him return on a sudden, when I least expected him. I had so little Inclination to a second Marriage, or rather so much Repugnance to it, after I had been so unfortunate in my first, that I could not think of complying with my Kinswoman's Counsel. However, she did not give over persuading me: On the contrary

every Day grew daily a more zealous Advocate for Don *Ambrosio*: She engaged all my Relations in that old Lord's Interests; They all importuned me to accept of so advantageous a Match. I was every Minute teas'd by them; and my Poverty, which encreas'd upon me more and more, pleaded with them also, in so much that I could resist no longer.

I gave way to their Importunity, and at their pressing Instances married the Marquis *de la Guardia*, who, the next Day after we were married, carried me to a fine Seat of his near *Burgos*, between *Grujal* and *Rodilla*. His Love became more violent than ever; he studied to please me in every thing he did; he prevented my Desires, and never did Husband do more to gain the Heart of a Wife; never was Lover more compliant to a Mistress. I should passionately have lov'd Don *Ambrosio*, notwithstanding the Difference of our Ages, if I could have lov'd any one but Don *Alvaro*. But a constant Heart can have but one Passion. The Remembrance of my first Husband, render'd all the Pains my second took to please me, ineffectual. All the Returns I made for his Tenderness, were Respect and Gratitude.

In

Chap. II. of GIL BLAS. 73

In this Disposition was I, when looking out of my Window one Day to take the Air, I perceiv'd a kind of Peasant in the Garden, who look'd at me very attentively. I took him for an Assistant to the Gardener, and did not much mind him; but the next Day looking out of the same Window, I spied him in the same Place again, and he seem'd to look at me with more Attention than before; which had such an Effect upon me, that I examin'd his Face too more curiously, and fancied I saw the Features of the unhappy Don *Alver*. This Thought put me into a terrible Apprehension of the Truth of it. I cry'd out; by good Fortune no body was then near me, but *Ines* my favourite Woman. I told her what my thought was; she laugh'd at me, supposing some small Likeness had impos'd upon my Sight. Don't think it, Madam, said she; What likelihood is there that your first Husband should be in the Garden, in the Form of a Peasant? Can you believe him to be still in the Land of the Living? I'll go down, added she, and talk to this Countryman. I will know who he is, and bring you an Account of it in an Instant. Accordingly she did so, and when she came back,

back, I observed her to be in great Disorder. Madam, says she, your Suspicion was but too well grounded. It is Don *Alvar* himself, whom you saw. He made the Discovery immediately, and desires to have some Discourse with you.

The Marquis was then gone to *Burgos*, by which means I had an Opportunity to receive Don *Alvar*, and ordered my Woman to conduct him into my Closet. You may imagine I was in the utmost Confusion, I could not bear the Sight of a Man who had so much Reason to upbraid me with Inconstancy, I fell into a Swoon when he enter'd the Closet. *Ines* and he gave me all their Assistance, and as I came a little to my self, Don *Alvar* said, I beg you, Madam, to recover your self: Do not let my Presence incommode you. It is not my Intention to give you the least Trouble. I am not come like an enraged Husband to demand an Account of the Faith you vow'd to me, and to charge you with the Crime of a second Engagement contracted by you. I am not ignorant that it was your Relations doing. I know how they persecuted you to consent to it: That it was reported and believ'd at *Valladolid* that

Chap. 11. of GIL BLAS. 75

that I was dead, and that you yourself had good reason to think so, having receiv'd no Letter from me to inform you of the contrary. In fine, I know what manner of Life you led after our cruel Separation; and that Necessity rather than Love threw you into the Arms of ——— Ah, my Lord, said I, interrupting him, Why will you excuse me? I am gully, since you are alive. Oh, that I was now in the same miserable Condition that Don *Ambrosio* found me. Oh wretched Marriage! I should otherwise, as miserable as I was, have had the Comfort to meet you without Blushing.

Dear *Mencia*, reply'd he, with an Air which shew'd how much he was concern'd at my Grief, I do not complain of you, and am very far from upbraiding you with the flourishing Condition I find you in; I rejoyce at it. Ever since I left *Valladolid* Fortune has been against me; My Life has been a continual Series of Misery; and nothing made me more miserable than the want of an Opportunity to send you News of me, and to hear from you. I knew how you lov'd me, and had always in my Mind the sad State to which that Love had re-

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duc'd you. I represented you to my Eyes always in Tears; and my Concern for you was ever my greatest Trouble: Sometimes I blam'd myself for having been the occasion of making you so wretched; and even wished that you had given yourself to one of my Rivals, since your preferring me to them had cost you so dear. However, after seven Years Suffering, and doating on you still as much as ever, I could not help desiring to see you; and having finish'd a long Slavery, I went in this Disguise to *Valladolid*, where I was like to be discover'd. I there learnt every thing: Thence I came to this Castle, found a Way to come at the Gard'ner, and enter'd myself in his Service, in hopes, that as I wrought in the Garden, I might have an Opportunity to see you; but don't think that by my Abode here I have the least Design to interrupt your Happiness. I love you more than I love my self. I am pleas'd to see you so happy, and the Pleasure I shall take to reflect on the Condition I leave you in, will be the only Comfort of a Life which I shall now spend far off from you, and return no more to trouble your Repose. No, no, Don *Alvar*, cry'd I, at these Words, I will

Chap. 11. of GIL BLAS. 77

will not suffer you to leave me a second Time : I will go with you : Nothing but Death shall now part us. Hearken to me, reply'd he, Live still with Don *Ambrosio* : Let me be wretched by my self. A great many other things he said of the same nature ; but the more ready he was to sacrifice himself for me, the less willing was I to let him. When he found that I was determin'd to go away with him, he on a sudden alter'd his Tone, and looking very well pleas'd upon me, said, Madam, since you still love Don *Alvar* so well, as to prefer his Misery to the Prosperity you enjoy here, we'll go to *Belancos*, at the farther end of the Kingdom of *Galicia*, where I have a secure Retreat prepared for us. If my Misfortunes have depriv'd me of all my Estate, they have not also depriv'd me of all my Friends : I have some left who have enabled me to carry you off with me. I have, by their Assistance, got a Coach ready at *Zamora* : I have bought Mules, and am attended with three stout *Galicians*, arm'd with Carblines and Pistols : They wait my Orders in the Village of *Rodillas* : Let's take hold of this Occasion, the Absence of Don *Ambrosio* : I'll fetch the Coach, and we will be gone

this Moment. I consented to his Proposal. Don *Alvar* flew to *Rodillas*, and in a little while return'd with his three *Galicians*. I was with my Women when he came with the Coach: He took me in his Arms, and put me into it. My Women ran away in a Fright, *Isa* only staying near me; but she would not go along with us, because she was in Love with one of Don *Ambrosio's* Valets.

I carried off only my Cloaths, and what Jewels I had before my second Marriage. I took nothing that belonged to the Marquis, or that he had given me. We travell'd towards *Galicia*, under Apprehensions of being pursued by Don *Ambrosio*. We continued our Journey two Days together without any Opposition: We were in hopes to do the same the third; and were discoursing very agreeably of this Adventure, and of what happen'd to Don *Alvar* in his Absence: How he had been a Slave five Years; and what it was that occasion'd the Report of his Death, when yesterday, on the Road to *Lara*, we met the Robbers who were with you. It was He you kill'd, and the three Men were his *Galicians*: It is for him that these Tears flow

Chap. 12. of GIL BLAS. 79

flow from mine Eyes. Saying this, she burst out a weeping ; and *Gil Blas* could not help bearing her Company.

CHAP. XII

How disagreeably Gil Blas and the Lady were interrupted.

WHEN her Grief permitted her to hear what I had to offer, I ask'd her what she intended to do in the present Conjunction ? And as she was about to answer me, we were interrupted by a great Noise in the Inn. The Corregidor was come thither with several Serjeants, and other Officers : They enter'd our Chamber ; a young Gentleman that was with them coming up to me, look'd very curiously upon me ; and examining my Dress, cry'd out, By *St. James*, he has my Coat on : 'Tis he himself ; take hold of him ; he has my Horse too ; he is one of the Thieves that lurk in this Country. By this I understood that the young Cavalier was the Gentleman who had been robb'd by them, and whose Spoils I had unluckily

E 4 equipt

equipt my self with. The Corregidor, who, by my Looks, imagin'd that I was the Person the Gentleman took me for, and that the Lady was an Accomplice, sent us to separate Prisons. This Magistrate was not one of those whose frightful Looks are Death to a Criminal: He had a soft smiling Air, God knows if he was the better Man for't. As soon as I was lodg'd in Prison, he came thither attended by his Officers; the first thing they did was to plunder me, according to Custom. I was a fine Booty for them; they never had a better: As often as they div'd into my Pockets, I perceiv'd their Eyes sparkled with Joy; the Corregidor could hardly contain himself. Child, says he, fear nothing; we only do our Duty: If you are innocent no Harm will come to you. They were all the while emptying my Pockets, and took from me even what the Robbers paid more respect to, the Forty Ducats given me by my Uncle. This did not satisfy them. They strip me to my Shirt, to see whether I had hid any thing between that and my Skin. When they had thus done their Duty, as they said, the Corregidor examin'd me. I told him ingenuously all that had happen'd to me.

He

Chap. 12. of GIL BLAS. 85

He took my Examination in Writing.
He then departed with his Crew about him, and my Money and Goods in their Custody, leaving me naked on some foul Straw in the Prison.

What is human Life I cry'd I to myself, when I reflected on my forlorn State: How full of Crosses and Losses! I have met with nothing else since I left *Oviedo*: I am scarce got out of one Peril, but another befalls me. I little thought when I arriv'd in this City that I should so soon become acquainted with the Corregidor. I curs'd the fatal Coat as I put it on again, and the rest of the Equipage that was left me, which I brought from the Robbers subterranean Dwellings. At last I encouraged myself with other Reflexions. Have a good Heart, *Gil Blas*, said I, Does it become thee to despair in a common Jail, after thou hadst Patience in thy dark Confinement among the Thieves. But alas, what signifies it to take Courage? How can I get hence? they have depriv'd me of all Means of procuring my Liberty, by taking my Money from me, without which a Prisoner is like a Bird whose Wings are clipp'd.

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Instead of the Fowl I had ordered to the Fire, they brought me some Bread and Water. I was fifteen Days in my Hole without seeing any body but the Jailor, who gave me my Allowance of that thin Diet. I did what I could to have some Discourse with him, but he would not speak a Word with me. He came in and out, and would not often so much as look upon me. The sixteenth Day the Corregidor appear'd, and said, Rejoyce, young Man, I bring thee glad Tidings: I have caus'd the Lady that was with thee to be conducted to *Burgos*: I examin'd her before she went, and her Answer will discharge thee. Thou shalt to day have thy Liberty, provided the Muletier, who, as thou saidst, brought thee from *Penafier* to *Cacabelos*, confirms thy Deposition; he is now in *Asterga*, I'll send for him. If he agrees in the Article of the Torture, I'll discharge thee immediately. I was overjoy'd to hear him talk thus. I did not doubt of my Liberty, and thank'd him for his Readiness to do me speedy Justice. I had hardly finish'd my Compliment when the Muletier entred to us, attended by two Sergeants. I presently knew him again; but the Rogue having sold my

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Chap. 12. of GIL BLAS. 83

Portmanteau, and all that was in it, and fearing he should be oblig'd to make me satisfaction, if he own'd that he knew me, said very impudently he had never seen me in his Life before. Ah Traitor, said I; confess rather that thou hast sold my Cloaths, and bear witness to the Truth: Look on me; I am one of the young Men whom thou threatnedst with the Torture at *Cacabelos*, and whom thou puttest in such a Fright. The Muletier replied very gravely, he knew nothing of the Matter, and persisting in disowning any knowledge off me, my Deliverance was put off to some other time. Patience was to be my Cure again; the Jailor's Bread and Water my Diet. It was an intolerable thing to be there without having committed the least Crime. But what Help was there for't: I wish'd I had staid under-ground still: I was more at ease there, said I to my self, than in this Prison: I far'd well with the Robbers: We liv'd merrily; and I comforted my self still with Hopes of escaping, whereas, innocent as I am, perhaps the best of my Fortune will be to be let out hence, to go to the Gallies.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII

By what Chance Gil Blas was delivered out of Prison, and whither he went.

WHILE I was spending my time upon these Reflexions, the Story of my Adventures, as it was contain'd in my Deposition, was reported about the Town, several Persons came out of Curiosity to see me: They stood one after another at a little Window, by which the Light came into my Prison; and when they had gaz'd at me some time they march'd their Way. I was surpriz'd at this Novelty: I had not till then seen a Mortal at the Window since my Confinement. I imagined that I was talk'd of in the City; and could not tell whether it was for the better or the worse.

One of those that came to see me happen'd to be the little Quirister of *Mandonedo*, who, as well as I, had been afraid of the Rack, and taken to his Heels to avoid it. I knew him, and he knew

Chap. 13. of GIL BLAS. 85

knew me : We saluted one another, and enter'd afterwards into a long Conversation. I was obliged to give him a full Account of all my Adventures ; and he told me what past in the Inn at *Cacabelos* between the Muletier, and the young Woman : In short, he inform'd me of every thing I have said concerning it ; and promis'd when he took leave of me, that he would that Minute go and labour for my Deliverance. Then every Body who came to my Window out of Curiosity, as well as he, express themselves to have Pity on my Sufferings, and assur'd me they would joyn with him in endeavouring to procure my Liberty.

They were as good as their Word : They spoke to the Corregidor on my Behalf. That Magistrate made no more doubt of my Innocence, especially after he had heard what the Quirister had to say. Three Weeks after his first Visit he appear'd in my Prison again, and said, *Gil Blas*, not to keep thee in pain, thou may'st go whither thou wilt. But tell me, dost thou think, if we sent some Sergeants and others with thee to the Forest, thou couldst find out that Habitation Under-ground. No, my Lord,

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Lord, replied I; 'twas Nighr always when I enter'd it, and never came out but before Day: 'Tis impossible for me to discover it. Then the Corregidor left me, saying, he would order the Jaylor to open the Prison Doors for me. The Jaylor and his Turnkey enter'd my Hole soon after; and having taken from me the little I had left, which they lik'd better than their own, they exchange Cloaths with me, and turn'd me out of the Prison by the Head and Shoulders. I was ashamed to be seen in the Rags they had given me instead of my Cloaths; and my Confusion lessen'd the Joy Prisoners have usually when they are set at Liberty.

I would fain have gone out of Town, and avoided being gaz'd at by the People; but my Gratitude would not let me go, without taking leave of the Quirister, to whom I was so much oblig'd. I went and returned him my Thanks: He could not help laughing at seeing me. You have far'd very indifferently, says he, in the Hands of Justice. I don't complain of it, replied I; Justice is always right; I wish only that the Officers that belong to it were honest Men. I think they should at least have let me have

have my Cloaths: They would have been well enough paid by my Money. Very true, said he; but it seems the Formalities of their Office required it, and they call it doing their Duty. How, I pray, do they do this Duty of theirs? Is the Horse you had restored to the right Owner? No surely, he is now in the Serjeant's Stable that took him from you, to be a Proof of the Robbery there: The poor Gentleman that owns it will not I believe, have so much as the Crupper restor'd to him. But to say no more of this; What do you intend to do? I have a mind, replied I, to go to *Burgos*, and find out the Lady whom I deliver'd out of the Hand of the Robbers: She will give me some Pistoles; I will buy me a new Gown, and go to *Salamanca*, where I hope to make something of my *Latin*: The worst of it is, 'tis a great way to *Burgos*, and I have nothing to maintain me on the Road. I understand you, said my Companion, my Purse is at your Service; it is a little low indeed, but we will do as well as we can with it. Saying this, he pull'd it out of his Pocket, and gave it me with so good a Grace, that I could not refuse accepting of it, such as it was; and gave him a thousand

thousand Thanks, and promis'd to be always ready to do as much for him, when it lay in my way, which it never did. I took my leave of him, and departed from the City without visiting the other Persons who had contributed to my Deliverance. I contented myself with heartily wishing them well. My Friend's Purse was, as he said, at the bottom. 'Twas well for me that I had lately been us'd to a very frugal way of Living, I could not have made it hold out else. I was so good a Husband that I had some Reals left when I arriv'd at *Ponte de Mula*, which is not far from *Burgos*: I went into an Inn, and was accosted by the Hostess. She was an ugly scolding Dame; and I perceiv'd she did not like me, by my Appearance. I matter'd it not, sat down, and called for some Bread and Cheese. The Wine they brought me was detestable. While I was eating, I would fain have entred into Conversation with my Landlady: I desir'd her to tell me if she knew the *Marquis de la Guardia*; if his Seat was near; and what she heard of the Marchioness his Wife? You ask me abundance of Questions, reply'd she, with an Air of Contempt: However, after a
rude

Chap. 13. of GIL BLAS. 89

rude manner, she told me Don *Ambrosio's* House was but a League from *Ponte Mola*.

Having supp'd as well as my Purse afforded, I had them shew me a Chamber. You a Chamber, said the Hostess very scornfully: I can't spare a Room for such as sup on a Bit of Bread. All my Beds are taken up; I expect several Gentlemen of Fashion to Night: You may lie in the Barn if you will: I suppose 'tis not the first Time. She was in the Right of it. I made her no Answer, but went to the Barn, laid my self down on some Straw, and slept as soundly as a Man that was heartily tir'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the Reception Donna Mencia gave him at Burgos.

I Did not lie long next Morning. I went to my Landlady to let her know I was up; and she was in a better Humour than I left her in over-night. I imputed it to the Company of three of *St. Hermandad's* Bayliffs, who were very familiar with her: They had lain in our Inn that Night; and I doubt not but it was for these Gentlemen that all the Beds were taken up. I ask'd the way, when I came into the Village, for *Don Ambrosio's* Castle. By chance I met with a Man of the same Character as my Landlord at *Penafles*: He did not only tell me the Way to the Castle, but that *Don Ambrosio* had been dead three Weeks, and the Marchioness his Wife was retir'd into a Convent at *Burgos*. I directed my Steps towards that City, instead of taking the Road to the Castle, as I at first design'd; and made

Chap. 14. of GIL BLAS. 91

made what Haste I could to the Monastery where Donna *Mencia* liv'd. I pray'd the Door-Keeper to tell the Lady that a young Man newly come out of the Prison at *Astorga* desir'd to see her. The Door-keeper told her immediately, and when she came back conducted me into a Hall, where I was not long before Don *Ambrosio's* Widow appear'd at the Grate in very deep Mourning. You are welcome, said the Lady: Four Days ago I wrote to a Person at *Astorga* to go to you, and acquaint you that as soon as you got out of Prison, I desir'd you to come hither. I doubted not you would not be long detain'd there. I said enough to the Corregidor in your Behalf to discharge you. The Answer I receiv'd was, That you had had your Liberty, but they did not know what was become of you. I was afraid I should never see you more, nor ever have the Satisfaction to make you a Return for the Obligations I have to you. Don't be cast down, said she, perceiving I was out of Countenance, at appearing before her in so sorry a Garb: Don't be concern'd at your Dress. After the Service you have done me, I should be the most ungrateful of Women if I did nothing
For

for you: I'll deliver you out of the miserable State you are now in: I ought to do it, and I can do it. I have Wealth enough to discharge my self towards you, as obliged by Gratitude, without freightning my self.

You know, continued she, my Adventures till the Time that we were both imprison'd: I will now acquaint you with what hapned afterwards, when the Corregidor's People had conducted me to *Burgos* from *Astorga*. After I had told him my whole Story, I went to Don *Ambrosio's* Castle. My Return occasioned a great Surprize; but they inform'd me there that I came too late; that the Marquis was so troubled at my Flight, that he was fallen sick, and the Physicians despair'd of his Life. I had now a fresh Occasion to complain of my Stars; however I bad them to acquaint him with my Arrival. They did so: I went to his Chamber with my Eyes full of Tears, and my Heart full of Grief. What brought you here? said he as soon as he saw me: Are you come to glory in the Sight of a Work of your own making? Are you not satisfy'd with having taken my Life from me? Must your Eyes too be the Witnesses of my Death?

My

Chap. 14. of GIL BLAS. 93

My Lord, reply'd I, *Ines* ought to have inform'd you that I fled with my first Husband; and had it not been for a very dreadful Accident which befel us, you should never have seen me more. I then told him how Don *Alvar* was kill'd by the Robbers, and how I was carried afterwards to an Habitation Under-ground; how I was deliver'd thence, and what happen'd to me since. When I had done speaking, Don *Ambrosio* held out his Hand to me, and said with a tender Air, 'Tis enough; I cease to complain of you: Indeed what reason have I, to reproach you? You met with a Husband whom you dearly lov'd: You left me to go with him: Can I blame you for that? No, Madam, I should be in the wrong to complain: I would not suffer you to be pursued: I consider'd the sacred Rights of your Ravisher, and your Inclination for him. In fine, I did you Justice; and by your Return hither you recover all my Affections. Yes, my dear *Mencia*, the Sight of you fills me with Joy; but alas! I cannot long enjoy it; I find my Last Hour approaches: You are no sooner restor'd to me, than I must bid you an eternal Adieu. These Words were so moving, that they

they made my Tears flow afresh, and my Soul to diffolve with immoderate Sorrow. I could not help weeping aloud; and question whether I wept more for the Death of Don *Alvar* whom I ador'd. Don *Ambrosio* had not a false Alarm of his Death: He died next Day, and I became Mistress of the considerable Estate he settled upon me at our Marriage. I shall not make an ill Use of it. And tho' I am still young, no body shall ever see me in the Arms of a third Husband. Besides that, in my Opinion, it looks indecent and immodest to be thrice married. I am resolv'd to end my Days in a Convent, and become a Benefactress.

Having finish'd her Discourse thus, she pull'd a Purse from under her Gown, which she gave me, saying, There's a hundred Ducats which I give you to equip yourself; only when you have done it, come and see me again. I don't intend to confine my Gratitude to so narrow a compass. I gave the Lady a thousand Thanks, and swore to her I would not leave *Burgos* without waiting on her. After this Oath, which I had no Inclination to break, I went and look'd out for an Inn; I enter'd the first I came to,

Chap. 14. of GIL BLAS. 95

to, ask'd for a Room, and that the Landlord might not have an ill Opinion of me by the Figure I made, I let him know I had wherewithal to pay my Reckoning. At these Words *Majuelo* my Host surveyed me from Head to Foot; and being a Wag, made Answer, that he had no need of such an Assurance from me, to let him know that I should be a good Guest to his House; that he saw something noble in me, thro' the Disadvantage of my Dress, and doubted not but I was a Gentleman of Substance. I found the Rogue banter'd me; and to put an end to his Rallery, I shew'd him my Purse, told out the Hundred Ducats, and perceived that the Sight of the Gold dispos'd him to a more favourable Judgment of me. I desir'd him to send a Tailor to me: He said it would be better to have a Broker, who would bring all sorts of Cloaths, and equip me immediately. I approv'd of his Counsel, and resolv'd to follow it; but it growing towards Night, I put off doing it till Morning, and order'd Supper to be got ready as soon as possible, resolving to make amends for my bad Living ever since I came out of my Subterranean Dwelling.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How Gil Blas dress'd himself. Of another Present the Lady made him, and in what Equipage he departed from Burgos.

THE Waiters serv'd me a Fricassly of Sheeps Trotters, which I almost devour'd whole. I drank in Proportion to what I eat, and then went to bed, and it being a pretty good one, I was in hopes that I should have slept all Night and made but one Nap of it. Instead of which, I could not sleep a Wink for thinking of my new Cloaths, and what I should do afterwards. I could not tell what Garb to wear; sometimes I was for buying a Gown, and equipping my self for *Salamanca*; sometimes for taking Orders. But at last I found the World prevail'd, and I resolv'd to make my Fortune in it. In order to which, my purpose was to put on a Sword, and set my self out like a Gentleman. I was impatient for Day-light, and as soon as it appear'd I got up. I made such a Noise in the Inn, that

Chap. 15. of GIL BLAS. 97

that I wak'd all about me. I knock'd up the Waiters, who curs'd me for my Pains; but they could not help rising, and I would not let them be at rest till they had brought me a Broker, which was done in a Minute; he came, attended with Two Boys, who brought each a Green Bundle. Their Master saluted me very civilly, saying, *Signior*, It was your very good Luck to light on me: however, I would not run down my Brethren; I would, by no means injure their Reputation; but between you and I, there's not one of them who has a Conscience: They are all as hard as *Jews*: I am the only Broker who has a Grain of Honesty. I am contented with a reasonable Profit: A Penny in the Pound is all I desire; thanks my Stars, I love fair Dealing.

After this Preamble, which I took all for Gospel, like a Fool as I was, he bad his Boys to open their Bundles. He shew'd me Suits of all sorts of Colours, and some that were Plain, but rejected the latter with Disdain. They were too modest for me. He at last made me try one on, which fitted me exactly every way, the Coat was of Blue Velvet, embroider'd with Gold, and the

F Cloak

Cloak of the same. I liked it mightily, tho it had been worn, and ask'd the Price of it. The Broker perceiving I had taken a Fancy to it, said, I had a very good Choice. By my Faith, cry'd he, you understand these things. This Suit was made for one of the greatest Lords in the Kingdom; he never had it on but thrice. Examine the Velvet, nothing can be finer; and as for the Embroidery, never was any thing better wrought. How much will it cost? reply'd I. Sixty Ducats, said he. I have refus'd it, as I'm an honest Man. I offer'd him Five and Forty, which was as much again as the Suit was worth. Sir, reply'd the Broker, I'll make but one Word with you. See some of these Suits, continu'd he, pointing to those I had rejected, I'll sell them to you much cheaper. This made me the more eager for that I had pitch'd upon, and imagining that he would not bate any thing, I told him out Sixty Ducats. When he saw I was for my money, as honest a Man as he was, I perceiv'd he was sorry he had not demanded more for't. However, contenting himself with his Penny in the Pound, he took my money, and departed with his two Boys, whom I shall never forget.

I had

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I had now got a handsome Suit and Cloak; the next thing was to buy Linnen, Hat, Shoes, Stockins, and a Sword; which done, I put 'em all on, and was wonderfully delighted to see my self so equipp'd: I was never satisfy'd with surveying my self; never was Peacock prouder of his Feathers. I went the same Day and paid a second Visit to *Dona Mencis*, who receiv'd me as graciously as she had done at the first: She thank'd me again for the Service I had done her, and abundance of Compliments pass'd on both sides. She then wish'd me all Happiness, and bid me farewell, giving me only a Ring worth about Thirty Pistoles, when she left me, praying me to keep it for her sake. I was very much baulk'd at this Present, expecting something better than a Ring; and not at all contented with the Lady's Generosity, I return'd to my Inn very thoughtful. But, as I enter'd it, a Man follow'd me, and throwing open his Cloak, shew'd a huge Bag which I had the Appearance of a Money-Bag; and at the sight of it, I stand greedily upon it, as did all present. As for me, I thought I heard the Voice of a Seraphim, who laying the Bag upon a Table, said to me, Signor Gil Blas, this

is what, Madam the Marchioness has sent you. I bow'd very reverently to the Bearer, I confounded him with my Civilities, and as soon as he was got out of the Inn, threw my self on the Money-Bag, like a Hawk on his Prey. I carry'd it to my Chamber, open'd it, and found therein a Thousand Ducats; I had just done counting them, when my Host, who heard what the Bearer had said to me, enter'd my Chamber to see what was in the Bag. He was surpriz'd at the Sight of so many Ducats lying on the Table. What a Duce, says he, is all this Money yours? You must know how to please the Women, sure; you have not been 24 Hours in *Burgas*, and have already Marchionesses under Contribution.

This Discourse did not displease me. I was tempted to leave *Majordomo* in his Mistake. It flatter'd my Vanity. I don't wonder Young Men love to be thought in the good Graces of the Ladies. But I was more Innocent than Valin. I undeciv'd my Landlord. I told him the Story of *Donna Mencis*; to which he listen'd very attentively. I consulted him what was best for me to do in my present Circumstances, the Man seeming to be

Chap. 15. of GIL BLAS. 101

be in my Interest. He stood silent some time, and then answer'd seriously, Signor *Gil Blas*, I have a love for you, and since you put so much Trust in me, as to open your self so frankly, I will tell you plainly what I think you had best do. You seem to be made for a Court. I advise you to endeavour to get into the Service of some great Lord, and either to gain his Confidence, by serving him in his Interests, or in his Pleasures. If you don't do that, you lose your Time. I know some Persons of Quality, they do not care a Farthing for the Zeal of an honest Man; they mind no Body that is not necessary to them. You have another way left still, You are Young, Handsome; and if you had no Wit, that would be enough to gain you some rich Widow, or some pretty Woman unhappily married. If Love Ruins Men who have Estates, it often Makes those that want them. I think you will therefore do well to go to *Madrid*; but I would not advise you to go alone. People judge by Appearances, and you will be look'd upon according to the Figure you make. I'll help you to a Valet, an honest Fellow, and as handy a one as any in *Spain*. Buy Two Mules,

Mules, one for your self, and another for him, and depart as soon as you can.

This Counsel was too agreeable to my Humour for me to neglect it. I bought Two Mules the next Day, and hir'd the Valet he spoke of: He was about Thirty Years old, and appear'd to be a plain downright Fellow. He said he was a Native of *Galicia*, and his Name *Ambrose de Lamula*. Whereas other Servants haggle about their Wages, he was contented with any thing, and I thought he would take it as a Favour if I would let him serve me for nothing. I bought also some Boots, and a Port-manteau, paid my Reckoning, and on the Morrow departed before Sun-rising from *Burges* to *Madrid*.

C H A P:

CHAP. XVI

*Shewing that one ought not to make too
sure of Prosperity.*

WE lay the first Night at *Duenas*,
and arriv'd the second at *Villado-
lid*, about Four a Clock in the Afternoon.
We alighted at an Inn which look'd to
be one of the best in the Town. I left
the care of the Mules to my Valet, and
went to a Room, which was shewn me
by one of the Servants of the House, who
carried my Portmanteau. Finding my
self tired, I threw my self down on the
Bed without pulling my Boots off, I
fell asleep, and did not awake till almost
Night, when I call'd for *Ambrose*, but
he was not in the Inn. He came soon
after: I ask'd him where he had been,
and he answered, with a holy Grinace,
At Church, to return Thanks to Heaven,
for having preserv'd us from all ill Acci-
dents in our Journey from *Burgos* to
Valladolid. I approv'd of what he had
been doing, and then bad him get me
a Pullet for my Supper. While I was
giving

giving him this Order, my Landlord enter'd the Chamber with a Taper in his Hand, lighting a Lady, who appear'd to be more Fair than Young, and very richly Dress'd, a *Negro* holding up her Tail. I was not a little surpriz'd, when after having made me a low Courtsy, she ask'd me, as if by chance, Whether I was not Signor *Gil Blas* of *Santillan*? I no sooner repli'd Yes, than she let go the Hand of her Gentleman Usher, to embrace me with a Transport of Joy, which added the more to my surprize. Heaven, cry'd she, what a happy Adventure is this; 'tis you that I am seeking. I then call'd to mind the Paralytic of *Penafier*, and was about to conclude that this Lady was much such another sort of Creature. But what she said afterwards, gave me a more favourable Opinion of her. I am, continu'd she, Cousin-German to *Donna Menca de Mosquera*, who is so much oblig'd to you. I this Morning receiv'd a Letter from her, informing me, that understanding you were going to *Madrid*, she desired me to entertain you. If you pass this Way. I have been running up and down the City these Two Hours in quest of you. I went from Inn to Inn.

Chap. 16. of GIL BLAS. 105

to enquire of all the Strangers I saw, and by this Host's Description of you, I imagin'd at last that you might be the Deliverer of my Cousin. And now that I have met you, I will let you see how sensible I am of the Service you did my Family, and my dear Kinswoman in particular. Pray, go with me to my House, you will be more commodiously lodg'd there than here. I would have excused my self, and represented to the Lady that I should be too troublesome to her, but she would not be put off. There waited a Coach at the Gate of the Inn; she took Care her self to see my Portmanteau put into it, because, said she, there are Rogues at *Valladolid*; which I found too true. In short, I went into the Coach with her and her Gentleman-Usher, and was in this manner carry'd away from the Inn, to the great dislike of my Landlord, who lost the taking of so much Money as he suppos'd I should have spent there. After our Coach had past through several Streets, it stop'd. We alighted at a pretty large House, and came to an Apartment well furnish'd, and illuminated with Twenty or Thirty Candles. There were several Servants waiting, of whom the Lady demanded

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whether

whether Don *Raphael* was arrived? They answer'd, No. Then she address herself thus to me, Signor *Gil Blas*, I expect my Brother to night from a Country Seat which we have two Leagues off: How agreeably will he be surpriz'd to find a Man in his House, to whom all our Family is so much obliged. In the Moment she was talking we heard a Noise, and understood it was occasion'd by the Arrival of Don *Raphael*. That Gentleman presently made his Appearance. He was a young, handsome, brisk Man. I am overjoyed to see you, Brother, says the Lady to him; You will help me to entertain Signor *Gil Blas* of *Santillane*; we can never do enough in return for his Services to our Cousin Donna *Mencia*. Here, added she, offering him a Letter; read what she has written me. Don *Raphael* opened the Billet, and read these Words out aloud:

Dear *Camilla*,

Signor *Gil Blas* of *Santillane*, who saved my Honour and Life, is now going to Court: he will doubtless pass by *Valadolid*. I conjure you, by our Relation, and, what is more,

Chap. 16. of GIL BLAS. 107

more, by our Friendship, to entertain him;
and keep him some time at your House.
I flatter my self that you will give me this
Satisfaction; and that my Deliverer will
repay of you and my Cousin Don Raphael
all manner of kind Treatment at Burgos.

Your Affectionate Cousin,
Donna Mencía.

How I said Don Raphael, when he had
read the Letter, is this the Gentleman
to whom my Cousin owes both Honour
and Life? Heaven be prais'd for so hap-
py a Meeting! saying this, he caught
me in his Arms: How do I rejoyce, con-
tinued he, in seeing here Signor Gil Blas
of Santillane. My Cousin the Marchio-
ness had no need of desiring us to enter-
tain you: Had she only hinted to us that
you were to pass thro' Valladolid, my
Sister Camilla and I know our Duty too
well, not to make much of a Person who
has so highly oblig'd a Lady so dear to
our whole Family. I made the best An-
swer I could to these Discourses, which
were followed by others of the same na-
ture, intermix'd with a thousand Ca-
resses. After which, observing that I
had still my Boots on, they order'd
their Servants to take 'em off.

We

We then went into another Room where there was a Table spread: We sat down; and all their Talk at Supper was as obliging as that before: I could not say a Word, but they were taken with it, and were both of 'em very officious to help me out of every Dish. Don Raphael often drank Donna Mencía's Health: I follow'd his Example; and observ'd sometimes that Camilla, who would have her Glass too, cast a Look upon me, which had a Signification in it. I took notice that she would watch her Opportunities to do it, as if she was afraid her Brother would perceive it. I needed no more to be persuaded that I was in her Favour, and imagin'd I might shake my Advantage of it, if I staid ever so little while at Valladolid. The Hopes of this made me easily comply with their Request to pass a few Days with them. They thank'd me for my Complacency; and Camilla was so glad, that I doubted not of her having found out something amiable in me.

Don Raphael finding that I had determin'd to stay there some time, propos'd to carry me to his Castle. He made a magnificent Description of it to me, and enlarg'd upon the Diversions we should meet

Chap. 16. of GIL BLAS. 109

meet with there. Sometimes, says he, we'll Hunt, sometimes Fish, sometimes take the Air; we have fine Woods and delicious Gardens; besides, we shall have rare Company; I hope you will not be tired there. I accepted of his Proposal; and the next Day was appointed for our going to that fine Castle of his. Having form'd so agreeable a Design, we rose from the Table. Don Raphael seem'd to be transported; Signor Gil Blas, said he, embracing me, I leave you with my Sister; I am going this Minute to give the necessary Orders, and invite the Person that shall be of our Company. At these Words he went out. I continued the Conversation with the Lady, whose Discourse was of a piece with her Looks; she took me by the Hand, and cast her Eyes upon my Ring: That's a fine Diamond, says she: Do you understand Stones? I reply'd, No. I am sorry, said the Lady; for you might then have told me what this is worth. She then shew'd me a large Ruby she put on her Finger; and while I was looking on it, added, An Uncle of mine, Governor of the *Philippine* Islands belonging to the *Spaniards*, gave it to me. The Jewellers of *Valladolid*

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did value it at about Three hundred Pistoles. I believe they bid it, said I: 'Tis extremely fine. Since you like it, really she, I'll crush with you. She then took my Ring, and put her own on my little Finger. I thought this way of making a Present very gallant. She after this squeezed me by the Hand, and giving me a tender Glance, broke off the Conversation on a sudden, had me Good night, and retir'd in Confusion, as if she had been alarm'd to have discover'd her Sentiments to me in that manner.

Who! I was a Novice in Gallantry. I imagin'd that her going away so hastily, boded well for me; and that I should not spend my Time ill in the Country, Full of these pleasing Fancies, and the happy State of my Affairs. I shut my self up in the Chamber where I was to lie, having bid my Valet call me early in the Morning. Instead of sleeping, I sweetly meditated on the Portmanteau that lay on the Table, and the Ring that I had receiv'd. I thought of the French, I thought of the Italian, and once unfortunately said to now: Here's a Ring worth Three hundred Pistoles; there a Thousand Ducats in Gold; these will last me a long while. *Majuelo, I said,*
did

Chap. 16. of GIL BLAS. III

did not flatter me: The Ladies of *Madrid* will receive me very kindly, since *Camilla* is already so gracious to me. I was charm'd by the Bounty of that generous Lady, and my Head full of the Diversions I was to have with *Don Raphael* at his Castle. However, as delightful as these *Idea's* were to me, Sleep at last overtook me; and when I awoke next Morning, I found that the Day was pretty well spent. I was surpris'd that my Servant had not call'd me, according to my Order. My faithful *Ambrose*, said I to my self, is either at Church, or he is very lazy to day: But I had not so good an Opinion of him long; for getting up, and missing my Portmanteau, I suspected he had robb'd me of it in the Night. To satisfy my self in the matter, I opened my Chamber - Door, and call'd the Hypocrite several times. Upon which an old Man came to me, and ask'd what I wanted; adding, All your People are gone away this Morning before day; there is not one of them left in the House. How! your House! say you, the House of *Raphael's*? I know no such House: But you are in a Lodging-house: The Lady who sup'd with you last Night came to us yesterday in the Evening, and hir'd this

this Apartment for a great Lord who travelled incognito, and paid me beforehand.

This was enough for me. I presently perceived what sort of People *Camilla* and *Don Raphael* were; and that my Valet having fully inform'd himself of my Affairs, had sold me to those Cheats. Instead of blaming my self for this sad Accident, and thinking that it would not have happened to me, if I had not had the Indiscretion of opening my self to *Mojus* without any manner of necessity. I laid all the Fault on innocent Fortune, and a hundred times curs'd my Stars. The Landlord of the Lodgings, to whom I told the Adventure, appear'd to be very sensible of the Concern I was in. He pity'd me, and said he was sorry such a thing should happen in his House: But notwithstanding all his Pretences, I doubt not but he had as great share of the Villainy as my Landlord.

CHAP. XVII.

What Gil Blas did after the Adventure of the Lodging-house.

WHEN I had enough deplo'd my Misfortune, I consider'd that I ought rather to bear up against it, than suffer myself to be depress'd by it. I took heart, and said to my self, as I was putting on my Cloaths, 'Tis well the Rogues have not taken them too. I have some Ducats still in my Pockets. They had been so merciful to me as that came to, and had also left my Boots, which I gave to my Landlord for a third part of what they cost me. I then left his House, without bidding adieu to any one in it, having occasion for so long to carry my Luggage home. The Landlord said, wis, as he was, that my affairs were as bad as his, and that he had taken the day before, that he had taken the day before, that he had taken the day before. How often I had always made to right a Judgment of him. I learnt that he carried em off the Evening before. So

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never thinking to see them or my Port-
manteau again, I walk'd up and down
the Streets, pondering in my Mind what
I should do next.

I was tempted to return to *Burgos*,
to have a second Recourse to *Donna
Mencia*; but I thought again that would
be to impose upon that Lady's Bounty,
and she would look upon me as a Sot:
So I gave over that Design. I swore
also that I would for the future be upon
my Guard against Women, and would
not trust even the Chast *Susannah*. I re-
very now and then cast my Eyes upon
my Ring, and reflecting that it was a
Present of *Gemille's*, I sigh'd, and said
to my self, 'tis certainly no Ruby, and
feild not to go to a Jeweller to be in-
form'd that I am a Bubble. Never-
theless I was willing to know whether
it was true or not, and shew'd my Ring
to an *Aplic*, who said 'twas worth three
Lions. At this Estimation, which I
suppos'd I gave the Governor of the
Indies, I went down to the Devil:
And I went to the Jeweller's Shop,
I saw a young Man, who happen'd
to take a View of me, I did not call
him to mind presently, tho' I knew him
very well. *Boy! Gilt Ring? say so; Do
you*

Chap. 17. of GIL BLAS. 115

you make as if you did not know me? Can you in two Years time forget the Barber *Nunex's* Son? Am I so much altered? Do you not remember your old Playfellow *Fabrizio*, your Countryman, and School-fellow, after we have so often disputed together at Doctor *Gadagny's* of Universals, and Metaphysical Degrees? I call'd him to mind before he had done speaking, and embrac'd him with a great deal of Joy. I am glad to see you, my dear Friend, cry'd I: I cannot express my Transport. But said he, with a Look of Surprise, How comes it that you are as fine as a Prince? a Sword, Silk Stockings, an embroider'd Coat, and Velvet Cloak? On my Word you must have had very good Luck, some old Woman or other has been so bountiful to you. You are mistaken, replied I; things do not go with me so wonderfully as you imagine. That cloak must take, says he; you affect to be different. Where had you that fine Ring upon your Finger? tell me that, Monsieur *Gil Blas*. From an honest Citizen, says he, a Jade, that, instead of serving me with her Favours, has ruin'd me by her Deceit.

I spoke

I spoke this so sorrowfully, that *Fabris* perceiv'd I had been bubbled; and prest me to tell him the Matter; which I was ready enough to do. But the Story being long, and I being not willing to part with him soon, we went into a Tavern, to be the more at Ease. I there told him all that had happened to me ever since I left *Oviedo*. My Adventures seem'd very odd to him; and after he had sympathiz'd with me in my present sad Estate, he said, Come, Child, one should never be cast down in Misfortune: When a Man of Sense is in Trouble, he waits with Patience for better Times. A Man, as *Cicero* says, should never be so deprest in his Mind, as to forget he is a Man. For my part, that's my Temper. My Misfortunes have not sunk me, I am still above ill Fate: For Instance, I lov'd a Girl of a good Family in *Ortigueira*, and I was beloved by her; I askt her Parents Consent: They refus'd me. Another Man would have bang'd or drown'd himself. What do you think I did? I stole her, and carried her off with me. She was brisk, blunt, and a Quaker. Her Humour wore off my Passion: I travell'd up and down in the Kingdom of *Galicia* six Months with her.

Chap. 17. of GIL BLAS. 117

her. Thence I would have gone a Voyage to Sea; but she would needs go to *Portugal*, and take with her another Companion. This would also have made made some Men desperate. I bore up under it, and, wiser than *Membres*, instead of taking Arms against the *Paris* who had robb'd me of my *Helen*, I was glad he took a Plague from me, which I was willing enough to get rid of. After this, not caring to return to the *Asturias*; and having a Controversy with the Judges, I proceeded to the Kingdom of *Leon*, spending in every Town I came to the Money I had left, part of what I brought off with my Damsel; for we took as much both of us as we could get at our coming from *Oviedo*. When I arriv'd at *Palencia* I had but one Ducat, which I was oblig'd to change for a Pair of Shoes, and a few Reals, that were not like to last me long. I therefore resolv'd to go to Service, and hir'd myself to a Linnen-Draper, who had a Rate to his Son. I far'd well enough here; but had a difficult Task how to keep my self. The Father order'd me to watch his Son; the Son desired me to help cheat his Father. Which should I do? Why truly I prefer'd the one's Desire to the other's Order,

Ordes, and was turn'd out of doors for so doing. I then got into the Service of an old Painter, who out of kindness would teach me his Art; but then he star'd me into the Bargain, which gave me a Disgust of Painting and *Paletia*; whence I came to *Valladolid*, where, by the greatest Luck in the World, I was hir'd by the Steward of an Hospital. I live with him still, and have a rare Place of it. Signor *Matruel Qudonnes*, my Master, is a Man of profound Piety: 'Tis said that from his Youth he has minded nothing else but relieving the Poor: The Pains he has taken has met with their Reward: Every thing prospers with him; and by looking after the Poor, he is himself grown rich. *Felicio* having finish'd his Discourse, I said to him, I am glad you like your Condition so well; but between you and I, I think you may do better in the World than you are mistaken. *Gil Blas*, replied, but a Man of that Humour can never do better than I do. To be a Ladkey, is but a kind of some Men; but a Lad of this will find it full of Charms. A Man of a superior Genius never does his Business in Service so well as one of our merry Fellows. We rather

Chap. 17. of GIL BLAS. 119

rather command, than obey. We begin with studying our Master well; we get his blind Side, and then lead him where we list. Thus have I behaved myself with my Steward; I found him out immediately, that he would sell pails for a Saint, and I pretended to take him for such a one, carrying myself towards him accordingly. I copied after him, acted the same Part, deceived the Deceivor, and am his *Papetum*. I hope one time or other to acquire, under his *spices*, the Care of the Poor also; and then I doubt not but to make my Fortune as well as he has done, for I find I have the same Itch after Riches. O am I to
Fabrizio replies, I hope I shall be able to do so too. I will give you upon this, As for me, I'll pursue my first Design: I'll turn my embroider'd Coat into a Gown, go to *Salamanca*, list my self under the Banner of the University, and take on me the Office of a Preceptor. A bold Project, cries *Fabrizio*; a pleasant Fainty I would thou be so mad as to turn Pedant at this Age? Dost thou know what thou art about to undertake? As soon as thou art plac'd there, all the College will observe thee, they will have an watchful Eye on thy
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least Actions: Thou must incessantly put a Constraint on thy self: Thy Exterior must be all hypocritical; and thou must, in appearance, be possesst of all the Virtues. Eternally must thou be chiding thy Scholar, and spend thy time in teaching him *Latin*, and reproving him when he says or does any thing against Decency. After all this Toil and Trouble, what will be the Fruit of thy Care? If the young Gentleman takes ill Courses, they'll say thou spoilst him; and thou shalt have nothing for thy Pains, not perhaps so much as the poor Salary they were to give thee. Prithee talk no more of the Office of a Preceptor: A Lackey's Place is worth ten of his. 'Tis a *fine Cure*: If a Master has Vices, a good Genius will know how to humour them, and make his Advantage of them. A Valet lives at his Ease; he eats and drinks his fill, sleeps soundly, and has no Care to disturb him.

I should never have done, Child, pursued he, if I should go about to tell thee all the Advantages of a Valet. Trust me, *Gil Blas*, do as I do. Ah *Fabrizio*, replied, one can't meet with a Steward of an Hospital every Day; and when I accept of a Valet's Place, I'm resolv'd

Chap. 17. of GIL BLAS. 121

resolv'd it shall be a good one. You say right, said he, and leave that to me: I'll answer for it; and if I hinder a gallant Man's throwing himself away at the University, I shall have done a meritorious Act.

The Poverty with which I was threatened, and *Fabrizio's* contented Look prevailing upon me more than his Reasons, I determin'd to enter into some Service. We then left the Tavern, and my Countryman said, I will this Minute carry thee to a Man to whom most of the Valets that want Places apply themselves. There are Intelligence Offices where one can at any time hear of a Place: This Man keeps one. He has Informers that acquaint him with whatever is done in a Family: He knows who wants Valets, and keeps an exact Register not only of vacant Places, but also of the good and the bad Qualities of the Master: He has a Brother in some Convent; and, in a word, 'twas he who help'd me to my Place.

We were entertaining our selves with this Intelligence Office, when the Barber *Nanes's* Son brought me to a little House, where we found a Man of about fifty writing at a Table. We saluted him

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with a great deal of Respect; but whether or not he was surly in his Nature, or being us'd to see no body but Valets, had accusom'd himself to that rude manner, he did not rise off from his Seat, he nodded his Head, and that was all: However, he look'd upon me very attentively. I saw he was surpris'd that a young Man in an embroidered Velvet Coat should turn Lackey: He had more reason to think I came to look out for one; but he was not long in Suspence: *Fabrizio* saying to him, Signor *Arias de London*, I have brought one of my best Friends to you; he is a Lad who was well born, but Misfortunes have reduc'd him to the Necessity of Serving: Help him to a good Place; and depend upon't he'll be very grateful to you. So you all cry, Gentlemen, Before you have a Place you make the fairest Promises in the World; but when you have got it you think no more of them. I hope, replied *Fabrizio*, you have no reason to complain of me: Have not I done better for you? You might have done better, said *Arias*, your Place is as good as a Clerk's in the Treasury, and you paid me as if I had put you with an Author. I thought it was now time for me to speak,

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He said, and gave Signor *Ariad* to understand, that to shew I was not ungrateful, I would give him a Gratuity before-hand. Accordingly I put my Hand in my Pocket, and took out two Ducats, with a Promise not to stop there if I was well

He was very well pleas'd with my Proceedings, and cry'd, Ay, this is something like; I love every one should deal so with me; there are some excellent Places vacant; continued he; I'll name 'em to you, and do you chuse for yourself. Saying this, he put on his Spectacles, open'd a Register which lay on his Table, turn'd over some Leaves, and read as follows: Captain *Torbellino*, a passionate, whimsical Man, wants a Valet: He is always swearing, and beats his Servants so, that he cripples them. That will not do, cry'd I, go on to another; I don't like this Captain. *Ariad* smil'd at my Quickness, and read on again: Donna *Manuela de Sandoval*, a superannuated Lady, a Woman of peevish, odd Temper, has no Valet. She generally keeps but one, and hardly that for a Day together. There is a Livery Coat in the House which serves for all the Valets that come thither, let them be of what Size they

will. It may be said that they have only try'd it on; for it is as good as new, tho' two thousand Valets have had it on. Dr. *Alvar Fanez* wants a Valet: He is a Chymist; he keeps his Servants well, and allows them good Wages; but when he tries his Medicines upon them, there are often Vacancies in this Man's Place. You have shewn us a fine sort of Places, said *Fabrizio*, interrupting him. Have a little Patience, says *Arias de Londona*, we have not done yet; we will come to some by and by that will content you. He then read in his Register: Donna *Alfonsa de Solis*, an old Bigot, who spends two thirds of her time at Church, and will always have her Valet with her; she has been without one these three Weeks. The Licentiate *Sedillo*, an old Canon of the Chapter of this City, turn'd away his Valet yesterday. Stop there, Signor *Arias de Londona*, cry'd *Fabrizio*, we will go no farther; this Place will do. *Sedillo* is a Friend of my Master's, and I know him perfectly well: He has an old House-keeper, call'd Dame *Juana*, who manages every thing; and they live as well as any People in *Valladolid*. There's Plenty of all things: Besides, the Canon is an infirm Man, an old, gouty,

goury Creature; he can't live long, and his Valet is sure of a Legacy when he dies. A charming Prospect for a Lackey, *Gil Blas*, added he, turning to me: Let's lose no Time, Friend; we'll go to the Licentiate's this Minute: I'll prefer this to ruin my self, and be responsible for thee. For fear of losing so fair an Opportunity, we took our leaves abruptly of Signor *Amis*, who assured me for my Money, that if I miss'd this Place, he would help me to as good a one.

The End of the First Book.

CHAP. I.

they found the Canon. The Baron
of the House-keeper.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
OF
SANTILLANE.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Fabricio carries Gil Blas to the Licentiate Sedillo's House. In what State they found the Canon. The Portrait of his House-keeper.

WE were so afraid of coming too late to the old Licentiate's, that we ran all the way. The Door was shut when we came to his House: We knock'd; a Girl of ten Years of Age, whom

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when the House-keeper made pass for her Niece, in spite of Scandal, open'd the Doors, and we demanding to speak with the Canon, Dame *Jasinta* appear'd: She was certainly arriv'd at Years of Diforeſion; but she was ſtill Handſome, and had particularly a very freſh Complexion. She had an ordinary Stuff beſewing Gown on, with a Leather Girdle to which hung on one ſide a Bunch of Keys, and on the other a String of large Beads. We ſaluted her very reſpectfully; ſhe did the ſame by us, looking very modeſt and courteous.

I underſtand, ſays my Comrade, that the Licentiate *Siguer* wants an houſehold to ſerve him, and I have brought him one that, I doubt not, will content him. At theſe Words the Houſe-keeper fix'd her Eyes upon me, and thinking my Embroidery did not very well ſuit with *Fabrice's* Diſcourſe, demanded if 'twas I who wanted the vacant Place? Yes, this young Man, ſaid the Son of *Nunex*. As ſoon as he appears, ſome Miſfortunes oblige him to look out for a Servant: He will ſoon forget them, add'd he, with a gentle Air, if he's ſo happy as to get into this Houſe, and live with the virtuous *Jasinta*, who de-

serves to be House-keeper to the Patriarch of the *Indies*. At these Words the old Jade gave over looking on me, to take a Survey of the civil Person that spoke to her; and thinking that she had some Knowledge of him; I had a confused Notion of having seen you before, said she, pray, where was it? Chast *Jacinta*, replied *Fabricio*, I am very proud that you are pleas'd to take notice of me: I have been here twice with my Master, Signor *Mmanuel Ordunna*, Steward of the Hospital. 'Tis so, says the House-keeper; I remember it, and call you to mind. And since you belong to Signor *Ordunna*, you must doubtless be a sober, honest young Man: Your Place speaks in Praise of you, and our Lord can't have a better Man to be responsible for him. Come in, continued she, I'll introduce you to Signor *Sedillo*: I believe he'll be glad to have a Youth of your Recommendation. We followed Dame *Jacinta* to the Canon's Apartment, which was below Stairs, and consisted of four little Rooms. *Jacinta* desired us to stay in the outermost, while she went into the next, where was the Licentiate. When they had talk'd the Matter over between themselves, she

came out, and said, we might go in. We found the old Doctor in a large Easy Chair, with a Pillow under his head, and Cushions under his Arms and Legs, the latter on a Stool. We approached him without standing much upon Ceremony. *Fabricio* was still the Spokesman, and not content with repeating what he had said to the House-keeper, he highly extoll'd my Merit, and enlarg'd particularly on the Honour I had acquir'd at *Dr. Godinez's* in my Philosophical Disputations, as if one had need to be a great Philosopher, to qualify one to be a Canon's Valet. However his Panegyric had so good an effect on the Licentiate, who besides had observ'd that *Dame Jacinta* was not against taking me, that he answer'd the Son of *Nunez*, Friend, I take the Lad thou hast brought into my Service, I like him well, and have a good Opinion of his Manners, being recommended to me by a Servant of *Signor Ordonnez*. *Fabricio* perceiving that I was hired, made a low Bow to the Canon, and a lower still to the House-keeper. After which he retired, well satisfied with what he had done, whispering me in the Ear, We shall see one another again;

keep where you are. As soon as he was gone, the Librarian ask'd me what my Name was, & Why I left my Country. And by such Questions engag'd me to tell my whole Story before Dame Jacinta. I diverted them both, especially by the Relation of my last Adventure. The Old Man almost kill'd himself with laughing at the Civility of Camilla and Dow Raphael. It threw him into such a Fit of Coughing, that I thought he never would have come to himself again. He had not made his Will yet; and one may by that imagine what a Fright his House-keeper was in. She ran trembling to his Assistance, and did every thing that's done to Infants when they cough, rubb'd his Forehead, and clapt him on the Back, which recover'd him. The old Man gave over Coughing, and his House-keeper ceas'd to torment him. I was going to finish my Story; but Dame Jacinta, fearing a second Cough, was against it. She then took me with her to the Canon's Wardrobe, where hung up a Divery-Suit, which had serv'd my Predecessor. She gave it to me, and put mine in its Place; which I was willing to keep, hoping still that I might have occasion

occasion to make use of it. After this we went both of us to get Dinner ready. She found that I was no Stranger to what belong'd to a Kitchen: I had serv'd an Apprenticeship to it, under Dame Esmards, who was a tolerable Cook, but not comparable to Dame Jacinta, who perhaps outdid the Archbishop of Toledo. She extoll'd in every thing: Her Jellies were exquisite; her Sauces the same; her Fricassees and Hashes the best seasoned in the World. When Dinner was ready we return'd to the Canon's Room, where while I laid the Cloth near his easy Chair, the House-keeper rack'd a Napkin under his Chin, and ty'd it about his Shoulders.

This done, I brought him some Soup, which might have been serv'd up to the famous Director of Madrid; and two Ragous that might have satisfied the Sensuality of a Vice-Roy, had not Dame Jacinta been sparing of her Spices, for fear of engaging the Licentiate's Gout. At the Sight of these two Dishes, my old Master, who seem'd before debilitated in all his Members, shew'd me that he had not entirely lost the Use of his Arms. He help'd himself to put away his Pillow and Cushions, and prepar'd

to

to

to fall to very briskly. The chafin shoon, he did not refuse its Service. It came and went freely, but so that he spilt half of what he would have carried to his Mouth, on the Table cloth, and his Napkin. When he had done with the Soup and Ragous, I serv'd him up a Partridge, and two Quails roasted. Dame Jacinta was very officious to supply him with Wine, a little temper'd, in a large, deep Silver Cup, which she held to his Mouth as if he had been a Child of fifteen Months old.

He devoured the Ragous, and made the same Dispatch with the Trotters. When he had stuff'd himself up to the Chin, his Handmaid took off his Napkin, put his Pillows and his Cushions in their Places again; and left him in his easie Chair to take that Repose which generally attends a full Stomach. We clear'd his Table, and went ourselves to Dinner at another.

Thus did the Canon regale himself every Day, being perhaps the greatest Eater of the whole Chapter. Indeed, somewhat less satisfied him for a Supper than for Dinner. A Pullet and a Desert would do at Night. I serv'd very well in this House. I liv'd at my Ease.

There

Chap. I. Of OIL BLAS. 133

There was but one thing that I could complain of, which was, my being oblig'd to watch a nights with my Master, as if I had had a sick Body to tend, besides a Retention of Urine, which made him call for his Chamber-pot ten times an Hour. He was very apt to sweat; and when he did so, I must change his Shirt for him. On Blas, said he to me the second Night, thou art a dexterous, active Youth: I foresee I shall like thee well: I only recommend to thee to carry it towards Dame Jacinta with Complacency. She has serv'd me very zealously these fifteen Years. She has always taken particular Care of my Person. I cannot be too grateful to her. I must own to thee freely I love her better than all my Family. I turn'd a Relation of mine, my own Sister's Son, out of Doors on her Account. He paid no manner of Respect to her; and instead of doing Justice to her sincere Attachment for me, the Rascal treated her as an Hypocrite. Virtue now-a-days is nothing but Hypocrisy with such young Fellows: Thank Heaven I got rid of him. He who has a Kindness for me is my best Relation, and I will own Kindred to no body but those that do me good Offices. You are

am in the right, Sir, said I to the Licentiate. Gratitude ought to have more Force upon us than the Laws of Nature. Most certainly, replied he; and my Will makes it appear how little I value my Relations. My Governante comes in for a good Share; and I shall not forget thee, if thou goest on as thou dost begin. The Valet, I dismiss'd yesterday, lost a good Legacy by it. If the Wretch had not forced me, by his ill Garbage, to turn him off, I should have enrich'd him; but he was a proud Rogue, and did not pay due Respect to Dame Fortune; and so, I was forc'd not to be at the least Trouble. He did not love to wake with me; and 'twas a most tiresome thing to him to pass the Nights in Attendance upon me. A Rascal, cry'd I, as if inspir'd by the Genius of *Fabrizio*, he deserv'd not to wait upon so honest a Gentleman as you are. A Lad that has the good Fortune to belong to you ought to be indefatigable in his Endeavours to please you. He should delight in his Duty; and tho' he sweat Blood and Water for you, not think he did too much.

Exe.

Chapter of G. H. BEAS 131

I perceiv'd these Words were very acceptable to the Canon: nor was he less delighted to hear me assure him how respectfully I would behave my self towards Dame Facine. Rejoicing therefore to pass for a Valet, I strove to be easy, and then I went thro' my Service with the best Grace in the World. I made no Complaint at being kept up a nights: but I must confess I did not very well like it, and had not the Legacy ran in my Mind. I should soon have been weary of my Place. 'Tis true, I slept some Hours in the Day-time. I must do the Governantes the Justice to own she was very civil to me, which I attributed to the Pains I took to get into her good Graces by my obliging and respectful Carriage. If I was at Table with her and her Niece Infillie, I chang'd their Plates for them, fill'd out their Wine, and was very obliging to serve them in all things. By these Methods I made 'em my Friends. One Day when Dame Facine was gone to Market, I began to discourse Infillie about her Parentage: I ask'd her if her Father and Mother were living? No, reply'd she, they have been dead a long long Time; so my good Aunt tells me,

for

for I never saw them, I took what the Girl said for truth, tho' her Discourse did not seem to be so plain as it should be, and drew the Girl into Talk so freely at last, that she told me more than I would have had her. She inform'd me, or rather I apprehended by what she said (several words escaping her which she did not intend) that this good Aunt of hers had a good Friend who liv'd also with an old Canon, whose Temporalities he had the Care of; and that these two happy Domesticks were in hopes to join together the Spoils of their Masters by a Marriage, the Pleasures of which they enjoyed before-hand. I have observ'd already that Dame Jacinta, tho' a little superannuated, had still a pretty good Complexion. 'Tis true, she spar'd for no Pains to preserve it: She took a Clyster every Morning; and all the Day long, and at Night too, till she fell asleep, she swallowed excellent Pills, prepar'd for that Purpose: She also had her full Sleep, while I was waking with my Master: But what contributed perhaps more than any thing to preserve her Complexion so fresh, were two Issues, which *Inesita* said she had, one in each Leg.

CHAP. II.

How the Canon was treated when he fell sick: What happen'd upon it. The Legacy bequeath'd Gil Blas by his Last Will.

I serv'd the Eminent *Sedillo* three Months without complaining of the bad Nights he made me pass with him: At the end of that time he fell sick. He was taken with a Fever; and the Pain it gave him inflam'd his Gout. Then it was that he sent for a Doctor, the first Time he had made use of one in his Life; tho' it had been pretty long. He order'd Dr. *Sangrado* to be call'd, a Physician whom all *Valladolid* took to be another *Hippocrates*. Dancie *Quixote* wish'd that the Canon would have, in the first Place, settled his Last Will and Codicill. She hinted it to him; but he did not think himself to near his End, and was besides too obstinate in certain Matters. I went for Dr. *Sangrado*, and brought him to our House. He was a meagre, pale Man, and had been a Practitioner forty

forty Years. He affected a grave Look. He weighed his Words, and would be thought to talk eloquently. His Arguments seem'd to be Geometrical, and his Opinions extremely singular.

Having look'd upon my Master, he said, with a Doctoral Air, we must supply the want of Perspiration, which is lost: Others in my Place would, without doubt, make use of Salts and volatile Medicaments, which are, for the most part, made up of Sulphur and Mercury; but Purgatives and Sudorifics are pernicious Drugs. All Chymical Preparations are prejudicial. I use nothing but what's simple and safe. What Diet have you us'd yourself to? continu'd he to the Canon. I eat generally of Soups and Jellies, replied the Scurge and Jalliest. cry'd the Doctor: I don't wonder you are ill: All such delicious Meats are poison'd Pleasures: Soups laid for Men by Voluptuousness, to destroy them more surely. You must renounce such high Food. The plainest is the most healthy. As the Blood is impaired, so it requires Meats that come nearest to Nature. Do you drink Wine? added he. Yes, said the Licentiate, Wine mingled with Water. As much Water

Water as you thought proper, replied the Physician. How irregular you are! What a frightful Regimen is this! I wonder you have liv'd so long as you have. How old are you? Sixty-nine, says the Canon. Just so, I thought, replied the Doctor; Old Age is anticipat'd by Intemperance. If you liv'd on a plain Diet, as roasted Apples and drunk Water only, you would not now have had the Gout. All your Members would easily have perform'd their Functions. However, I don't despair of setting you upon your feet again, provided you do as I shall direct. The Licentiate promis'd to obey him in all things. Then Segrado sent me for a Surgeon of his Acquaintance, and sent away six good Dishes of Blood from my Master, to begin to supply the want of Perfusion. Master Onza, says he to the Surgeon, Come three Hours hence, and take as way as much more; Do the same to-morrow. 'Tis an Error to think Blood is necessary for the Preservation of Life. One can't bleed a Sick Man too much. He is not oblig'd to any Motion or considerable Exercise. He has nothing to do but to save himself from Dying; and wants no more Blood to support Life

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Life than a Man that's asleep does: Life in both consists only in the Pulse and Respiration. Thus did the Doctor order frequent and plentiful Bleedings; and that the Canon should have hot Water given him every Moment, assuring him that Water drunk in abundance was a certain Specifick against all sorts of Distempers. When he was out, he look'd on Dame *Jacinta* and I with an Air of Content, and said, he would answer for the Sick Man's doing well, if he be manag'd in the manner he prescrib'd. The Governante, who perhaps had another Opinion of his Method, protested that his Prescriptions should be exactly followed. Accordingly, we immediately let Water a hottish, and the Doctor having recommended to us, above all things, not to be sparing of it to him, we made him take two or three Pints at a Draught. An Hour after we repeated the same; and so every Hour, till we had pour'd into his Stomach a Deluge of Water. The Surgeon seconded us by the Quantity of Blood he drew from him; and all of us in two Days time redress'd the old Canon to Extremity. The good Man not being able to swallow any more of the Specifick, said to me,

with

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 141

with a faint Voice, Hold, *Gil Blas*, do not give me any more, Friend. I see I shall die, notwithstanding the Virtue of the Water; and tho' they have hardly left me a Drop of Blood, I am not a bit the better for't, which is a Proof that the most skilful Physician cannot prolong a Man's Life, when his Hour is come. Go, fetch me a Notary; I will add a Codicil to my Will. Tho' I was far from being afflicted to hear him talk of his Will, yet I affected to seem very sorry; and concealing the Pleasure I took in executing the Commission he gave me, Ah Sir, cry'd I, 'Tis not so bad with you yet: With Heaven's help you may recover. No, no, Child, replied he, I find the Gout returns upon me, approaches nearer to my Vitals, and my Time is come; be quick, haste, and do as I bid you. Indeed I could perceive that he alter'd, and was drawing near his End; so I made haste to obey his Commands with respect to the Notary, consulting with him *Don Juan*, who was more afraid that I fear, he should die without adding a Codicil to his Testament. I went to the first Notary I could get; and finding him at home, Sir, said I, my Master the Licentiate *Scotto*,
is

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is a dying. He wants a Codicil to be added to his Will: Pray dispatch; we must not lose a Moment. The Notary was a little old Man who lov'd Rattle-ry. He asked me who was the Canon's Physician? I answer'd, Dr. Sangrada. At the Name of him he took his Cloak and Hat, and cry'd, Let's be gone, for that Doctor is very expeditious; he hardly gives his Patients time to send for Notices: That Man has hinder'd me of many a good Testament. Saying this, he made what Haste he could; and we went together to my Master, not letting the Grass grow under us, to prevent his going out of the World before he had settled his Affairs. As we were on the Way, I said to the Notary, You know, Sir, that a Dying Man often loses his Memory: If by chance my Master should forget me, I beg you to put him in mind of my Industry. That I will, Child, replied the little Notary, depending upon it. I'll exhort him to give me something considerable, if he is ever so little dispos'd to reward thee for thy Service. When we came to my Master, he had the Sealer sitting about him. Dame Juana was with him; and her Tears, which she had at Will,

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Will, flow'd from her in abundance :
 She had play'd her part, and perswad
 the good Man to do very handsomely
 for her. We left the Notary with our
 Master, and she and I staid without in
 the Anti-chamber, where the Surgeon
 came to us, to give the Canon a new
 and his last Bleeding. But we would
 not let him enter the Room. Stay, Mr.
 Martin, says the Governante to him, you
 shall not go into Signor Scallio's Cham-
 ber now he's busy. There's the Notary
 with him ; and you shall see Bleed him
 any where till his Testament is made.
 My Dame and I were afraid our cer-
 tificates should die before 'twas done.
 But my good Luck the next day
 we were in so much pain was done.
 The Notary coming out of the Cham-
 ber, clapt me on the Shoulder, and
 smiling, Thou art not forgotten, Gil Blas.
 I was very joy'd to hear it, and so I
 pleas'd with my Master for remembering
 me, that I promis'd to pray for him
 after he was dead, which was not long
 first ; for the Surgeon having bled
 him once more, the poor old Man, who
 was before but very weak, expir'd al-
 most in the Moment. As he was at
 his last Gasps, the Doctor came in, and
 seem'd

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leaving him startled, as quick as he
was to be in dispatching his Patients.
Instead of imputing the Death
of the Canon to his Bleedings, and re-
peated draughts of hot Waters, he only
said as he went away, There was not
Blood enough taken from him; neither
has he drank hot Water enough. The
Doctor's Execration, I mean the Sur-
geon, seeing there was no more Business
for him, follow'd Signor Sangrado. Peril
was not our Master's death, but
Jacinta, Jacinta, and I, feeling a
sigh, which was heard by all the
neighbourhood. Jacinta, who had the
reason to grieve, so bewail'd his
death, that she would have thought she
was the most afflicted Woman in the
world. The Room in an instant was
full of People, who came out of Cur-
iosity more than Compassion. The
Doctors of the Defunct hearing he was
brought to our House, and seal'd up
every thing. They saw the Governante
in such Affliction, that they imagin'd
at least the Canon had not made his
Will. But they soon understood that
it was done in all the Forms, and had
a Codicil annex'd to it. Upon opening
it, they found the Testator had bequeath'd
himself

his

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 145

his best Effects to Dame Jacinta and her Daughter: And the Relations of the Deceased made a Funeral Oration on him, in Terms which were by no means honourable to his Memory. They also fell upon the Governante, and bestow'd some Eulogies upon me too. It must be own'd that in appearance I deserv'd them. The Licentiate, rest the Soul of him, to engage me to remember him as long as I liv'd, order'd this Article to be inserted in the Codicil: *Item, I leave to Blas a Lad who already has some literature, I leave him my Library, all my Books and Manuscripts, without Exception.*

I could not imagine where this intended Library was. I had not seen any such thing in the House. I knew there were a few Papers, and five or six Books on a Shelf in my Master's Closet; and that was all my Legacy. The Books were besides of no Use to me. One was intitl'd, *The Compleat Cook*: Another a *Treatise of Indigestion, and the Method of Curing it*. The others were the four Parts of the *Breviary*, half eaten away by the Moth. As for the Manuscripts, the most curious was some Briefs and Bills relating to a Law-Suit the Canon had formerly had about his

Benefice. When I had examin'd my Legacy with more Attention than it deserv'd, I left it for his Relations who had envy'd it me so much. I restored also to them the Coat I had of the Licentiate, and took my own again, receiving my Wages only for the Fruit of my Services. I left them as soon as I was paid off, and look'd out for another Place. Dame *Jacinta*, besides the Money which was bequeathed her, by the Help of her good Friend, found means, while the Licentiate was ill, to provide him of his most valuable Effects.

CHAP. III.

Gil Blas hires himself to Doctor Sangrado; and becomes a famous Physician.

I Resolv'd to go to *Signor Arias de Lan-*
cena, and search his Register for a-
nother Service. But as I was just en-
tering his House, I met Dr. *Sangrado*,
whom I had not seen since my Master's
Death. I took the liberty to salute
him,

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 347

him, and he knew me again perfectly, notwithstanding I had chang'd my Habit. Child, says he, I was thinking of thee this Minute. I want an honest Lad to serve me; and, I believe thou would'st do my Business, if thou can'st Read and Write. If that's all, Sir, replied I, I am for your Purpose. Say'st thou so, cry'd he? Thou art my Man then. Come along with me. Thou shalt live pleasantly, and I'll treat thee with Distinction: I will give thee no Wages; but thou shalt want for nothing. I'll keep thee handsomely, and teach thee the great Art of Curing Diseases. In a word, thou shalt rather be my Pupil than my Valet.

I accepted of the Doctor's Proposal, hoping that under so learned a Master I should become an eminent Physician. He took me home with him immediately: He shew'd me what I was to do there; which was, to write down the Names and Dwellings of the Patients that sent for him when he was Abroad. He kept a Register for that Purpose, wherein an old Maid Servant of his us'd to set down who came for him; and whither he was to go; but her Orthography was unintelligible; and she wrote

so fit, that the Doctor could not decipher it. He gave this Book in charge to me; and it might be well call'd *The Register of the Dead*; for hardly a Man whose Name was enter'd there, lived after it.

I wrote down, as I may say, the Names of the Persons who were bound for the other World, as the Porter to an Inn writes down the Names of the Persons that take Places in a Stage-Coach. My Pen was often in my Hand; for there was at that time a Physician in *Valadolid* of more Repute than *Dr. Sangrado*. He impos'd on the Publick by a specious way of Talking, and some lucky Cures, which had done him more Honour than he deserv'd. He had as much Practice as he could go thro' with, and consequently got Money apace. He did not spend it too profusely: We liv'd very frugally: Our Food was generally Pease, Apples, and Cheese. He said those Alliments agreed best with the Stomach, and were most healthy. However, as light as they were of Digestion, he would not suffer us to have our Fill of them. He took Care we should not surfeit ourselves: But tho' he forbid the Maid and I to eat much, he made

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 149

amends, he permitted us to drink as much Water as we would. Instead of setting us Bounds in that, he sometimes cry'd, Drink, Children, Health consists in the Suppleness and Humectation of Parts. Drink Water abundantly: Water breaks all the Salts: If the Blood is too thick, Water thins it: If too thin, it thickens it. Our Doctor was so honest in that himself, that he drank nothing but Water, tho' his was pretty well in Years. He defin'd Old Age to be a several Disick, which lay'd up, and corruptious, and unpurulent to this Definition, he deplot'd the Ignorance of those that call'd Wine the Old Man's Milk. He maintained that Wine were their out, and destroy'd them; and said, very eloquently, that that Liquor is to them, as well as to all the World, a Friend that betrays, and a Pleasure that deceives them.

Notwithstanding all his fine Arguments, I had not been eight Days in his House before I was taken ill of a Flux, and is violent Pain in the Stomach, which was so bold as to attribute to the abundance of the Liquid, and the ill Diet I liv'd upon. I complained to my Master, hoping he would

relieve me, and allow me a little Wine at Meals; but he was too great an Enemy to that Liquor to consent to it. If Water offends thy Stomach, says he, there are innocent Helps against the Aquatick Qualities: Sage, for Example, or Balm-safu'd in it, renders it most delectable to the Taste. Mint, Rosemary, and many other excellent Herbs are not only salutary, but gives an admirable Flavour to the Liquid Elements. What ever he could say in Praise of Water, and whatever Recipe's he should have given me to improve my Beverage, I drank it with so much Moderation, that he observing, said, I don't wonder, *Gil Blas*, you do not enjoy your Health well; you don't drink enough, Friend. Water, unless it is taken in large Quantities, quickens the Parts of the Choler which ought to be drown'd in it. Don't be afraid of weakning or chilling thy Stomach by abundance of Water: I'll answer for what shall come of it, drink as much as thou wilt: *Celsus* will be my Second: That Oracle of the *Laus* has written an admirable Panegyrick upon Water: He tells us in express Words, That those who cease their drinking Wine, on account of a weak Stomach,

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 141

Stomach, do a manifest Injustice to the Stomachick Powers, and make it only a Cover for their Sensuality.

That I might not appear indocile when I was entring into the Career of Physick, I seem'd to be convinc'd that he was in the right. I even confess'd that I was of his Opinion; and on his and *Calfus's* Guaranty, continued to take large Draughts of Water to drown my Choler in it: And tho' I found my self worse and worse every Day, yet Prejudice was too hard for Experience. I had, as may be seen, a happy Disposition to become a Physician; but I could not always resist the Violence of my Ailz, which grew upon me to such a Point that I resolv'd to quit Dr. *Sanguedo's* Service; but he bestow'd a new Employment on me, which made me change my Mind. Child, says he to me one Day, hearken to me, hearken to me: I am not one of those hard, ungrateful Masters who let their Domesticks be past their Labour before they reward them. I am satisfied with thy Conduct. I love thee, and will make a Man of thee. I will discover to thee the whole Mytery of the Salutory Art, which I have so many Years profess'd. Other Doctors

make it consist in a thousand difficult Sciences; but I'll shorten the Way, and will spare thee the Pains of studying Physick, Pharmacy, Botany, and Anatomy. Know, I send, that all that is necessary, is Bleeding, and Draughts of hot Water: This is the whole Secret of Curing all the Distempers in the World: A wonderful Secret, which I reveal to thee; and which Nature, impenetrable to my Brethren, has not been able to keep from my Observations. 'Tis all included in these two Points, much Bleeding, and much Drinking of Water: I have nothing more to teach thee: Thou knowest the very Bottom of Physick. Make thy Advantage of my long Experience, and thou wilt at once become as skillful as I am. Thou may'st also be Assistant to me; Thou shalt keep the Register in the Morning, and in the Afternoon shalt visit some of my Patients, while I take care of the Nobility and Clergy, thou shalt attend the third Order for me; and when thou hast done so some time, I will get thee admitted into the Faculty. Thou shalt be learned, *Gil Blas*, before thou art a Physician; whereas others are a long time, and

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and most of them all their Lives, Physicians before they are Learned.

I thank'd the Doctor for having so speedily render'd me capable of becoming his Substitute; and to refuse how sensible I was of his Goodness to me, I assur'd him I would follow all his Opinions as long as I liv'd, even tho' they were contrary to *Hippocrates*. This Assurance of mine was nevertheless a little insincere: I did not at all approve of his Bleeding and Water-drinking Prescriptions, and resolv'd to drink Wine as often as I visit'd my Patients. I hung my Coat upon a Peg the second time, put on one of my Master's, and assum'd the Air of a Physician, whose Profession I enter'd upon at the Expence of all those that sent for me. I began with an *Alquazil* who was taken ill of a Pleurisie. I order'd him to be Blooded without Mercy, and that he should have an immoderate portion of Water. I, in the next place, was sent for by a *Pastry-Cook*, who was roaring out with the Gout. I was no more sparing of his Blood than I had been of the *Alquazil's*, and prescrib'd him a Deluge of Water also. I receiv'd twelve Reals for my Prescriptions; which gave me such

a liking to my Profession, that I resolv'd to spend the rest of my Days in taking People's Blood from them, and filling them up with Water. As I was coming out of the Pastry-Cook's House, I met with *Fabrizio*, whom I had not seen since *Sedillo* the Likenslate's Death. He gaz'd upon me some Moments in a Surprise, and then burst out into a Fit of Laughter, till he was ready to split his Sides. Truly he had good reason to laugh; for I had a Cloak that trail'd on the Ground; my Coat and Breeches were four times as long and as wide as they needed to have been. I might very well pass for an Original. I let him have his Laugh out, and could hardly forbear keeping him Company; but I put a Constraint on my self for Decorum's sake, it being in the Street, and the better to counterfeit the Physician, who is no risible Animal. *Fabrizio*, who laugh'd so heartily at my ridiculous Air, laugh'd still more at my serious one; and when his Fit was a little over, For Heaven's sake, *Gil-Blas*, says he, who has equipp'd thee so pleasantly? What Devil has disguis'd thee so? Not so fast, Friend, said I: Shew respect to a new *Hippocrates*. Know that

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that I am Substitute to Dr. *Sangrado* the most famous Physician in *Valledolid*. I have liv'd with him those three Weeks. He has shewn me the Bottom of Medicine; and not being able to attend all the sick Men that send for him, I am employ'd to assist him. He looks after the great Folke, and I after the little Ones. Very well, replies *Fabricio*, that is to say, he abandons to thee the Blood of the Common People, and reserves that of the Quality to himself. I congratulate thee upon thy Division. 'Tis better to have to do with the Populace than with the Nobility. A Suburb-Doctor for my Money: His Faults are less in View; and his Murders make no Noise. Yes, Child, added he, thy Condition is to be envy'd; and to talk like *Alexander*. If I were not *Fabricio*, I would be *Gil Blas*.

To let the Son of the Barber *Nuñez* see that he was not in the Wrong when he extoll'd the Happiness of my Circumstances, I shew'd him the Reals given me by the *Alquazil*, and the Pastry-Cook. Then we entred a Tavern to spend part of them. The Drawer brought us some pretty good Wine, which

which I thought to be much better than it was, having tasted none a long time. I drank large Draughts; and with all due Respect to the Latin Oracle, I found that the Stomachick Powers were mightily refresh'd by them. We did not soon part; but made our selves merry at the Expense of our Masters, according to the usual Way of Valets. Night coming on, we parted, after having promis'd to meet again the next Day in the Afternoon at the same Place.

CHAP. IV.

Gil Blas continues the Practice of a Physician with as much Success as Capacity. The Adventure of the Ring recover'd.

I got home just about the time that *San-grado* did. I told him what Patients I had visited; and gave him eight Reals, which were all I had left of the Twelve that were given me for my Prescriptions. Eight Reals, cry'd he, when he had told them: 'Tis a small Matter for two Visits; but we must take what we can get. He kept six, and gave me the other two. There, *Gil Blas*, continued

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tinued he, there's something for thee to lay by. Thou shalt have a Quarter-part of what thou takest. Come, Friend, this will make a rich Man of thee; for, God willing, we shall have a sickly time of it this Year.

I was contented with my Proportion; for resolving to keep back every Day a Quarter-part; and having another Quarter of the Remainder from him, that was a half of the whole, according to my Arithmetick. The next Day, as soon as I had din'd, I put on my Substitute's Habit, and went about my Business. I visited several Patients of our Register, and treated them all after the same manner, tho' they had different Distempers. Hitherto Matters had pass'd without making any Noise; and no body as yet, thank Heaven, had any thing to say against my Prescriptions: But let a Physician be ever so excellent, there will be those that censure him. I came at last to a Grocer's, whose Son had a Dropsy. I found there a little Blade of a Doctor call'd *Cuchillo*, who was brought thither by a Relation of the Grocer's. I made very low Bows to all that were present, especially to the Person whom I took to be sent for to consult

consult with me on the Patient's Disease. He saluted me with a grave Air; and having examined my Features and Figure some time with Attention, Signor Doctor, says he, I pray you to excuse my Curiosity. I thought I had known all the Physicians my Brethren in *Valladolid*, but I must own to you that I have no manner of Knowledge of you. You cannot have been long settled in this City. I replied, I was a young Practitioner, and as yet did only prescribe under the Auspices of Dr. *Sagrado*. I congratulate you, says he very civilly, upon your embracing the Method of so great a Man. I make no question you have already profited very much by his Lessons, tho' you appear to be very young. He said this so naturally, that I could not tell whether he spoke seriously or banter'd me. I was studying what to answer him, when the Grocer interrupted our Conversation, by putting us in mind of that Business we came about, saying, I'm satisfied, Gentlemen, that both of you are perfect Masters of the Art of Medicine. Pray look upon my Son, and prescribe what you think proper for his Cure. Upon this my Brother Doctor made his Observations on the

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the Sick Man; and having mark'd the Symptoms which discover'd the Nature of the Distemper; he demanded of me after what manner I thought we should manage him? I am of Opinion, replied I, that he should be bled every Day, and take hot Water abundantly. At this the other Physician, smiling on me with a malicious Air, said, And you are of Opinion that those Remedies will save his Life? No doubt of it, replied I, with great Confidence, they will have that Effect, being Specifics against all sorts of Diseases: Ask Dr. *Sengrado*. Then *Celsus* was very much out, answer'd he, when to cure a Dropsy he enjoyn'd the Patient to abstain from Eating or Drinking. *Celsus*, cry'd I, is not my Oracle: He is out as well as others; and sometimes I affect to go to quite contrary to his Sentiments. I perceive by your Discourse, says *Cuebillo*, that Dr. *Sengrado* would infringe a sure and satisfactory Method to young Practitioners: Bleeding and Water-drinking are his Universal Medicine. I am not at all surpriz'd that so many honest Gentlemen have perished under his Hands. No Invectives, replied I hastily, do not become a Man of your Profession

Profession to talk so. I must tell you, Monsieur Doctor, that for want of Bleeding and Drinking hot Water, many sick Men have been sent into the other World. If you have any thing to object against Signor *Sangrado*, put it into Writing; I'll answer you; and we shall see on whose side the Laughters will be. By St. *James* and St. *Denis*, cry'd *Cuebillo*, in as great a Passion as I was, you don't know me, Sir; I can bite and scratch as well as another. I am not afraid of *Sangrado*, who with all his Presumption and Vaniry is an Original. Here I had him hold. I despis'd his mean Figure, and he did the same by my ridiculous one. We gave one another hard Words, and made Faces at each other. We in the end came to pulling and scratching, and lost some Hair on each side, before the Grocer and his Kinsman could come in and part us. When they had done, the Master of the House paid me for my Visit, and dismiss'd me, keeping my Antagonist, who seem'd to him to have the more Skill of the two.

I had like to have met with another such ill Adventure at a fat Quisister's House who had a Fever. I no sooner

began

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begin to make mention of hot Water, than he fell a railing at my Specifick, and cursing me for my Prescription. He call'd me a thousand Names, and threatened to have me thrown out at Window. I went out of his House much faster than I came in; and made what haste I could to meet *Fabricio* at the Place we had appointed for our Meeting. I found him there. We were both in a drinking Humour, and got very merry; in which Condition we return'd home to our Masters. *Signor Sangrado* did not perceive I was fuddled, because I told him the Story of my Quarrel with the Doctor, with a great deal of the Action; and he took it for an Effect of the Emotion our Comedy had put into. Besides, he found himself concern'd in the Report I made; and was himself piqu'd against *Cibilla*. You did well, *Gil Blas*, said he, to defend the Honour of our Remedies against a Dwarf of the Faculty. Does he pretend that Aquarick Beverages are not to be given in Cases of Dropsy? A Blockhead! I'll maintain the Use of them is very proper. Yes, continued he, Water will cure all sorts of Dropsies, as it is good for Rheumatism and Jaun-

Jaundice. 'Tis also excellent in those Fevers, when the Sick burn and freeze at the same time. 'Tis marvellous ev'n in those Diseases that arise from cold Phlegmatick Humours. This Opinion may seem strange to young Physicians, such as *Cuchillo*; but it is very supportable in good Medicine: And if those Men were capable of arguing like Philosophers, instead of railing at me, they would become my most zealous Defenders.

He did not suspect my being disordered with Wine, *Cuchillo's* Censures had put him into such a Passion: For to inflame him the more, I had added some Circumstances of my own Head to my Story. However, as soon as he was of the Matter, he perceiv'd that I drank more Water that Evening than usually. The Wine heated me; I was very dry, and took large Draughts of Water: But he thought I began to take a liking to his Aquatics. I find, *Gil Blas*, says he, smiling, Thou hast not now such an Aversion to Water; 'twill go down like Nectar in a little while. I knew thou would'st bring thy self to love it. Sir, replied I, every thing has its time. I would at this instant give a Gallon of Wine
for

for a Pint of Water. This Answer
 charmd the Doctor, who would not
 lose so fair an Occasion to enlarge upon
 the Excellence of Water: He undertook
 to make a new Eulogy on it; not like
 a cold Orator, but like an Enthusiast.
 A thousand and a thousand times, cries
 he, more estimable and more innocent
 were the Houses of Meeting of old than
 our modern Taverns. The Ancients
 did not meet to confound their Estates
 and destroy their Healths, but to have
 harmless Conversation, and refresh them
 selves with hot Water. We cannot
 sufficiently admire the Foresight of the
 earliest Masters of Civil Life, who erect-
 ed Publick Houses, where hot Water
 was given to all. Corn was
 then lock'd up in the Apothecaries Shops,
 that none might use it without the Pre-
 scription of the Physician. O, what
 Wisdom was that! A Reminder of
 that ancient Frugality is still to be met
 with in thee and me who drink nothing
 but Water which has never been boil'd;
 for I have observ'd, that Water, when
 it has been boil'd, is heavier and more
 offensive to the Stomach.

I could

I could hardly forbear laughing, to hear him talk thus. I kept my Countenance as well as I could. Nay, I agreed with him as to the Virtues of hot Water. I condemn'd the Use of Wine, and pitied those Men who unhappily took Pleasure in this pernicious Beverage. The Wine continuing to heat me still, I fill'd a huge Cup with Water; and after having taken a good Draught, *Some Sir*, said I to my Master, Let us drink this agreeable Liquor. Let us revive in your House the Wisdom and Frugality of the Ancients. He applauded me for saying so, and held out an Hour longer in the Praise of Water, exhorting me never to drink any thing else. I promis'd him to take a large Quantity every Night, to use myself to it, and that I might keep my Promise the more easily, I went to Bed with a Resolution to go every Day to the Tavern. As ill as it far'd with me at the Garder's, it did not hinder my prescribing next Day fresh Bleedings and fresh Doses of hot Water. As I was coming out of a House, where I had been to visit a Poet who had a Frenzy, I met an Old Woman in the Street, who ask'd me if I was a Physician? I told her, Yes. I then

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I then most humbly entreat you, replied she, to go along with me. My Niece was taken ill yesterdy, and I can't find out her Distemper. I followed the Old Woman, who conducted me to a House, where I enter'd a Room pretty well furnish'd, and saw a Woman a-bed. I immediately thought I had seen her somewhere before; and after having a-while examin'd her Face a little better, I knew her again to be *Camilla*, who had acted her Part so well with me before. As for her, she did not know me, either thro' the Disorder her Distemper put her into, or thro' the Alteration of my Dress, being now in the Garb of a Doctor. I took her by the Hand, to feel her Pulse, and perceived my Ring was upon her Finger. I was overjoyed to light upon a Treasure I had so much Right to seize, and I had a great mind to do it at the instant; but considering that those Women might cry out, and *Don Raphael*, or some other Defender of the Fair Sex, run to their Help, I took care not to give way to the Temptation. I thought it was better dissemble and consult *Fabrizio* thereupon; which I did as soon as I saw him. In the mean time the Old Woman

Woman was very earnest with me to tell her what Distemper her Niece had. I was not such a Fool as to own that I could not tell. On the contrary, I pretended to be Master of it; and said gravely, in Imitation of Signor Sanguetto, that her Illness was occasion'd for want of Perspiration: That she must be let Blood immediately, Bleeding being the Natural Substitute of Perspiring. I also order'd her hot Water, that all things might be done according to our Rule.

I shortned my Visit as much as I could, and hastned away to the Son of Muzt, whom I met just as he was coming out of his Master's House, who had sent him on an Errand. I inform'd him of my new Adventure, and ask'd his Advice, whether I had best have *Cassio* apprehended by the Magistrates? No, replied he, by no means; that is not the way to have your Ring again. Those sort of Men don't love to make Restitutions: Remember thy being imprison'd at *Uffings*, what became of thy Horse, thy Money, and thy Cloaths. Did not they keep all? The best Way will be to make use of our own Industry to recover thy Diamond. I'll contrive how to do it.

I'll

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I'll think upon it as I go to the Hospital, where I have two or three Words to tell the Purveyor from my Master. Meet me at our Tavern, and do not be impatient; I'll be with thee in a very little time.

Nevertheless, it was three Hours before he came to me: I did not know who he was at first: Besides that, he had chang'd his Habit, and ty'd his Hair up in Ribbons; he had plac'd a Mustachio on his Beard which cover'd half his Face. He had a Sword on, the Hilt of which was at least three Foot in circumference. He march'd at the head of five Men, who, like him, had their huge Mustachio's, and their long Rapiers, looking all like Persons of Resolution. Your Servant, Signor *Gil Blas*, says he, in accosting me: Behold an Alquard of a new Make, and Sergeants of the same Turn attending him; Carry us to that Woman that has robb'd you of the Diamond, and take my Word for't we'll make her restore it. I embraced *Fabris* at these Words, which let me into the Secret of his Stratagem, and gave him to understand that I highly approv'd of his Expedient. I also saluted the courteseit Sergeants, who were three Footmen

men and two Journey-men Barbers of his Acquaintance, whom he had engaged in this Business. I made the Brigade drink, and we went streight to *Camilla's*, where we arriv'd just as 'twas dusk. We knock'd at the Door, which was shut. The Old Woman open'd it, and taking the Persons that were with me for Officers who did not come thither without Reason, she was terribly affrighted. Don't be afraid, Mother, said *Fabrizio*; we came hither only about a small Affair, which will be soon over. At these Words we went forward, and entered the Sick Body's Chamber, conducted by the Old Woman, who lighted us along with a Candle in a Silver Candle-stick. I took the Candle of her, went to the Bed-side, and look'd in *Camilla's* Face very fully, that she might know me. Behold, cry'd I, thou Cheat, the Credulous *Gil Blas*, whom thou hast so wrong'd: Have I met with thee at last? The Corregidor has my Petition against thee, and this Alqazil is order'd to apprehend thee. Mr. Officer, added I, do your Duty. I need not be put in mind of that, reply'd he, heightning his Voice; I shall take hold of that Creature; I have had a Note
of

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of her Name: along while in my Register. Come, get you up, Madam, continu'd he; Dress immediately, I will be your Gentleman-Usher, and lead you to one of the best Jails in *Valladolid*. At these Words, *Camilla*, as ill as she was, perceiving the two Sergeants with huge Mustachio's were about to take her out of Bed by Force, held up her Hands, and with a Look which shew'd the Fright she was in, cry'd out to me; Signor *Gil Blas*, have Pity on me, I conjure you, by the Chast Mother to whom you owe your Birth: Tho' I am very guilty, I am yet more miserable: I will give you your Diamond, therefore don't ruine me. Saying this, she pull'd the Ring off her Finger, and gave it to me. But I answer'd, That my Diamond alone wou'd not satishe me; I must have my Thousand Ducats also which I had been robb'd of in the Lodging-house. As for the Ducats, Signor, do not demand them of me, reply'd *Camilla*; the Traytor *Raphael*, whom I have not seen from that time to this, ran away with them that very Night. Poor Soul, says *Fabricio*; do'st thou think 'tis sufficient to clear thee, to pretend thou hast none of the Spoil?

Thou shalt not come off so. Thou wer't one of *Raphael's* Accomplices, and must give an Account of thy self before thy Betters: A fine Account thou hast to give, I'll warrant you: Be pleas'd to go to Prison with me, and there thou may'st make thy general Confession. This good Woman shall bear thee Company: I doubt not she can tell Monsieur the Corregidor a hundred pretty Stories, which will be very entertaining to him. Upon this the two Women did what they could to sweeten us. They cry'd, they sued, the Old one fell on her Knees before the Alcazil; and when he was deaf to her, she turn'd to every one of his Serjeants. *Camilla* begg'd me, in the most moving manner, to save her out of the Hands of the Magistrates. I made as if her Prayers had prevailed on me. Mr. Officer, said I to the Son of *Nunez*, since I have my Diamond, I am satisfied; I would not be the Death of this Woman. Don't tell me of your Humanity, replied he; I have something else to mind. I must discharge my Office. I have express Orders to apprehend these Wretches; Monsieur the Corregidor will make Examples of them. For Heaven's sake, said I, don't be so

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so cruel, but have mercy upon them, and accept of the Present these Ladies will make you for your Trouble. That's another thing, replied he; that's a Figure of Rhetorick which is well plac'd. Come, what is it they will give me? I have a Pearl Necklace, cry'd *Camilla*, and two Pendants, of a considerable Price. If they came from the *Philippine* Isles, said he, interrupting her, I will not meddle with them. You may be assured they are right, replied she. While they were talking, the Old Woman brought a little Box, out of which she took the Necklace and the Pendants. She gave them both to Monsieur the Alquazil. Tho' he knew no more of Pearl than I did, yet he did not question their being right. He look'd upon them attentively, and said, They appear to be what they should be; and if the Silver Candlestick which Signor *Gil Blas* has in his Hand be added to them, I will not answer for my Fidelity. I don't believe, cry'd I to *Camilla*, you'll break off an Accommodation so much to your Advantage for a Trifle. Pronouncing these Words, I took the Candle out, and gave the Candlestick to *Fabrizio*, who contenting himself with what was offer'd, perhaps be-

cause he saw nothing in the Room besides that could be conveniently carried off, said, Farewel, my Princess, be at rest, I will speak for you to Monsieur the Corregidor, and represent you to him as white as Snow. We know how to give things what Turn we please, and never make true Reports, but when we are not oblig'd to make false ones.

CHAP. V.

The Sequel of the Adventure of the Recover'd Ring. Gil Blas quits the Practice of Physick, and the City of Valladolid.

AFTER we had thus executed *Fabricio's* Project, we left *Camilla's* House, rejoycing in the Success of our Enterprize. We expected nothing but the Ring: We took the rest as we could get it. We were so far from making any scruple of robbing the Courtezans, that we thought we had done a meritorious Act. Gentlemen says *Fabricio* to us, when we were got into the Street: I think the best thing we can do, is to return to our
Tavern,

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Tavern, and make merry all Night. To-morrow we'll sell the Candlestick, the Necklace and the Pendants, and divide the Money amongst us, like Brethren. This done, each of us shall return home, and make the best Excuse he can to his Master. The Opinion of Monsieur the Alguazil seem'd to us to be most judicious: We return'd to our Tavern, some of us imagining they could easily invent an Excuse for lying abroad; and others not caring whether their Masters turn'd them off or not.

We order'd a good Supper to be got ready, and sat down to it with as much Gaiety as Appetite. We were very pleasant all the while, and especially *Fabrizio*, who knew how to keep up Conversation, diverted the whole Company. There escap'd him I can't tell how many Strokes of *Castilian* Wit, as good as the best of old. When we were in the midst of our Mirth, an unforeseen Event disturb'd all our Joy. A Man enter'd the Room where we were at Supper, with a very grave Mien, attended by two others of most unpromising Aspect. After these came three more, and after them three and three, till they made a Dozen. They were arm'd with Carabines

rabines, Swords, and Bayonets. We soon
 perceived they were the Watch, and
 'twas not hard for us to guess their Bu-
 siness. We at first made a Shew of Re-
 sistance; but they surrounded us in an
 instant, and kept us quiet, as well on ac-
 count of their Number as their Fire-Arm.
 Gentlemen, says the Captain of them,
 with a bantring Air, I understand by
 what Artifice you have lately taken a
 Ring from a certain She-Adventurer:
 'Twas dexterously done; and you de-
 serve a publick Reward, which without
 question you'll meet with. The Law,
 that has provided a Lodging for you,
 will be sure to provide also a Recom-
 pence for so notable an Exploit. All
 those to whom this Discourse was ad-
 drest were in terrible Confusion. We
 chang'd Colour, and in our turn were
 possess'd with the same Fear as we had
 occasion'd in *Camilla*. However, *Fabri-
 cio*, tho' he look'd pale and confound-
 ed, offer'd to justify us. Signor, said he,
 we had no ill Design, and therefore
 ought to be forgiven this Device. What
 a Duce, replied the Captain in a Heat,
 do you call this a Device? Don't you
 know that 'tis a Hanging Matter? Be-
 sides that, no Man is permitted to do
 Justice

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Justice for himself: You took a Candlestick, a Necklace, and Diamond-Earings; and which is still worse, to accomplish this Robbery, you turn'd yourselves into Serjeants. Rogues disguise themselves like honest Men to do ill. You will be very happy if you escape without a Halter. When he had given us to understand that the Matter was more serious than we at first took it to be, we fell at his Feet, and pray'd him to have Pity on our Youth; but our Prayers were to no purpose. He rejected the Proposition we made him to deliver up the Candlestick, the Necklace, and the Pendants. He refus'd even my Ring, perhaps because it was offer'd in Company. In fine, he was inexorable. He caus'd my Companions to be disarm'd, and carried us all to Prison. As we were carrying along, one of his Serjeants told me that the Old Woman who liv'd with *Camilla*, suspecting us not to be really what we were in appearance, Officers belonging to the Courts of Justice, dogg'd us to the Tavern; and finding her Suspicions to be well grounded, she gave Information of us to the Captain of the Watch, to be reveng'd of us.

The first thing the Officers did, was to search us. The Necklace, the Pendants, and the Silver Candlestick were immediately taken from us. They took from me also my Ring, and the *Philippine* Ile Rubies, which I had unfortunately in my Pockets. Nay, they did not leave me so much as the Reals I had got that Day by my Prescriptions : By which I perceiv'd that the Officers belonging to the Courts of Justice at *Valadolid* understood their Offices as well as those at *Astorga*, and that the Manners of those Gentlemen were every - where alike. While they were taking my Jewels and Money from me, the Captain of the Watch reported our Adventure to the Magistrates. The Matter was so extraordinary, that the greatest part of them thought we deserv'd to be truss'd up for it : Others, less severe, said we might come off for Two hundred good Lashes, and some Years Service at Sea. We were shut up in a Dungeon, to wait for the Sentence of Monsieur the Corregidor. We lay on Straw, which was by no means as clean and as fine as that in a Stable with which Horses are litter'd. We had staid there longer, and not been let out but to go to the Gallies,

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leys, If Signor Manuel Ordonnez had not heard of our Affair, and resolv'd to get *Fabricio* discharg'd; which he could not do, without delivering us also. He was a Man in great Esteem in the City. He spar'd for no Solicitations; and what by his own Credit, and that of his Friends, in three Days time he procur'd our Discharge. But we did not go out of that Place as we got in. The Candle-stick, the Necklace, the Pendants, my Ring, and the Rubies all remain'd there; which put me in mind of those Verses in *Virgil*, which begin with these Words, *Sic vos non vobis.*

As soon as we were set free, we return'd to our Masters. Dr. *Sangrado* receiv'd me kindly. Poor *Gil Blas*, says he, I did not hear of thy Misfortune till this Morning. I was preparing to solicit for thee vigorously. Thou must comfort thy self up for this Accident, my Friend, and apply more than ever to Physick. I answer'd, 'Twas my Design, and I did so accordingly. I was so far from wanting Business, that it happening, as my Master said, to be a sickly Time, I had my Hands full of Patients. The Small Pox and malignant Fevers reign'd in the City and Suburbs. All the

Doctors in *Valladolid* were full of Practice, and we in particular. There did not a Day go over our Heads, but we each of us visited eight or ten Patients. Of Consequence there was a great deal of Water drank, and much Blood let. But I can't tell how it happen'd, they all dy'd. Either we manag'd them very ill, or their Distempers were incurable. We rarely visited the same Sick Man thrice. At the second we found him either bury'd or in the Agony. Being a young Physician, my Heart was not sufficiently harden'd for Murders. I was griev'd at so many sad Events, which might be imputed to me. Sir, said I one Evening to Dr. *Sangrado*, I call Heaven to witness I follow your Method exactly, yet all my Patients go to the other World. One would think they died on purpose to bring our Practice into Discredit: I met two carrying to the Grave this Afternoon. Child, says he, I might tell thee the same of my self: I have not often the Satisfaction to cure the Persons that fall into my Hands; and if I was not as certain as I am of the Principles of my Practice, I should take my Remedies to be contrary to almost all the Diseases I have in hand. If you will be
rul'd

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rul'd by me, Sir, replied I, we'll change our Method, and out of Curiosity give our Patients some Chymical Preparations. The worst that can happen is, that they'll have the same Effect as our hot Water and Bleeding. I would willingly make the Experiment, says he, if it would not have an ill Consequence, and be against my own Writing; for I have publish'd a Book in Vindication of frequent Bleeding, and Hot-Water-drinking. Would'st thou have me decry my own Work? You are in the right, Sir, replied I, you must not give an Occasion to your Enemies to triumph over you. They'll say you have suffer'd your self to be abus'd. You'll lose your Reputation; Rather let the People, the Nobility, and the Clergy perish. Let's continue our wonted Practice. Our Brethren, after all, notwithstanding the Averſion they have for Bleeding, do no greater Wonders than we; and our Specificks are as good as their Drugs.

We proceeded in our old Course, and in such a manner, that in less than six Weeks we made as many Widows and Orphans as the Siege of *Troy*. One would have thought the Plague was in *Valladolid*.

lid there were so many Funerals. There came every day to our House Fathers to demand an Account of the Sons, we had robb'd them of; or Uncles to reproach us for the Death of their Nephews. As for the Nephews and Sons whose Fathers and Uncles far'd the worse for our Medicines, they came not to our House. The Husbands of the Wives we made away with were also very discreet, and did not scold us on that score. The Persons Afflicted, whose Reproaches we endur'd, had sometimes a Rashness in their Affliction, they call'd us Fools and Murderers; they thought no Names too bad for us. I was enrag'd at their Epithets; but my Master, who had been us'd to it, was not at all concern'd at it. Perhaps I should have accustomed my self to them as well as he, if Heaven, doubtless to take away one of the Flails of the Sick at *Valladolid*, had not giv'n me a Disgust to Physick, which I practic'd with so little Success.

There was a Tennis-Court in our Neighbourhood, where the Idle met every Day: Among whom was one who set up for Judge and Bully of the Place. He was a *Biscayan*, and his Name *Don Rodriguez de Mendragon*. He was about thirty

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thirty Years old, not very tall, but well set and strong. Besides two little Ferret Eyes that roll'd in his Head, he had a Hook'd Nose which hung over a red Mustachio that curl'd out to his Temple. He spoke so hoarse and so hastily, that he made every one afraid. He was the Tyrant of the Tennis-Court. His Decisions among the Players were all arbitrary and imperious; and there was no appealing from his Judgment without running the risk of a Challenge. This Signor Don Rodrigo, who, tho' he put a *Don* before his Name, was no better than a Butcher, had gain'd the Affections of the Mistress of the House. She was a rich Widow of about forty Years old, pretty well for her Person. Her Husband had been dead about a Year and a Quarter. I can't imagine how she could take a liking to this Bully of the Racket; 'twas not for his Beauty, she must see something in him that no body else did. Be it as it will, she had a Kindness for him, and resolv'd to marry him. But as all things were making ready for Consummation, she fell sick; and 'twas her bad Luck to have me for her Physician. It her Disemper had not been a malignant Fever, my Remedy was sufficient to

to make it one. In four Days time I put all the Tennis-Court into Mourning. The Mistress of it lent me the same way I sent all my Patients, and her Relations took Possession of her Estate. Don Rodrigo, made desperate by the Loss of his Mistress, or rather the Hope of a very advantageous Match, was not contented with flinging Fire and Flames at me, he swore he would run me thro' the Guts, where ever he met me. A charitable Neighbour gave me Information of his Oath, and advis'd me not to go out of our House, for fear of meeting this Devil of a Man. This Advice, which I had no mind to neglect, fill'd me with Trouble and Fear. The *Biscayan* was always in my Mind, and before my Eyes. I could not be at Rest a Moment. This made me out of love with Physick; and I thought of nothing but how to deliver myself from the Apprehension in which I liv'd. I took my embroider'd Coat again; and having bid my Master Adieu, notwithstanding the many Arguments he us'd, to persuade me to stay with him, I left the City at Break of Day, not without Fear of meeting Don Rodrigo in my Way.

will now I ~~was like~~ ~~those Women that leave off Whoring~~

CHAP. VI

What Road he took when he left Valladolid; and what Man he met by the Way.

I Made as much Haste as I could when I got out of the Town; and every now and then look'd behind me to see if I was not pursu'd by the terrible Biscayan. My Head was so full of him, that I took every Tree and Bush to be him. My Heart fail'd me at the least Noise: And I did not think myself safe till I got two or three Leagues off Valladolid. I then slackned Pace, and jogg'd on pretty chearfully towards Madrid, whither I propos'd to myself to go. I was sorry for nothing in departing from Valladolid, but leaving Fabricio, my dear Eulades, to whom I had not time to bid Adieu. I did not grieve for losing the Profession of a Physician; on the contrary, I begg'd God to forgive me for having practis'd it at all. I was well pleas'd however with the Money I had in my Pocket, tho' it was the Purchase

Purchase of my Murders. I was like those Women that leave off Whoring, but keep still the Money they made of it. I had as many Reals as came to five Ducats. That was all my Stock; I depended upon it to carry me to *Madrid*, where I doubted not I should get a good Place. Besides, I long'd mightily to see that City, which I heard so much Talk of, as being an Epitome of all the World's Wonders.

While I was meditating on what had been told me of it, and pleasing my self with the thoughts of what I should see there, I heard a Man behind me coming on, singing. He had a Snapfack at his Back, a Guitar hanging about his Neck, and a long Sword by his Side. He walk'd so fast, that he soon overtook me. 'Twas one of the Journeymen Barbers that had been imprison'd with me about the Adventure of the Ring. We knew one another presently, and were surpriz'd to meet thus unexpectedly on the High-way. I express'd a great Joy at having him for a Companion, and he did as much on my account. I told him why I left *Madrid*; and he, on his part, inform'd me that he had had a Quarrel with his Master, and they had mutually bad one

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another Adieu for ever. If I would have staid at *Valladolid*, added he, there are ten Shops I could have had my Cholee of; for, without Vanity, I may say there is not a Barber in *Spain* that knows how to handle a Razor like me, or curl a Mustachio: But I have a mind to return to my own Country, from whence I have been ten Years absent. I want to breath some of my Native Air, and know how it goes with my Relations. It will not be long before I shall be with them; for they dwell but at *Olivedo* a great Village on this side *Segovia*.

I resolv'd to accompany the Barber to that Village, and thence go to *Segovia*, to get some Convenience to convey myself to *Madrid*. We fell into Discourse of indifferent things as we continued our Journey. He was a good humour'd merry Lad; and after we had travelled together about an Hour, he ask'd me if my Stomach was not come? I replied, He should see that at the first Inn we came to. Let us not stay for that, says he, I have somewhat to Breakfast on in my Budget. I always carry Provisions with me when I travel the Road. I don't burthen myself with Cloaths, Linen, and

and such useless Luggage. I put nothing in it, but Provision of the Mouth, my Razors, and Washballs. I applauded his Prudence, and consented to hale with him. I was hungry, and propos'd to make a Meal on my Comrade's Cargo, after what he had said of it. We went into a Bye-Place, and sat down on the Grass. The Barber pull'd out his Provender, which consisted of five or six Onions, a piece of Bread, and some Cheese. But what he valued himself on, was a Bottle, which he said was full of rare Wine. Tho' our Entertainment was not very nice, yet we were so hungry, that neither of us found fault with it. We empty'd the Bottle, which held about a Quart, and did not contain any thing worthy the Panegyrick the Barber bestowed upon it. When we had thus Breakfasted, we rose, and proceeded very gaily on our Journey. *Fabricio* had told me that this Barber had met with many Adventures; and he desiring me to tell him mine, in hopes of hearing them, I gave him Satisfaction. I then pray'd him to oblige me, by giving me the Story of his Life. My Story, cry'd he, 'tis not worth telling. It has nothing in it but plain Facts. However, since we
have

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have no better Subject to discourse of, I'll tell it you, such as it is. Accordingly he began it in the following manner.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of the Journey-man Barber.

Ernand Perez de la Fuente my Grandfather, (I love to trace things from the Beginning) after having liv'd a Barber fifty Years in the Village of Olmedo, died, and left four Sons behind him: The eldest, call'd Nicolas, possess'd himself of his Shop, and succeeded him in his Profession. The second Son, Bertrand, took to a Trade, and became a Merchant. The third, was a Schoolmaster. And Pedro, the fourth, finding he had a Genius for the *Belles Lettres*, sold a small Estate he had, and went to make the most of it at *Madrid*. The three other Brothers remain'd at *Olmedo*, where they married three young Women, Labourers Daughters, who brought them not much Money: But to make amends for it, they bless'd them with abundance

bundance of Children. They seem'd to
 outvie one another in getting them. My
 Mother, for her part, was fairly deliver-
 ed of six in the five first Years of her
 Marriage. I was one of them. My Fa-
 ther taught me to shave betimes; and
 when I was fifteen Years of Age, he
 put this Snapack on my Back, ty'd a
 long Sword to my Side, and said, Go,
Diego, thou art now able to get thy Liv-
 ing; go travel the Country, 'twill teach
 thee thy Trade better than staying at
 home: Go, and let me not see thee at
Olinda again, till thou hast seen all *Spain*.
 Let me not so much as hear thee nam'd.
 At these Words he embrac'd me cor-
 dially, and turn'd me out of Doors.
 This was the Farewel I had from my
 Father. As for my Mother, she had
 not such a hard Heart. She seem'd trou-
 bled at my Going. The Tears trickled
 down her Cheeks; and she slip'd a Diamond
 into my Hand. I left *Olinda* in this
 Condition, and took the Road to *Se-
 goils*. I had not gone Two hundred
 Yards before I examin'd my Budget.
 I long'd to see what was in the Inside
 of it, and to have an exact knowledge
 of my Treasure. I found a Razor-case,
 with two Razors in it, very well worn,

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a Leather to set them upon, and a Bit of Soap. Besides this, there was a new Canvas Shirt, and a Pair of my Father's old Shoes; and what rejoyc'd my Heart more than all the rest, twenty Reals in an old Rag. This was my Stock. You may perceive by this that Mr. *Nicolas* the Barber depended very much on my Dexterity, since he accouter'd me so indifferently. Nevertheless, the Possession of a Ducat and twenty Reals must needs be charming to a young Man. I thought my Purse would be inexhaustible, and went on transported with Joy, sometimes looking on my Rapier, which hung at my Heels, and every now and then got between my Legs, and was like to overset me.

I arriv'd in the Evening at *Aguines* very hungry. I lodg'd at an Inn; and, as if I was in Circumstances to spend my Money freely, demanded of my Landlord what he had for Supper? My Landlord look'd upon me withfully; and perceiving what sort of Man he had to do with, he said, We'll satisfy you, young Gentlemen; you shall be treated like a Prince. He then led me into a little Room, where, half an Hour after, they brought me an old Rabbet, which, in all
pro-

probability had been the Mother of many that that had made Ragouts last Year. They accompanied this admirable Dish with some Wine, so good, says he, the King does not drink better. However, I perceiv'd it was prick'd; but I swallowed it as greedily as I did the Rabbet, which being too tough to be dispatch'd by the Teeth, went down in whole Peices. To finish my Treatment like a Prince, I was put into a Bed much more proper to keep a Man awake than asleep. 'Twas so short, I could not stretch out my Legs, as short as I was myself. The Bottom was only a little Straw, and that of the coarsest sort: A top was a Sheet doubled, which had perhaps serv'd a hundred Travellers since the last Washing. Nevertheless, my Stomach was so full of the old Conny, and the delicious Wine my Landlord boasted of, that, Thanks to my Youth and my Constitution, I slept soundly, and past the Night without Indigestion. The next Day, when I had Breakfasted, and paid well for my Good Cheer, I went on my Journey, and arriv'd safely at *Segovia*. I was no sooner there, than by good Luck I lit on a Shop where I was receiv'd for my Board and Lodging.

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Lodging. I staid there six Months only. A Journeyman Barber, whom I came acquainted with, debauch'd me, and I departed with him for *Madrid*. I easily got a Place there on the same Terms as at *Segovia*. 'Twas a well-custom'd Shop. It stood near the Church of *St. Cross*; and its neighbourhood to the Prince's Theatre brought a Croud of Customers to it. My Master's two Journey-men and I were hardly enow to Shave them. I saw People of all Conditions, and, among others, Players and Authors. Two of the latter happen'd to be one Day together in our Shop: They talk'd of nothing but the Poets and Poems of the Time. Among the former I heard them name my Uncle, which made me more attentive to what they said. *Don Juan de Zaireta*, says one of them, is an Author which the Publick ought not to make account of. He has no Fire nor Fancy. His last Play is intolerable. And what is *Louis Velez de Guenera* worth, I pray? replied the other; was there ever such Stuff seen? They then nam'd several other Poets, whose Names I have forgotten. I only remember they rail'd at them plentifully. As for my Uncle, they made honourable

ble mention of him. They agreed both that he was a Man of Merit. Yes, cries one of them, *Don Pedro de la Fuente* is an excellent Author. There is a great deal of Pleasantry and Learning in his Works, which are piquant, and full of Salt. I don't wonder both Court and Town like him, and that he has several Pensions from the *Grandees*. He has sav'd a good Parcel of Money out of them. He has his Lodging and Diet at the Duke de *Medina Celi's*. He spends nothing; and must be very rich. I lost not a Word of what the Poets said of my Uncle. We had heard at home that he made a Noise at *Madrid* by his Writings; some People who pass'd thro' *Olmedo* told us so: But he never letting us hear from him, and seeming to shake us off, our Family did not trouble their Heads about him. However, I resolv'd not to lose such an Opportunity, but to make myself known to him as soon as I found how it was with him, and knew where he liv'd. One thing perplex'd me a little; the Authors call'd him *Don Pedro*. This *Don* gave me some Difficulty, and I was afraid it might be some other Poet, and not my Uncle. Nevertheless, I came to a Resolution to see whether it was

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was he, or no. I imagin'd he might be become a Gentleman as well as a Wit. In order to find him out, I dress'd myself one Morning, and with my Master's Leave went to visit him, not a little proud to be the Nephew of a Man who had acquir'd such a Reputation by his Genius. Barbers are not the least susceptible of Vanity of any Men in the World. I began to have a great Opinion of myself; and walking with a stately Air, inquir'd the Way to the Duke *de Medina Celi's*. When I came to the Gate, I ask'd the Porter for Signor Don *Pedro de la Fuente*. The Porter hearing him nam'd, pointed to a little Stair-case at the farther End of a Court, and said, Go up those Stairs, and knock at the first Door on the Right-hand. I did as he bid me: I knock'd at the Door. A Young Man came out to me, of whom I demanded if Signor Don *Pedro de la Fuente* lodg'd there? Yes, replied he; but you cannot speak with him at present. I should be glad to have one word with him, said I, because I bring him some News from his Relations. If you brought News from the Pope, replied he, I would not introduce you now into his Chamber. He is Writing; and when

he Writes, one must have a care of disturbing him. He will not be visible till Noon: Go, and return at that time. I went thence into the City, which I walk'd about, contemplating the Reception I should have from my Uncle; I believe, said I to myself, he'll be overjoyed to see me. I judg'd of him by myself, and expected that our Meeting would be a very joyful one. I did not fail of returning at the Time appointed. You are come very opportunely, says his Valet; my Master is going out; stay a little, I'll tell him you are here. He left me in the Anti-chamber, return'd a Moment after, and conducted me to his Master, who I presently knew to be my Uncle, he was so like Uncle *Thomas*. I saluted him with a most profound Reverence, and told him I was the Son of Master *Nicolas de la Fuente*, Barber, at *Olmedo*: That I had follow'd the same Trade as a Journeyman in *Madrid* three Weeks, and intended to travel all *Spain* to improve my self. While I was speaking, I observ'd my Uncle mus'd. 'Twas plain he was in suspence whether to disown me, or shake me off as dexterously as he could. He chose the latter. He affected to smile; and said, Well

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Well, Friend, how do thy Father and thy Uncle do? How does it go with them? I then began to give him an Account of the copious Propagation of our Family. I nam'd him all the Children Male and Female, and added to the List their Godfathers and Godmothers. He did not seem to be much concern'd at what I said; and when I had done, *Dispos'd*, said he, I approve mightily of thy Travelling the Country to perfect thy self in thy Trade: And I advise thee not to stay any longer in *Madrid*. 'Tis a Place destructive to Youth: Thou wilt be ruin'd here, Child: Thou'lt do better to go to the other Cities of the Kingdom; People are not so corrupted there. Go then, continued he; and when thou art about to depart, let me see thee again. I gave thee a Pistole to carry thee thence *Spain*. At these Words he push'd me softly out of the Room, and sent me Home.

I had not the Sense to perceive that he wanted to have me out of *Madrid*. I return'd to our Shop, and gave my Master an Account of my Visit. He had no more Thoughts than I of my Uncle Don *Pedro's* Intention. I am not of his Opinion, said he; instead of running

rambling about the Country, you had better fix yourself in the City. Your Uncle knows so many People of Quality, he may easily get you a Place in a good Family, and by degrees you may make your Fortune there. I lik'd this Discourse extremely, and two Days after went to my Uncle again, to propose to him to make use of his Credit to get me a Place in some Nobleman's House: But he did not approve of the Proposal. A vain Man, who din'd every Day with one Person of Quality or other, was not willing to see his Nephew at the Footman's Table, while he was at the Lord's. Little *Diego* would have made Signor *Don Pedro* blush. He fell upon me therefore, and reprov'd me then with a very angry Look. How! you young Rascal! you! Will you leave your Trade? What Rogues have been advising thee to thy Ruin? Go to them; get out of my Apartment, and never set foot here again, otherwise I shall have thee chastis'd as thou deserv'st. These Words stunn'd me, much more the Tone with which my Uncle spoke them. I retir'd with the Tears in my Eyes, very much troubled that he should be so cruel to me. But being naturally
lively

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lively and proud, I soon gave over weeping. My Grief turn'd to Indignation, and resolv'd to leave so ill a Relation where I found him, having hitherto liv'd without him. I thought of nothing but cultivating my Talent. I minded my Business. I shav'd Day and Night: And to recreate my self now and then, learnt to play on the Guitarre. My Master on that Instrument was an old *Senor Effendero*, whom I shav'd. He had formerly been a Chanter in a Cathedral. His Name was *Marcos d'Obregon*. He was a discreet Person, and had as much Wit as Experience. He lov'd me as dearly as if I had been his own Son. He was Gentleman-Usher to a Doctor's Wife, who liv'd about thirty Yards off us. I us'd to go to him every Night when I had done Work; and we two sitting on the Threshold of the Door, made a little Consort, with which the Neighbourhood was not at all displeas'd. Not that we had very good Voices, but we both perform'd our Parts pretty well, at least enough to please those that heard us. We particularly diverted Donna *Margelina* the Doctor's Wife. She came into the Entry to hearken to us, and oblig'd us to give her some *Encores*,

when the Airs were to her Liking. Her Husband was as well entertain'd with us as she was. Tho' he was a *Spaniard*, and an Old Man, he was not in the least jealous of her. Besides, his Practice took him up wholly; and as he us'd to come home every Night from visiting his Patients very much fatigued, so he went to Bed betimes, and did not mind our serenading his Wife. Perhaps he thought our Musick was not so charming as to make any dangerous Impressions upon her; and he had too much Confidence in his Wife's Conduct to suspect her. *Mergelina* was young and handsome, but withal so coy, that she would hardly suffer a Man to ogle her. She did not think there was any harm in listening to our Musick; and we might sing or play so much as we pleas'd, she took no Offence at it.

Coming one Evening to the Doctor's Door, intending to divert myself there, according to Custom, I found the old Gentleman-Usher waiting for me. He took me by the Hand, and said, he would have me take a Walk before we began our Comfort. He then led me into a Bye-street, where, thinking we were private enough, he began his Discourse

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course thus, in a melancholy Tone ; Don *Diego*, I have something to tell you in particular. I am afraid, Child, that we shall both of us repent amusing our selves every Night with Serenades at my Master's Door. I have certainly a Kindness for you. I am glad I have taught you to play on the Guitarre, and sing : But if I had foreseen the Mischief that is likely to come of it, I should have made choice of another Place for us to practise our Lessons in. I was frighted at what he said, and desired him to explain himself ; for if we were in any Danger, I should be willing to get out of it as fast as I could. I'll tell you, replied he, what I have to say, and then guess you the Danger.

When I enter'd into the Doctor's Service, which was about a Year ago, he told me one Morning, presenting me to his Wife, That's your Mistress, *Marcos* ; you are to wait on her where - ever she goes. I was extremely taken with *Donna Mergelina* ; I thought her wonderfully handsome, and was particularly charm'd with her fine Carriage. Signor, replied I to the Doctor, I am too happy in serving so lovely a Lady. *Mergelina* was displeas'd at what I had

said, and cry'd, *You're a pretty Fellow indeed, and take upon you more than becomes you. I shan't suffer such things to be said to me.* Such rude Words from such sweet Lips were a strange Surprise to me. I could not reconcile them to the Softness of her Air. Her Husband was us'd to them, and valued himself upon having a Wife of so rare a Character. *Marcos*, says he to me, my Wife is a Prodigy of Virtue; and perceiving she was putting on her Scarf, and preparing to go to Church, he bad me attend her. We were no sooner got into the Street, than, what is not extraordinary in such Cases, several Men smitten with the Beauty of *Donna Mergeline*, said very kind things to her as she pass'd along. You can't imagine what silly and ridiculous Answers she made them. They were all amaz'd; and could not conceive that there was a Woman in the World who did not love to be flatter'd. Do not you hear, Madam, said I, what those Gentlemen say to you? One had better be silent than give hard Words. No, no, replied she, I'll have those insolent Fellows to know that I am not a Woman who will suffer them to fail in their Respect to me. In short, she was so

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so impertinent that I could not help telling her what I thought of it, whether she lik'd it or no. I represented to her, with as much Submission as I could, that she did an Injury to Nature, and spoil'd a thousand good Qualities by her savage Humour; that a complaisant well-bred Woman might render herself amiable without the Assistance of Beauty; whereas a beautiful Woman, without good Breeding and Complacency, would become contemptible. A great deal more I said upon the same Subject, tending all to correct her Manners. I was afraid she would have resented my Lessons, and given me a severe Reproof for them; but she bore them, contenting herself with taking notice of what I said then, or at other times to the same Purpose. I grew weary of admonishing her in vain, and abandoned her to the Fierceness of her Nature. In the mean time, what do ye think? This rude Temper, this proud Woman is within these two Months entirely alter'd. She's civil and good-humour'd to every Body. She is not the same *Mergelina*, who always answer'd Men rudely. She now says the most obliging things in the World. She likes

now to be flatter'd, to be told she is handsome, and that a Man cannot look on her with Safety. One can hardly imagine how she's chang'd; and what you ought to be most surpriz'd at, is, You yourself are the Occasion of so great a Miracle: Yes, my dear *Diego*, continues he, 'tis you that have thus metamorphos'd Donna *Mergelina*: You have turn'd the Tigress into a Lamb; in a word, all her Thoughts run upon you. I have observ'd it more than once; and either I don't know what sort of Creatures Women are, or she is passionately in Love with you. This, my Son, is the sad News I have to acquaint you with, and the unhappy Conjunction we are fallen into.

I don't see, replied I to the old 'Squire, that there is any thing in all this which we need very much grieve for; nor that it is a Misfortune for me to be belov'd by a pretty Lady. You talk like a Young Man, *Diego*, said he; you don't perceive the Snake that's in the Grass. You have regard to nothing but the Pleasure, but I have respect to the Pains with which it is attended. 'Twill all come out at last. If you continue to sing at our Door, you will inflame *Mergelina* still more

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more and more ; and she will perhaps in the end become so weak as to let Dr. *Oloroso* her Husband see it. Tho' he is now so very complaisant, because he thinks he has no reason to be jealous ; he will then grow enrag'd against thee, and be reveng'd on her ; and you may imagine that neither you nor I shall come off very well on this Occasion. Well, Signor *Marcos*, replied I, I submit to your Reasons, and will follow your Advice. All that we need do, says he, is, to give over our Serenades. Don't you appear before my Mistress any more. When she does not see you she'll be quiet: Stay at home, I'll come to you ; and we may play thereupon the Guitarre without running any Risk. Agreed, replied I ; and I promise you never to set foot within your Doors more. Indeed I resolv'd not to sing again at the Doctor's Gate, but to keep close to my Shop, since I was a Person so dangerous to be seen.

However, honest *Marcos* found in a little time that the Means he propos'd to extinguish Donna *Mergelina's* Fires, had a quite contrary Effect. The Lady finding that we did not sing for two Nights together, ask'd him why we gave over our Consort, and what was the

Reason she did not see me? He answer'd, I was so busy that I had not a Moment to spare for Pleasure. She seem'd satisfy'd with that Excuse, and bore my Absence for three Days longer pretty well; but then she lost all Patience, and said to her Gentleman-Usher, You impose upon me, *Marcos*; *Diego* has some other Reason for not coming hither. Tell me what it is, I command you; hide nothing from me. I invented a new Excuse for him. Madam, said I, since you will know all, I must tell you, that after we have been playing our Consort, it has often hapned when he came home, that the Buttery has been lock'd up, and he has been forc'd to go to Bed supperless. How! Supperless, cried she in a Passion. Why did not you tell me so before? Poor Child, go to him presently; bring him hither to Night: He shall not go home without his Supper: I will always have something got for him here.

What's this! said the Gentleman-Usher, making as if he was surpriz'd at her Discourse. Heaven! Is it you, Madam, that talk after this Rate? What a Change is here? How long have you been so compassionate? How long! replied

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pled me, very briskly; Ever since you came hither, or rather, ever since you school'd me for my ill Nature, and reprov'd the Rudeness of my Manners. But alas! added she, with a languishing Look, I have gone from one Extreme to another: From proud and insensible, I am become too soft and too tender. I love your young Friend *Diego*, and I can't help it. His Absence, instead of weakening my Passion, strengthens it. Is it possible, answer'd the old Squire, that a Young Man, who is neither handsome nor well-shap'd should be the Object of so strong a Passion? I should pardon your Sentiments, if they had been inspir'd by some Gentleman, a Man of Worth. Ah! *Marcos*, interrupted *Mergeline*, I am not like the rest of my Sex; or else with all your Experience, you know not what to make of them. If I can tell any thing, they love without Consideration. Love is a Witchcraft of the Mind that directs one to an Object, and fixes one to it, maugre all our Resistance. 'Tis a Disease that seizes us like the Madness of Dogs, and other Animals. Therefore don't tell me that *Diego* is unworthy of my Passion. 'Tis enough that I love him, to find in him a thousand

thousand Qualities that you do not see, and perhaps he does not possess. 'Tis in vain for you to represent to me that his Face and his Shape are not worth my Regard. To me he seems as fair as the Day, and made on purpose to charm. Further, his Voice has a Sweetness that ravishes me; and he plays on the Guitarre with a Grace peculiar to himself. But, Madam, replied *Marcos*, do you consider his Condition? that he is ———. I consider nothing but him, interrupted she; and if I were a Woman of Quality, I should not mind that.

The Result of this Conference was, that the Old Usher finding he was not likely to gain any thing by his Arguments, gave over opposing his Mistress's Inclination; as a skilful Pilot gives way to a Tempest which drives him from the Port whither he was bound. He did more to satisfy his Patroness. He came to me, and taking me aside, told me what had past between her and him. You see, *Diego*, says he, we cannot avoid continuing our Consorts at *Mergelina's* Door. It must be so, Friend; the Lady must see you again, or she'll do some foolish thing or other which will be

be more prejudicial to her Reputation: I was not so cruel as to deny him. I replied, that I would come to her House in the Evening with my Guitarre, and he might carry that welcome News to his Mistress. He did so; and she was transported to hear it, waiting with Impatience for the time appointed to see me, and listen to my Musick.

In the mean while an unlucky Accident had like to have spoil'd all. I could not go from my Master's before Night, which for my Sins prov'd very dark. I grov'd my way thro' the Street, and had gone about half my Journey, when a Window open'd, and I was saluted with a Shower, which, I can assure you, was not of Essence. I had all of it; and in those Circumstances could not tell what to resolve on. If I return'd home in that Condition, I should be laught at; and I could not think of going to *Mergelina* in so filthy and unsavoury a Plight. However, I was so eager to renew my Consort, that I got thither before I was aware of it, and found the old Squire waiting for me at the Door. He told me Dr. *Oloroso* was gone to Bed, and that we might divert ourselves very freely. I replied, I must, in the first place,

place clean myself. I then inform'd her of the Disgrace I had met with. He condol'd with me, and carried me to a Hall, where his Mistress staid for us. As soon as she knew of my Adventure, and saw how it was with me, she pitied me as much as if the greatest Misfortune had befalln me. She afterwards fell a raving at the Person that had so serv'd me. Pray, Madam, says Marcos, don't be in such a Passion; It does not deserve it. How! replied she, should I not curse the wicked Creature that has so treated this little Lamb, this Dove without Gall, who does not so much as complain of the Outrage that's done him? Ah! that I was a Man, I would this Minute revenge him.

Many other things said she, which shew'd the Excess of her Love; nor were her Actions less expressive of it than her Words; for while Marcos was wiping me with a Napkin, she ran to her Chamber, and fetch'd a Box of Perfume; she burnt odoriferous Drugs, and perfum'd my Cloaths. She afterwards sprinkled Essences on them abundantly. The Fumigation and Asperision being over, this charitable Woman went her self to the Kitchen for some Bread, Wine, and

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and roasted Mutton; which she had order'd to be set aside for me. She made me eat, and took pleasure in helping me. Sometimes she would cut my Meat, sometimes fill out my Wine, whatever we could do to hinder her. When I had sup'd, the Gentlemen of the Consort prepar'd their Guitars; and tun'd their Voices. We play'd a Symphony, at which *Mergeline* was charm'd. Indeed we assented to sing some Airs, the Words of which humour'd her Passion; and it must be remembered, that as I played, I now and then cast a soft Look at her, which was fresh Fuel to her Flame; and I began to think it no disagreeable Game. Tho' the Consort lasted a good while, I was not tir'd with it. As for the Lady, who thought the Hours were but Moments, she would willingly have hearkned to us all Night, if the old Usher, who thought the Moments were Hours, had not often put her in mind that it grew late. She gave him the Trouble to repeat it ten times to her. But she had to do with one that was indefatigable therein; and would not let her be quiet, till I left the House. He was a Man of Prudence and Discretion;

tion; and seeing his Mistress gave herself over to the pleasing her Passion, he was afraid something ill might be-tide us, if he did not prevent it. This Fear was but too well grounded; the Doctor either mistrusting some secret In-trigue, or being possess'd by that Devil Jealousie, who had spar'd him till then, censur'd our Conforts; and not long after forbad them, without telling his Reasons for it, saying only, He would not have Strangers entertain'd at his House. *Marcas* inform'd me of it; and as it had respect to me in particular, I was very much mortified at it. I had conceived Hopes which I was loth to lose,

But to relate things as becomes a faithful Historian, I confess it to you, that I bore this Misfortune with Pati-ence. It was not so with *Mergelina*; she could not bear it. Dear *Marcas*, cry'd she to her Usher, 'Tis from you alone I look for Assistance. Manage it so, I pray you, that I may see *Diego* in private. What would you have of me? replied the old Man in a Fury; I have already humour'd you too much. I shall not contribute to the Dishonour of my Master, by satisfying your ar-dent

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desires; nor will I sacrifice your reputation, and cover my self with infamy. I, whose Conduct, as a faithfull Domestick, has always been blameable, I had rather quit your Service than do so base an Action. Ah! *Marcos*, interrupted the Lady, whom these last Words frighted, you kill me when you talk of leaving me. Cruel as you are; will you abandon me, after having brought me into this miserable Condition? Restore to me my Pride, and that savage Temper which you took from me. Ah! that I had still these happy Defects! I should now be at ease, where as your indiscreet Remonstrances have ravish'd from me the Repose I once enjoy'd. You have corrupted my Manners by endeavouring to correct them. But ah! continued she, weeping, why do I blame you, why reproach you unjustly? No, no, Father, you are not the Author of my Misfortune. 'Tis my ill Fate that prepares so much Affliction for me. Don't take notice, I conjure you, of my extravagant Discourse. My Passion, alas! disorders my Mind. Pity my Weakness: All my Consolation is in you; and if my Life is dear to you, do not refuse me your Assistance. Saying

ing this, she wept afresh; and her Tears
 cheek'd her Words. She pull'd out her
 Pocket Handkerchief, and throwing it
 over her Face, fell into a Chair like a
 Person overwhelm'd with Grief. Old
Adreas, who perhaps knew the Business
 of his Post as well as any Gentleman-
 Usher in Spain, could not stand out a-
 gainst so moving a Spectacle. It touch'd
 him to the quick. He wept as well as
 his Mistress, and said to her very ten-
 derly, Ah! Madam, you are enough to
 seduce any body. I cannot resist your
 Afflictions. It overcomes my Virtue.
 I promise you my Succour; and don't
 wonder Love has the Power to make
 you forget your Duty, since Compassion
 only is capable of withdrawing me
 from mine. Thus this old Usher, not-
 withstanding his unblameable Con-
 duct, devoted himself very obligingly
 to *Adegelina's* Passion. He came one
 Morning to acquaint me with all this;
 and told me when he left me, that he
 had already contriv'd a way to procure
 me a secret Interview with the Lady.
 This gave me new Hopes. But two
 Hours after I had other sort of News.
 An Apothecary's Man, one of our Cu-
 stomers, enter'd our Shop to be shav'd.
 While

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While I was setting my Razor, he said, Do you know, Signor *Diego*, what's the Matter with your Friend the Old Gentleman-Usher *Marcos d'Obregon*, and why Dr. *Oloresa* has turn'd him away? I replied, No. 'Tis certainly true, answer'd he; he was turn'd off just as I came hither. I learnt it from Signor *Oloresa* himself, who came to our House, and discoursing with my Master, told him, he had dismiss'd his old Usher, being resolv'd to put his Wife under the Care of a faithful, severe, and vigilant *Daegna*, desiring him to recommend him to one. I understand you, said my Master, interrupting him: You would have such a one as Dame *Melania*, who was Governante to my Wife, and who is still in my House, tho' I have been a Widower these six Weeks. I can ill spare her; but will part with her to you, in whose Honour I have a particular Interest. You may trust her with the Guardianship of your Forehead. She's the Pink of *Daegnas*, and a Dragon where the Chastity of the Sex is concern'd. During the twelve Years that she liv'd with my Wife, who, as you know, wanted neither Youth nor Beauty, I never saw the Shadow of a Gallant in my House.

And

And truly she at first had no very easy Task of it. I must own the Defunct had once a very great Inclination to Conquetry; but Dame *Melancia* reclaim'd her, and instill'd into her a Love of Virtue. In fine, this Governantee is a Treasure; and you'll thank me a thousand times for making a Present of her to you. The Doctor express'd himself to be mightily obliged to my Master for this Favour; and they two agreed that the *Dueña* should this very Day supply the Place of the old Usher.

This News gave a terrible Disturbance to the Ideas of Pleasure which I began to entertain my self with; and soon after *Marcos* came himself to confirm all that the Apothecary's Man had told me. Don *Diego*, says he, I am overjoy'd that Dr. *Oloraso* has turn'd me out of his House. How much Trouble will it save me? Besides discharging me from a base Employment, what Perplexity should I have been in to bring you and *Mergelina* together? Thank Heaven, I am deliver'd from that Trouble, and the Danger which attended it. On your part, you, my Son, ought to comfort yourself for the Loss of a few sweet Moments, by considering the Cares,

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Anxieties and Pains that would have follow'd after. I hearkned to *Marcos's* Lessons the more attentively, because I gave over all Hopes of seeing *Margelina* again. I was not one of those obstinate Lovers who are sharpen'd by Obstacles; and tho' I had been one of them; the Character of Dame *Melanchia* was enough to discourage me. However, as terrible a Dragon as she had been represented to me, I found two or three Days after, that the Doctor's Wife had thrown this *Argus* into a Sleep, or corrupted her Virtue; for as I was going to shave one of my Neighbours, a good old Woman stopp'd me in the Street, asking me if my Name was not *Diego de la Fuente*? I replied, Yes. Then you are the Man, I look'd for, answer'd she. Come to night to Donna *Margelina's* Door, and when you are there, make it known by some Sign, and you shall be let into the House. What Sign? said I; That should be agreed upon before-hand. I can counterfeit a Cat to the Life: I'll mew before the Door several times. 'Tis enough, replied this Agent of Love. I'll tell her your Answer. Your Servant, Signor *Diego*. Heaven bless you: Ah what a kind Creatue you are: I wish I was

was but Fifteen Years old for your sake, I would not seek you for another. At these Words the Messenger of Gallantry left me ; and you may well imagine that her Message rais'd a furious Storm in my Mind. Farewel *Marcos's* Morality. I waited for Night impatiently : And when I thought Dr. *Oloroso* was a-bed, I went to his Gate. I mew'd several times, as a signal that I was come, and did it so cleverly, that it was without doubt an Honour to the Master who shew'd me so fine an Art. A Moment afterwards *Mergelina* came softly to the Door, open'd it herself, and shut it as soon as I was in the House. We went to the Hall where our last Consort was perform'd, and there was only a Light in the Chimney. We sat down close to each other for the Convenience of Discourse, and were both in Confusion ; a Confusion, 'tis true, caus'd by the Pleasure of our Meeting ; but mine had also a Mixture of Fear. My Princess in vain assur'd me that we had nothing to apprehend on account of her Husband. I shook every Joint of me ; and 'twas plain that it was not all the Trembling of a Lover. Madam, said I, how could you deceive the Vigilance of your Governantee ?

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nantee? After what I have heard of Dame Melancia, I did not think it possible for me ever to hear from you, much less to see you again in private. Donna Mergelina smil'd at this Discourse, and answer'd me, You will not be surpriz'd at this private Meeting of ours, when I have told you what has pass'd between my *Dueña* and me. When she entred this House, my Husband caress'd her in an extraordinary manner, telling me he gave me up to the Conduct of that discreet Lady, who was a Sample of all the Virtues, a Looking-Glass that I was to have incessantly before my Eyes, to learn Discretion by her. He added, This admirable Person govern'd an Apothecary's Wife, a Friend of mine, twelve Years, and that in such a manner, that she made a perfect Saint of her. This Panegyrick, which Dame Melancia's four Looks confirm'd, cost me many a Tear, and flung me into Despair. I imagin'd how I was to be documented by her from Morning to Night, and reprimanded all Day long. In a word, I expected to become the most miserable Woman in the World, which made me not to matter how I treated a *Dueña*, from whom I look'd for no

Vol. I,

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Mercy :

Mercy : So I resolv'd to begin with her ; and as soon as we were alone, I said to her, I doubt not you are preparing to make me suffer as much as you can from you : But I must tell you beforehand, I am not very patient. I shall, on my part, give you all the Mortifications that lie in my Power. I must be plain with you, I have in my Breast a Passion which all your Remonstrance will never cure me of. So take your Measures accordingly. Be as vigilant as you can, I must own I'll do my utmost to be too hard for you. At these Words the *Duegna* alter'd her Look ; and instead of a severe Lecture, which I was in expectation of, she said with a Smile, I am charm'd with your Humour, and will be as frank as you ; I find we were made for one another. Ah ! fair Lady, you know me ill, if you judge of me by what the Doctor your Spouse said of me, or by my austere Aspect. I am far from being an Enemy to Pleasure. I never undertake to keep the Glory of Husbands, but in order to do Services to their pretty Wives. I have a long time learnt to dissemble, and can say that I am doubly happy, since I at once enjoy the Convenience of Vice, and the Reputation

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putation of Virtue. Between you and me, the World are all Virtuous at this rate only; It costs too much to be entirely so. 'Tis enough now-a-days if one has the Appearances of Virtue. Let me be your Guide, continued the Governantee. We will make old Dr. *Oloroso* have as good an Opinion of his Wife and me, as the Apothecary Signor *Apuntador* had of his and me. Poor *Apuntador*! how many Tricks have we play'd him: His Spouse was a lovely Creature, so good natur'd, rest the Soul of her, I'll vouch for her, she spent her Youth finely. She had I don't know how many Lovers whom I introduc'd into her House, without her Husband's perceiving any thing of the Matter. Therefore, pray, Madam, make a more favourable Judgment of me, and be perswaded that, whatever Talent the old Usher had, you will lose nothing by the Change. Perhaps I may be more serviceable to you than he was.

I leave you to imagine, *Diego*, whether I was pleas'd or no with the *Duenna's* discovering herself to me so frankly. I thought her the most severe of Women: But one knows not what to judge of our Sex. Her Sincerity made me put

Confidence in her. I embrac'd her with such Transport, that she found I was overjoyed to have so complaisant a Governantee. I open'd my self freely to her, and entreated her to contrive some way or other that we might have a private Meeting; and she has done it. She it was that employ'd the Old Woman who spoke to you this Morning, and who was often an Agent of her's and the Apothecary's Wife: But what's the best of all in this Adventure, continued *Mergelina*, smiling, is, that *Melancia*, upon my telling her what a sound Sleeper my Husband is, is this very Moment a-bed with him, and supplying my Place. So much the worse, Madam, said I; I don't like the Contrivance. Your Husband may wake, and find out the Deceit. He will not perceive it, replied she hastily: Don't be in pain about that, nor let a groundless Fear disturb the Pleasure you ought to take in being with a Young Lady who wishes you so well. The Doctor's Wife observing that I could not help being afraid still, left nothing undone she could think of to put Courage into me; and she try'd so many Ways, that at last Love got the better of my Fear,

and

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and I was ready to take hold of that Opportunity; when all of a sudden, in the height of my Joy and my Passion, we heard a terrible Knocking at the Door; which put the Blind God to Flight, with all his Train of Smiles and Sports. *Mergelina* immediately hid me under a Table in the Hall. She put out the Light; and, as had been managed between her and her Governantee, in case such an Accident hapned, went straight to the Door of her Husband's Chamber. In the mean time the Knocking continued; the whole House rung with it. The Doctor got up, and put on his Morning-Gown, calling *Melancia*. The *Dueña* jump't out of Bed, tho' the Doctor, who thought it had been his Wife, bad her lie still. *Melancia* ran to her Mistress, who stand for her at the Door; and the Governantee making as if she had met her coming out of the Chamber, cry'd, Pray. Madam, go to Bed again, I'll see who it is. *Mergelina* undrest herself as fast as she could, and laid herself down by the Doctor, who had not the least Suspicion that he was impos'd on. 'Tis true, this Scene was play'd in the Dark by two Actresses, one

of them was an incomparable one, and the other had a great Disposition to become so.

The *Dueña* going to the Gate with a Light in her Hand, open'd it, and return'd soon after to the Doctor, saying, Be pleas'd to rise, Sir, our Neighbour *Fernandez de Buendia* the Bookfeller is fallen into an Apopleckick Fit. You are sent for, and desir'd to make what haste you can. The Doctor put on his Cloaths as fast as he could, and ran away to the Bookseller's. His Wife, attended by the *Dueña*, came in her Morning Gown to the Hall, and drew me out from under the Table more dead than alive. Fear nothing, *Diego*, says *Mergelina*: Be of good Courage. She then told me in few Words all that had pass'd; and would fain have renewed the Conversation which the Incident had broken off: But the Governantee would not let her. Madam, said she, your Husband may come back in a Moment; The Bookseller may be dead. Besides, added she, seeing the Fright I was in, What can you make of this poor Creature? He is not in a Condition to come off as he should do. You had better send him home now, and let him come again

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again to Morrow. Donna *Mergelina* consented to do so, but with Reluctance. She was always for the Time Present; and I believe she griev'd heartily that she could not give her Husband the new Bonnet with which she design'd to cap him. For my part, I was not so afflicted for the Loss of Love's dear Favours, as I rejoyc'd for having escaped the Danger I was in. I return'd to my Master's, and spent the rest of the Night in thinking on my Adventure. I was in suspense whether I should go again the next Night. I was afraid still of some new Disgrace; but the Devil, who always puts one forward on the like Occasions, represent'd to me, that I should be a Blockhead now not to push my Fortune. He fill'd my Head with Idea's of *Mergelina's* Charms, and the Joys that were promis'd me in the Possession of them. This determin'd me to make another Attempt; and I resolv'd to do it with a better Heart than I had done before. In this good Disposition I went to *Mergelina's* Door the Night following, about Eleven a Clock; it was very dark, not a Star to be seen. I mew'd twice or thrice, to give notice of my being there; and no body coming to me,

I not only mew'd again, but counterfeited all the different Cries of a Cat, which I learn'd of a Shepherd at *Olmedo*. I perform'd my Part so well, that a Neighbour coming home, and taking me for one of those Animals, took up a Stone, and threw it at me with all his Force, crying, Curse on your Squalling. The Stone hit me on the Head, and stunn'd me with the Blow. I found I was wounded; and that was enough to cure me of my Gallantry. I lost my Love with my Blood, went Home, and wak'd all the House. My Master dress'd my Wound, which he took to be dangerous. However, it heal'd in three Weeks time. I have not since heard of *Margelina*; and suppose Dame *Melancia* disengag'd her from me, to provide her with a Lover more for the *Duegn's* Interest. I don't much trouble myself about it; and soon after departed from *Madrid*, to continue the Tour of *Spain*, which I intended to make.

CHAP. VIII.

How Gil Blas and his Companion met a Man soaking Crusts of Bread in a Fountain; and the Discourse they had together.

Signor Diego de la Fuente told me other Adventures of his; but they are not worth repeating. I was however oblig'd to hear them, tho' they were all very long. He led us to *Ponte de Duero*; and we staid in that Village the rest of the Day, and supp'd on Pease Soup and a Hare, the latter not very young nor very fresh. Assoon as it was light, we set out the next Day, having stor'd ourselves with pretty good Wine and Bread, taking with us also half of the Hare which we left over Night.

When we had travell'd six Miles, our Stomachs began to come; and observing there was a Just of Trees about a hundred Yards off the High Road, we went thither to sit down under the Shade. We met there a Man of Eight and twenty Years of Age, who was

soaking some Crusts of Bread in a Fountain. He had by him a long Rapter and a Snapfack, which he carried at his Back. We saluted him civilly, and he did the same by us. He then offered us some of his Crusts, demanding with a Smile, Whether we would do as he did? We said, With all our Hearts, on condition he would permit us to joyn our Fare with his, and accept of part of it. He agreed to it; and we produc'd what we had, and the Stranger was very well pleas'd with it. So, Gentlemen, cries he, I perceive you are well provided: You are Men of good Forecast. I have not the Precaution that you have. I trust to Chance: Nevertheless, as it is with me, I must tell you without Vanity, that I sometimes make a shining Figure. I am often treated like a Prince, and have Guards attending me. I understand you, says *Diego*; you would let us know that you are a Player. You guess right, replied the other; I have been a Player ever since I was Fifteen Years old. I could act several Parts when I was a Child. I must be plain with you, cry'd the Barber, shaking his Head, I can hardly believe you; I know the Players too well for't. Those Gentlemen don't

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don't use to travel like you on Foot, nor feed on Bread and Water. I am afraid you rather snuff the Candles. Think of me what you please replied the Actor, I have acted several Top Parts, especially Love ones. If that's true, says my Comrade, I felicitate you upon it ; and Signor *Gil Blas* and my self rejoyce that we have the Honour to Breakfast with a Person of so great Importance. Saying this, we fell to, all three of us, and soon pick'd the Bones of the Remains of the Hare. We empty'd our Flasks with so much dispatch that we had not time to speak ; but after we had done Eating and Drinking, we renew'd the Conversation. I am surpriz'd, said the Barber, to the Player, that Matters are no better with you. Your Appearance is much too mean for a Hero of the Stage. Pardon me, if I speak so freely to you. So freely I, cry'd the Actor, you don't know *Melchior Zapata*. I thank my Stars, I am not testy. I love that every Body should be free with me, as I am with every body. I confess I am not rich : You see my Coat here shews my Profession ; and so will all the rest of my Wardrobe. He then open'd his Snapfack, and pull'd out some
Tinsel

Tinsel Ornaments, a dirty Plume of Feathers, and some red Buskins. This is my Equipage, Gentlemen, continued he; and in truth it is not as good as a Man could wish for. I wonder at it, replied *Diego*, sure you have no Wife nor Daughter. Yes, I have a young Wife, and a handsome one, replied *Zapata*: But my damn'd Luck would have it, that she must prove Virtuous, forsooth. I married her in hopes she would not let me starve; but such is my ill Fate, that she stands upon her Reputation. 'Tis very hard, that among all the Strollers, there should but be one honest Woman, and she should fall to my share. 'Tis indeed very hard, says the Barber. Why did you not marry one of the Company at *Madrid*? You could not have fail'd there. That's right, replied the Actor; but we Strollers must not pretend to such Heroines as Town-Actresses. An Actor of the King's own Company can aspire to no more than that. If one would take a Wife in the City, one might be furnish'd as well out of the Play-house as in it. Did you never try, says my Companion, to get into the King's Company? Must a Man have infinite Merit to be admitted amongst them? Infinite Merit!

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Merit! replied *Melchior*; there are Twenty of them, enquire into their Characters, you'll find above half of 'em are fit for nothing but to hug a brown Musket; Yet, for all that, 'tis no easy Matter to get to be one of them. It must be done either by Money or Friends, and then whatever a Man's Merit is, he shall be admitted. I ought to know it; for I have been hooted and hiss'd like a Devil, tho' I deserv'd to be clapt for my Performances. I tore my Lungs, and imitated the most popular Actors of the Stage: But nothing would do. The Town would not bear in me, what they clapt in others; such is the Power of Prejudice. Thus finding I did not take; and having nothing to make my way for me, in spite of those that hiss'd me, I am returning to *Zamora* to my Wife and my Companions, who have not met with very good Luck there neither. I wish we may not be obliged to beg our Way to the next Town. If we do, 'twill not be the first Time. Saying this, the Stage Emperor rose up, threw his Snap sack over his Shoulder, put on his Sword, and with a grave Air cry'd, May the Heavens, Gentlemen, shew their Favours upon your Heads. *Diego* replied

replied in the same Tone, May you find your Wife at *Zamora* another Woman, and in a better Temper to keep you from starving. Assoon as Signor *Zapata* had turn'd his Back upon us, he fell to his Declamations and Gesticulations. The Barber and I hiss'd him, to teach him more Discretion. He thought he heard still the Hisses at *Madrid*, look'd back; and finding 'twas we only, who made our selves merry at his Expence, instead of being offended at it, he took it in good part, and went away laughing aloud, as little Reason as he had for it. We also return'd to the High-Road, and proceeded on our Journey.



CHAP. IX.

In what Condition Diego found his Family ; and how merry Gil Blas and he made themselves before they separated.

WE lay the next Night in a little Village, whose Name I have forgot, between *Moyadas* and *Valpuesta*, and came the next Day about Eleven a Clock to the Plain of *Olmedo*. Signor *Gil Blas*, says my Companion, This is the Place where I was Born, and I am transported at the Sight of it ; so natural 'tis for Men to love their Country. Signor *Diego*, answer'd I, A Man who loves his Country so well as you seem to do, should methinks not have talk'd so freely of it as you have done. *Olmedo* appears to me to be a City, and you represented it only as a Village. It must be a great Town, if it is not a City. I beg *Olmedo's* Pardon, replied the Barber ; but I must tell you, that after having seen *Madrid*, *Toledo*, *Saragossa*, and other great Cities, which I have done
in

in my Travels in *Spain*, I look upon little ones as Villages. As we drew nearer to *Olmedo*, we perceiv'd a great number of People were gather'd together; and when we came up to them, found three Tents set up at a distance from each other, in which were Cooks and Butlers making ready for a Feast. Some were preparing Boil'd Meat and Roast Meat: Others Pies and Fricassees: Others filling Bottles: Others washing Glasses. What I took most particular Notice of, was a great Stage built in the middle of the Place, adorn'd with painted Paper, on which were several Motto's in *Greek* and *Latin*. The Barber no sooner spy'd the Inscriptions, than he cry'd, The *Greek* there smells very much of my Uncle *Thomas*. I'll lay a Wager 'tis his Doing: For between you and me, he's a Person of great Ability. He can say an infinite Number of College Books by heart. The worst of it is, he's ever repeating 'em in all Companies, which every one is not pleas'd with. My Uncle has, more than this, Translated the *Latin* Poets, and *Greek* Authors. He's Master of Antiquity, as may be seen by the fine Remarks he has made. If it had not been
for

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for him, we should not have known that in the City of *Athens* Children cry'd when they were whipp'd. We owe that Discovery to his profound Erudition.

When my Comrade and I had made our Observations on what we had seen, we were curious to know for what were such Preparations. We were about enquiring, when *Diego* spy'd his Uncle Signor *Thomas de la Fuente*, who it seems had the ordering of the Feast. We ran up to him; but the Schoolmaster did not at first know his Nephew *Diego*, so much was he alter'd in Ten Years time. But finding at last it was the same, he embrac'd him very affectionately, and cry'd, Ah, my dear Nephew! Art thou come once more to the Place of thy Nativity? Wilt thou again revisit thy Household Gods? And art thou restor'd safe and sound to thy Family? Oh, thrice and four times happy Day! a Day worthy a Place among the Red-letter'd in the Calendar. I have abundance of News, Friend, to tell thee. Thy Uncle *Pedro*, the Wit, is become the Victim of *Pluto*. He dy'd three Months ago. The Miser in his Life-time was ever afraid that

that he should want Necessaries. He had great Pensions from several Grands, and yet he spent but ten Pistoles a Year for his Maintenance. He had a Valet, but he starv'd him as well as himself. He was more mad than the Greek *Aristippus*, who order'd his Slaves to throw away his Riches in the Desert of *Lybia*, as things that were Incumbrances. Thy Uncle was continually heaping up Gold and Silver. For whom? For Heirs he would never look upon. He dy'd worth Thirty thousand Ducats, which thy Father, thy Uncle *Bertrand*, and I have divided among us. We can now provide for our Children. My Brother *Nicholas* has already dispos'd of thy Sister *Theresa*. She is newly married to one of our Alcaldes, *Connubio junxit stabili, propriamque dicabit*. 'Tis for her Wedding that this Festival is going to be kept. It is we that have set up these Tents here for the Three Heirs of *Pedro*; each of us has one, and each pays the Expence of a Day. I wish thou had'st come sooner, to have seen the Beginning of our Rejoycings. The Day before Yesterday, which was that of the Wedding, thy Father was at the Expence :

pence: He gave a noble Entertainment, and the Company ran at the Ring afterwards. Yesterday the Mercer bore the Charge, and diverted us with a Pastoral Comedy. He dress'd up ten handsome Boys and Girls like Shepherds and Shepherdesses. He us'd all the Points and Ribbands in his Shop to equip 'em. They danc'd and sung most part of the Day: But tho' they perform'd their Parts very dexterously, yet the People were not very much taken with it. I find Pastoral is out of doors.

This Day's Expence is to be mine; and I have provided a Show of my own Invention, to entertain the Townsmen of Almedo. *Finis coronat Opus.* I have caus'd a Stage to be rais'd, upon which, God willing, my Disciples shall represent a Piece compos'd by myself, intitul'd, *The Amusements of Mulei Bugentuf King of Morocco.* 'Twill be extremely well play'd; for my Scholars pronounce as well as the Actors of Madrid. They are Youths of *Penafiel* and *Segovia*, who board at my House. Excellent Actors! Indeed I have taken some Pains with them: What they say, will be done matterly, *ut ita dicam.* As to

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to the Piece itself, I shall say nothing. I will have the Pleasure of the Surprise. All I shall observe to thee on that Head, is, that 'twill transport the Spectators. 'Tis one of those Tragical Subjects that move the Soul by Images of Death; for I am of the same Opinion with *Aristotlet*, that Poets should excite Terror. Well, if I had wrought for the Stage, I would have brought nothing on it but bloody Princes and murdering Heroes. I would have bath'd myself in Blood. I would not only have kill'd the principal Persons in my Plays, but even the Guards themselves. I would have cut the Throat of the Candle-Snuffer. In fine, I love the *Terrible*. 'Tis my *Gout*, Those kinds of Poems always take. They bring many to the House, and get the Authors Fame.

While he was speaking, we spy'd a great Croud of People coming out of the Town: They were the New-married Couple, attended by their Relations and Friends. Twelve Fiddlers went before, and made a horrid Noise with their Discord. We met them; and *Diego* discover'd himself to the Company, who shouted for Joy. Every body was eager

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eager to accost him. He had something to do to receive all their Civilities in a civil manner. All his Relations and all that were present embraced him. After which his Father said, Thou art welcome, *Diego*; thou findest thy Parents somewhat better in the World than when thou left'st them. I shall explain my self farther another time. Then the Company proceeded into the *Plam*, entred the Tents, and sat down at the Tables which were prepared for them. I did not leave my Companion. We both din'd with the Bridegroom and Bride, who seem'd to be well match'd. Dinner held a long while, because the Schoolmaster had the Vanity to order three Courses to be serv'd up, that he might out-do his Brethren, who had not come off so magnificently. After Dinner all the Guests express'd a great Impatience to see *Signor Thomas's* Piece represented, not doubting, said they, but the Production of so fine a Genius must be well worth hearing. We drew near the Theatre, where all the Fiddlers sat in a readiness to play between the Acts. Every one was silent, in expectation of the Opening the Play. At last the Actors appeared on the
the

the Stage; as did also the Author, with the Poem in his Hand. He had reason to say the Piece was Tragical; for in the first Act the King of *Morocco*, by way of Recreation, kills a hundred *Moorish* Slaves, shooting at them with his Bow and Arrows. In the Second he cuts off the Heads of Thirty *Portuguese* Officers, whom one of his Captains had made Prisoners of War. And in the Third, this Monarch, weary of his Wives, sets Fire to the Palace wherein they were lodg'd, and reduc'd both it and them to Ashes. The *Moorish* Slaves and the *Portuguese* Officers were Figures made of Reed very artfully; and the Palace was compos'd of Paper, which, when 'twas set a fire, there were a Thousand doleful Cries that seem'd to issue from amidst the Flames. This finish'd the Piece; and all the Field rang with the Applauses which so fine a Tragedy met with. This justified the good Taste of the Poet; and shew'd that he knew how to make a good Choice of his Subjects.

I thought there was nothing more to be seen, if the *Amusements of Mulei Bur.*

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Bugentuf were over; but I was mistaken. There were Prizes to be distributed. For *Thomas*, to render the Entertainment the more solemn, had caus'd some of his Scholars to make Exercises, which they were to read to the Auditory that had heard the Play; and those that did best were to have Books given them, which he had purchas'd with his own Money at *Segovia*.

Two Benches were therefore brought on the Stage, and a Case of Books very neatly Bound. All that were to perform came up to Signor *Thomas*, who stood as stiffly as the President of a College. He had a Paper in his Hand, wherein was written the Names of those that were to carry off the Prizes. He gave the first to the King of *Morocco*, who read his Part with a loud Voice. Each Scholar, as he was nam'd, went respectfully to receive a Book of the Pedant. He then was Crown'd with Laurel, and made to sit down on one of the two Benches, expos'd to the View of the admiring Spectators. As desirous as the Schoolmaster was

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was to send away the all Company contented, he could not accomplish it. For having distributed all the Prizes among certain Youths whose Parents paid him best, the Mothers of some of the neglected Scholars took fire, and accused the Pedant of Partiality. Thus this Feast, which had till then done him so much Honour, was like to end like that of the *Lapiber*.

The End of the Second Book.



THE



THE
HISTORY
OF
GIL BLAS
OF
SANTILLANE.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

*Of Gil Blas's Arrival at Madrid, and
the First Master he serv'd in that
City.*

I Sraid some time with the young Bar-
ber; and hearing there was a Mer-
chant in *Olmedo*, who was going to
Segovia from *Valladolid* with four light
Vol. I. M Mules,

Mules, I got into his Acquaintance, and rode one of them to *Segovia*, where he invited me to his House; and kept me there two Days, so far was I got into his good Graces. When he found I was about to depart for *Madrid* by the Muletier, he gave me a Letter in charge, desiring me to deliver it with my own Hand, as 'twas directed. I took it, not knowing it was a Letter of Recommendation. However, I carried it to Signor *Matheo Melendez* a Linen Draper at *Madrid*; who had no sooner read the Contents of it, but he said very obligingly to me, Signor *Gil Blas*, *Pedro Palacio* my Correspondent writes to me in your Favour so pressing, that I must beg of you to take a Lodging at my House. He has also desired me to help you to a good Place, which I shall with pleasure endeavour to do, not doubting of succeeding in it to your Content.

I accepted of *Melendez's* Offer with the more Joy, for that my Finances grew daily less and less. I was not however a Burthen to him long. When I had been with him Eight Days, he told me he had just been recommending me to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who wanted a Valet de Chambre, and he

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he believ'd he would take me. The Gentleman came himself soon after. Signor, says *Melendez*, pointing to me, you see there the Young Man I spoke to you about. He's a sober Lad, and I'll answer for his Honesty. The Gentleman look'd fixedly upon me, and said my Physiognomy pleas'd him, and that he would hire me for his Servant. Come along with me, continued he, I'll shew you what you must do. So bidding the Merchant Good-morrow, he led me to the broad Street near St. Philip's Church. We went into a pretty good House, of which he took up one Wing. We mounted a Stair-case of six Steps, and came to a Room which had two Doors, one within another; the first had a little Lattice Window. Thro' that Room we pass'd into another, where was a Bed and other Furniture, rather neat than rich.

As my new Master had made his Observations of me at *Melendez's*, so did I also in my turn examine him with a great deal of Attention. He was above Fifty Years old; had a grave, reserv'd Look, but withal there was good Nature in it; and his Temper answer'd his Aspect. He ask'd me several Que-

tions about my Family. And my Account of my self giving him Satisfaction; *Gil Blas.* says he, I take thee to be a sensible Youth, and am glad I have met with thee: Thou shalt thy self have no reason to be sorry. I will allow thee Six Reals a Day for thy Wages and Board, besides the Vails thou wilt have in my Service. 'Tis no hard Matter to please me. I don't eat at Home. All thou wilt have to do, is, to brush my Cloaths in the Morning, to dress me, and the rest of the Day is thy own; only take care to be at home early in the Evening, and stay for me at my Door. I require no more of thee. Having thus told me my Business, he took Six Reals out of his Pocket, and gave me for the Use before-mentioned; after which, we went out of the House again. He lock'd the Doors, and took the Keys with him. Friend, said he, do not follow me. Go whither thou wilt; but let me find thee on the Stairs when I come home at Night. Saying this, he left me to spend the rest of the Day as I thought fit.

Thou hast got a rare Master, *Gil Blas*, said I to my self. Six Reals a Day for Brushing his Cloaths, and Dressing him
a Morn-

Chap. I. of GIL BLAS. 245

a Mornings, the rest of thy Time all thy own! This is the easiest Place sure that over Man had. No wonder I was so desirous to see *Madrid*. My good Genius put me upon it. I cannot be happier in my Circumstances. I walk'd up and down the City all Day, looking upon every thing that was new to me, and that was not a little. In the Evening I supp'd at an Eating-house in our Neighbourhood; and then went to the Place where my Master order'd me to wait for him. He came three quarters of an Hour after me, and seem'd well pleas'd to find me so punctual. 'Tis very well, says he; I love that Servants should be exact to a Minute. At these Words he open'd the Doors of his Apartment, and afterwards lock'd them upon us. It being dark, he took a Tinderbox, struck a light, and lighted a Candle. I then help'd to undress him. When he was a-bed, I put a Candle in his Chimney, as he bad me, and took the other with me into the Anti-chamber, where I lay in a Bed without Curtains. He rose the next Day between Nine and Ten. I brush'd his Cloaths. He gave me six Reals, and dismiss'd me till Night. When he went out, I observ'd

that he took great Care to fasten his Doors. We saw one another no more till Night. Such was our Way of Living, which I thought was very pleasant. But the pleasantest of it all was, that I did not know my Master's Name. Melendez knew it not himself, he having no more knowledge of him, than that he us'd to come to his Shop, and buy Linen of him. Our Neighbours could not satisfy my Curiosity any better. They all told me my Master was a Stranger to them, tho' he had liv'd in those Lodgings Two Years; that he kept Company with no body thereabouts: And some of them, who were apt to judge too rashly, concluded thence, that he was not so good as he should be. They went farther afterwards, and suspected him to Be a Spy for the King of Portugal; bidding me take care of my self. I was mightily troubled at what they said, for fear, if it should happen to be true, I might perhaps visit some of the Dungeons in *Madrid*. As innocent as I was, I could not help being afraid. My past Misfortunes render'd the Magistracy terrible to me. I had twice had Experience, that if it did not murder the Innocent, it had at least

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no regard to the Laws of Hospitality; and that it was always a sad thing to fall into its Hands. I consulted Melendez on so nice an Occasion. He could not tell what to advise me. Tho' he did not think my Master was a Spy, yet he knew not what else to make of him. I resolv'd to observe him, and to leave him, if I found him an Enemy to the State. But I thought to myself, I liv'd so easily, that I ought to be very sure of it. To this end I examin'd strictly all his Actions; and to sift him, said one Night, as I was undressing him, I know not, Sir, how a Man can live so as to avoid evil Tongues. 'Tis a vile World; and some of our Neighbours are as bad as any in it; they deal altogether in Scandal. You can't imagine how they talk of you. Well, *Gil Blas*, replied he, and what can they say of me? Malice, answer'd I, never wants Matter. Virtue it self is often turn'd to its Purpose. Our Neighbours say we are dangerous People; that the Court ought to have an Eye upon us. In a Word, you pass, Sir, for the King of Portugal's Spy. Saying this, I look'd on my Master as *Alexander* did on his Physician, and made use of all my Penetration to see

whether I could discover any thing. I fancy'd I perceiv'd some Alteration in my Patron, which agreed well enough with the Conjectures of our Neighbours. He appear'd very pensive; but presently recovering himself, he said, with a great deal of Composure, *Gü Blas*, don't mind what our Neighbours say; it is not worth our troubling ourselves about it. Let 'em think as ill as they please of us, as long as we give them no Occasion for it.

He said no more, but went to Bed, and I did the same, not knowing what Judgment to make of him. The next Day, as we were preparing to go out, we heard a great Knocking at the Door. My Master open'd the innermost, and looking thro' the Lattice, he saw a Man well dress'd, who accosted him thus, Signor, I am the *Alquazil*, and am come to tell you that Monsieur the *Corregidor* desires to speak with you. What would he have with me? replied my Patron. The *Alquazil* answer'd, I don't know that; you'll soon be inform'd of it. I am his humble Servant, replied my Master; I have no Business with him. Saying this, he clapp'd the Door upon him very hastily, as if he did not much

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much like what the Alquazil said. He gave me my Six Reals, bidding me go, he would stay within that Morning, and had no farther Occasion of me. This made me judge that he was afraid of being apprehended, and to avoid it, kept at home. I left him; and to satisfy myself in the Matter, hid in a Place where I could see him when he went out. I was resolv'd not to stir till I saw what would come of it; and about an Hour after I observ'd him to come out with an Air of Assurance, which confounded my Suspicions, but did not cure me of them; for I had no very good Opinion of him. I imagined that his Looks were artificial; that he staid behind to carry off his Gold and Jewels, and perhaps was going to save himself by sudden Flight. I despair'd of seeing him again, and was in doubt whether I should wait for him at Night; but I alter'd my Mind, and went to my Post at the usual Hour. I was very much surpriz'd to see him return. He went to Bed without shewing the least Concern, and rose the next Day with the same Composure of Mind.

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While

While he was dressing himself, we heard a knocking at our Door, as it was the Day before. My Master look'd thro' the Lattice. He perceiv'd the Alcazill was there again, and demanded what he would have? Open the Door, replied the Alcazill; it is Monsieur the Corregidor. At so redoubled a Name my Blood chill'd in my Veins. I was curiously afraid of those Gentlemen ever since I had fallen into their Hands, and would gladly have been a hundred Leagues off *Madrid*. As for my Patron, he was not so frightened. He open'd the Door, and receiv'd the Judge with Respect. You see, says the Corregidor, I am not come with a Train after me. I would do what is to be done without making a Noise. As ill a Character as you have in this City, I think there is so much due to you, as you appear like a Gentleman. Pray, what's your Name, Sir? and what Business brought you to *Madrid*? My Lord, replied my Master, I am a Native of *New Castile*, and my Name is Don Bernard de Castil Blazo. As to my Business here, I walk about to see Plays, and divert my self daily with some pleasant Companions. You have doubtless, says the

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the Judge, a great Income. No, my Lord, answer'd my Patron, I have no Income at all, nor Lands, nor Houses. How do you live then? replied the Corregidor. I will shew you, says my Master: At these Words he lifted up the Hangings, open'd a Door that I had not observ'd before, and after that another within it, which led to a Closet, where was a great Chest full of Pieces of Gold. He desired the Judge to satisfy himself, and went on in this manner.

You know, my Lord, that the Spaniards don't love Labour: And of all the Spaniards in the World, I believe I love it least. I am so lazy that I can't bear any Employment. If I would turn my Vices into Virtues, I might call that Laziness a Philosophical Indolence: That 'twas the Effect of a Mind taken off from the Things which are most desired by Men. But I must own that I am lazy by my Complexion, and so lazy, that if I were to work for my Living, I should starve. That I might live according to my Humour, and save the Trouble of a Steward, I turn'd all my Estate, which consisted of several considerable Inheritances, into Money. That Money.

Money is in this Chest, above Fifty thousand Ducats, which are more than I shall want, if I live to an hundred Years old, being now near threescore. And I spend but a Thousand a Year. I am not solicitous for the future, because, thank my Stars, I am no ways addicted to the three Things that commonly run in Men. I don't love Feasting nor Gaming, and have done with Women. I am not one of those old Coxcombs that doat on the Sex when the Season is past, and shall never be at any Charge to purchase their Favours.

You are a happy Man, says the Corregidor. They injur'd you who took you to be a Spy. A Man of your Temper is by no means fit for it. Live on in your Way, Don Bernard, added he; instead of giving you any Disturbance, I will hereafter be your Defender, and desire your Friendship, and I offer you mine. My Lord, cry'd my Master, I accept with Joy and Respect so obliging an Offer. By giving me your Friendship, you add to my Wealth, and make my Happiness compleat. The Alguazil and I heard this Conversation in the next Room. Don Bernard could hardly sell how to return the extraordinary Civilities

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Civillitie of the Corregidor: And my Master's Example put me upon exerting my self to do Honour to the Alcaquil. I made him a hundred low Bows; tho' at the bottom, I had that Contempt and Aversion for him, which every honest Man has naturally for an Alcaquil.

CHAP. II.

The Surprise Gil Blas was in to meet Captain Rolando at Madrid: And several curious Things related to him by that Robber.

DON Bernard de Castil Blazo having waited upon the Corregidor to the Street, return'd immediately to see that his Chest was fast, and his Doors well lock'd: We then went out both of us much better satisfied than we were before, Don Bernard having the Corregidor to his Friend, and I being secure of my Six Reals a Day. I resolv'd to go and tell this Adventure to Melendez; and as I drew near his House, I spy'd Captain Rolando. I was in a dreadful Surprise, and could

could not help trembling at Sight of him. He knew me again, came up to me very gravely, and keeping still his Air of Superiority, order'd me to follow him. I shook all the while, and obeyed him in my Fright. He'll pay my old Reasoning, said I to myself: Whither will he carry me? Perhaps there is some subterranean Habitation in this City also. Egad, if I thought so, I would let him see that I have not the Gout in my Toes. I walk'd behind him, observing narrowly at what Place he stopp'd, resolving to run for it, if I did not like it.

Rolando rid me of my Fears, by entering a famous Tavern. I followed him. He called for the best Wine, and bid the Landlord get Dinner. While Dinner was preparing, Captain Rolando began his Discourse to me, thus: Thou may'st well wonder, *Old Blas*, to see thy old Commander here; and thy Wonder will be increas'd, when thou hearest what I am going to tell thee. The Day I left thee in our subterranean Dwelling, while I and my Companions went to *Manilla*, to sell the Mules and the Horses we took the Day before, we met the Corregidor of *Lea's* Son. In his

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his Coach, attended by four Men on Horseback, well arm'd. We kill'd two of them, and the other two fled. The Coachman, afraid of his Master's Life, cry'd, Ah, Signors, For God's sake don't murder the only Son of the Corregidor of Leon. These Words, instead of gaining the Pity of my Cavaliers, enraged them against the Son of the Corregidor. Don't let the Son of a mortal Enemy of our Fellows escape us, said one of my Companions. How many of our Profession has he slaughter'd? Let us be reveng'd, and offer this Victim to their Majesties. The rest of my Cavaliers approv'd of his Speech; and my Lieutenant was preparing to act the Part of the High-Priest in this Sacrifice; when I held him by the Arm, and cry'd, Hold, why will you spill Blood, without Necessity? Let us be content with this Young Man's Purse, since he does not resist. It would be barbarous to cut his Throat. Besides, he is not accountable for his Father's Actions; and his Father does but his Duty when he condemns us to Death, as we do ours, when we ease Travellers of their Burthens.

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I interceded thus for the Contagidor's Son; and my Intercession was not ineffectual: We only took all the Money he had, and carried off with us the Horses of the two dead Men, which we sold, with the rest, at *Manfilla*. We return'd afterwards to our subterranean Habitation, where we arriv'd next Day a little before Light. We were very much surpriz'd to find the Trap-Door lifted up; and that Surprise of ours was still greater, when we found *Leonarda* ty'd to a Table. She told us what had pass'd, in two Words. We admir'd how thou could'st deceive us. We did not think thee capable of playing us such a Trick; and we forgave thee, for the Contrivance. As for us, as soon as we had untty'd our Cook, I order'd her to get us something good for to eat; and took my Comrades with me to see our Horses well look'd after. The old Negro, who had had nothing given him in four and twenty Hours, was almost in the Agony. We would fain have sav'd him, but he was too far gone, and appear'd so near his End, that we left the poor Dog as we found him. We ourselves went to Breakfast; and having satished our craving Appetites, slept
away

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away the rest of that Day. When we awoke, we heard from *Leonardo* that *Domingo* had breath'd his Last. So we carried him into the Vault, where thou may'st remember thou us'dst to lie, and buried him as formally as if he had had the Honour to have been one of our Companions.

Four or five Days after, as we were scouring the Road, we met three Troops of *St. Hermandad's* Officers at the Entrance of a Wood. We spy'd no more than one Troop at first, and despis'd them, tho' superior in Number to us. We attack'd them; and while we were engag'd, the two other Troops that had not yet come in Play, bore down upon us so warmly, that our Valour was of no Use to us. Our Lieutenant and two of our Cavaliers were kill'd on this Occasion. Myself and two more, which were all our Company, were surround- ed and taken. Two of the Troops of *St. Hermandad* conducted us to *Lean*; The third went to destroy our Retreat, which was found out in this manner: A Peasant of *Luceno* crossing the Forest in his Way home, by chance perceiv'd our Trap-Door lifted up, the same Day thou carriedst away the Lady. He sus- pected

perceiv'd that it was our Dwelling; and not having the Courage to enter, he contented himself to observe the Place, and make those Remarks by which he might find it again. He cut the Bark off some of the neighbouring Trees in several Places, and notch'd others all the Way from one Space to another, till he was out of the Wood. He then went to Leon to give Information of it to the Corregidor, who was the more pleas'd with it, because his Son had been lately robb'd by our Company. He presently got together those three Troops of St. *Hermandad's* Officers to apprehend us, and the Peasant was their Guide.

I was a Show for the Citizens of Leon, on my Arrival in that City. Had I been a Portuguese General, brought thither Prisoner of War, the People could not have flock'd about me more. Behold the famous Captain! cry'd they, the Terror of the Country: He deserves to be torn in pieces by Horses, and so do his Companions. We were brought before the Corregidor who began to insult me. Heaven, tir'd out with the Disorders of thy Life, says he, has given such a Rogue at last into my Hands.

My

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My Lord, replied I, if I have been guilty of Crimes, you cannot at least reproach me with the Death of your Son, I sav'd his Life: You should consider me a little for that. Sirrah, cry'd he, 'Tis not by such Rascals as thou art, that Men of Honour are oblig'd to act generously. But if I had a mind to save thee, the Duty of my Office will not let me. Having said this, he order'd us to be shut up in a Dungeon, where my Companions did not long languish; for at three Days end they were taken out to act a Tragical Part in the Market place. As for me, I remain'd in the Dungeon three Weeks, imagining that my Execution was defer'd to render it the more terrible, and I expected a new sort of Death. But the Corregidor then sending for me, said, Hear thy Sentence, Thou art discharged. Had it not been for thee, my only Son had been murder'd on the High-way. As I am his Father, I cannot in Gratitude forget that piece of Service: And as I am a Judge, not having it in my Power to pardon thee, I wrote to Court in thy Favour. I have procured a Pardon for thee, and thou may'st go where thou pleasest: But have a Care how thou offendest

offendest again. Let this happy Event instruct thee to leave off thy wicked Course of Life. What he said made an Impression upon me, and I departed for *Madrid*, with a Resolution to follow his Advice, and live peaceably in that City. I found my Father and Mother dead. Their Estate was in the Possession of an old Relation, who gave me such a kind of Account of it as Trustees generally do. I had no more than Three thousand Ducats, which perhaps was not a fourth part of what belong'd to me. But what should I do in that Case? I had got nothing by a Law-Suit. So I took it, and, to avoid Idleness, bought an Alquazil's Place. My Brethren would, out of Decency, have oppos'd my Admission, had they known my History. But by good Luck they either knew it not, or made as if they did not, which is all one. Indeed, in this Honourable Society it behoves every Body to hide his Actions as well as he can. Heaven be prais'd, we have nothing to say against one another on that score: The Devil take the best. Nevertheless, Friend, continues *Rolando*, to speak my whole Mind to thee, I do not at all like my Profession. It requires too much Tricking
and

Chap. 2. of GIL BLAS. 261

and Cunning for me. Here one can only commit private and subtle Rogueries. My first Trade was more to my *Gust*. My new one is safer, 'tis true; but the former is more pleasant, and I love Liberty. I am dispos'd to sell my Place, and take to the Mountains at the Source of the *Tagus*. I know there is a Retreat there, inhabited by a Band of *Catalans*, the bravest Fellows in the Kingdom. If thou wilt go with me, we'll add to the Company. I shall be Caprain's *Second*; and that they may make no Objection to thee, I'll assure them that I saw thee fight twice by my Side. I will wonderfully extol thy Valour. I will praise thee more than a General does an Officer whom he would have advanc'd. I'll take no notice of the Trick thou didst put upon us, lest they should suspect thee. They shall know nothing of that. Well, what say'st thou? Wilt thou follow me? I wait for thy Answer. Every one has his particular Inclinations, replied I: You are made for hardy Enterprizes, and I for a quiet, easy Life. I understand you, said he: The Lady you took from us has still the Possession of your Heart, and no doubt you live an easy Life with her
at

at Madrid. Confess, Monsieur *Gil Blas*, that you have her with you here; and live together on the Pistoles you carried off from our Under-ground Dwelling. I told him he was in an Error; and while we were at Dinner, related to him the Story of that Lady, and all that had happened to me since I left the Band. When we had din'd, he reviv'd his Discourse of the *Catalans*. He own'd that he resolv'd to join them, and again tempted me to go with him: But perceiving that I declin'd it, he gave me a stern Look, and said very gravely, Since thy Soul is so base as to prefer thy slavish Condition to the Honour of being admitted into a Company of brave Men, I abandon thee to the Poverty of thy Spirit. But hearken to what I say to thee, and keep it always in Memory. Forget what thou hast heard from me to day. Mention me to no body. If I hear thou dost so much as name me in Conversation — Thou know'st me, and that's enough. At these Words he call'd for the Reckoning, paid it, and we went our Way.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

He is dismiss'd the Service of Don Bernard de Castil Blazo, and enters into that of a Beau.

AS we were going out of the Tavern, and taking leave of one another, my Master pass'd by. He saw me, and I observ'd that he more than once cast his Eye upon the Captain. I imagin'd he he was surpriz'd to see me with such a sort of a Man; for the very Looks of him were enough to let one into his Character. He was tall, hard-visag'd; and tho' he was not ugly, yet he had something in his Face that was shocking, and had the Air of a Rogue.

I was not out in my Conjectures. I found at Night that Don Bernard's Head was full of the Captain, and that he was well dispos'd to believe every thing I knew of him, if I durst tell him. Gil Blas, says he, what tall Fellow was it that I met you with? An Alcazill, Sir, replied I, thinking that would have been

been sufficient to satisfy him. But he ask'd me several other Questions about him ; and observing that I was in some Confusion, occasion'd by *Ralando's* Threats, which were fresh in my Memory, he said no more, but went to Bed. Next Morning, when I had dress'd him as usual, he gave me Six Ducats instead of Six Reals, saying, There, Friend, I give thee that for this Day's Service. Go, find out another Master. I will not entertain a Valet that has got such an Acquaintance. I answer'd, in my Justification, that I knew this *Alquazil*, by having prescrib'd him Phylick, when I practis'd it at *Valladolid*. Very well, replied my Master, your Excuse is very fine ; but you should have made it last Night. I was cautious of doing it then, said I, for fear you should have been offended at it ; and that was the cause of my Confusion. Yes, yes, replied my Patron, you were very cautious, I did not think you had been so cunning, continu'd he, clapping me gently on the Shoulder, Go, Child, I dismiss you.

I went immediately to inform *Melendez* of this bad News. He heard me out, and said, Don't trouble thy self ; I'll help thee to a better Place. And accordingly,

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Accordingly a few Days after he inform'd me that he had got the best Master in *Madrid* for me. *Gil Blas*, cried he, thou little think'st thou art going to be so happy as I shall make thee. I have recommended thee to Don *Matthias de Silva*, a Man of the first Quality, one of those young Lords who go under the Denomination of *Beaux*. I have the Honour to be his Draper and Mercer. He buys Silks and Linen of me upon Tick, it is true; but we seldom lose by these Gentlemen in the End. They marry rich Heiresses or Widows, who pay their Debts for them; and if they don't, we charge their Goods at such Rates, that if we have one part in four, we come off pretty well. Don *Matthias's* Steward is my particular Friend. We'll go to him: He will present you to his Master; and you may depend upon it, He'll use you well, upon my Account.

As we were going to Don *Matthias's* Palace, the Draper said to me, Methinks it is very necessary that you should know the Character of the Steward. His Name is *Gregorio Rodrignez*. He was not worth a Groat, between you and I, when he first came into Business;

ness ; but finding he had a Genius for it, he pursu'd it, and has got a good Estate out of two round Families, in which he serv'd as Steward. I must tell you he's very vain, and will have the other Domesticks cringe to him. They must all apply themselves to him, if they want any Favour of their Master. For if they should obtain it without his Participation, he'll always contrive some Way or other to hinder its taking Effect. Do you govern yourself, *Gil Blas*, by this Rule therefore, and never fail to make your court to him, even more than to his Master. Try all Ways of getting into his good Graces. His Friendship will be of great Use to you. He'll pay you your Wages punctually, and do something more for you. If you please him, he may now and then give you a little Bone to pick, while himself secures the great ones. He does what he will. *Don Matthias* minds nothing but his Pleasures, He never looks into his Affairs. Is not that a rare House for a Steward ?

When we came to the Palace, we ask'd for Signor *Rodriguez*, and were told we should find him in his Apartment. He was there, and with him a kind of Pea-

sant

Chap. 3. of GIL BLAST 267

sant, with a blue Bag full of Pistoles. The Steward, who appear'd to be of a more fallow Complexion than a Girl worn out with Celibacy, met *Melendez* with open Arms. The Draper open'd his in like manner, and they embrac'd both with Demonstrations of Friendship, in which there was at least as much Art as Nature. Their Salutations over, they talk'd of me. *Rodriguez* having examin'd me from Head to Foot, said very civilly, I was exactly such a one as Don *Matthias* wanted, and that he would gladly undertake to present me to him. Upon this, *Melendez* let him know what a Kindness he had for me; praying the Steward to take me into his Protection. After which he left us together: And as soon as he was gone, says *Rodriguez*, I'll introduce you to my Master when I have dispatch'd this Countryman, of whom he took the blue Bag, saying, Let's see, *Talego*, whether the Money be right. He told out 500 Pistoles, and cry'd, 'Tis very well, the Sum is exact. Upon which he gave the Countryman an Acquittance, and sent him away. The Pistoles he put into the Bag again. Then addressing himself to me, said, Now we'll go to my Master's

Levee. He generally rises about Noon. 'Tis an Hour past, and I suppose he's got up. As the Steward said, we found him in his Morning-Gown, lolling in an Elbow Chair, his Leg over one Arm of it, and his Head over t'other, and his Nose full of Snuff. He was discoursing with a Footman who supplied the Place of a Valet. My Lord, says the Intendant, I take the liberty to present a young Man to you in the room of him you turn'd off the Day before Yesterday. *Melendez* your Draper will answer for him. He assures me the Lad has Merit; and I believe you'll be satisfied with him. 'Tis enough, replied the young Lord, that you bring him to me. I take him into my Service. He shall be my Valet de Chambre. That Business is done, *Rodriguez*, added he. I have something else to say to you. You are come very *à propos*. I was going to send for you. I have bad News to tell you, dear *Rodriguez*, I had ill Luck last Night. Besides the hundred Pistols I had of you, I lost 200 upon Honour. You know of what Consequence it is for Persons of Quality to discharge such a Debt. 'Tis indeed the only one that the Punctilio of Honour obliges us to pay

III.
Chap. 3. of GIL BLAS. 269

pay with Punctuality. As for the rest, they are not to be minded. You must therefore get me 200 Pistoles presently, and send them to the Countess of Pe-drosa. Sir, says the Steward, 'tis much easier to say it than do it. Where, an't please you, shall I find such a Sum? Your Tenants do not bring me a Maravedi, tho' I threaten them hard. I must take care of your Family, whatever is done for't; and they suck my very Blood to answer the Expence. Nether-to I have gone thro' with it; but I can't hold out longer without a Miracle. All that you say signifies nothing, cries Don Matbias, interrupting him. Your Particularities serve only to vex me. Don't think, *Rodriguez*, that I'll change my Course of Life, or take care of my Estate. A fine Employment that for a Man of Pleasure as I am. Truly, Sir, replied *Rodriguez*, as Matters go, I foresee you will soon have that Care taken off your Hands. You tease me to Death, says the young Lord, a little hastily. Let me ruin myself without knowing it. I tell you I must have 200 Pistoles. I must have them. I will go again to the little Old Man, who has already lent you so much at Interest, re-plies

plies *Rodriguez*, I don't care whom you go to, says *Don Matthias*, for I have the Money. Go to the Devil for't, if you will.

As he was speaking these Words, hastily and angrily, the Steward went out, and a Young Man of Quality, call'd *Don Antonio Casteles*, enter'd. What's the Matter, Friend, says the latter to my Master? You are cloudy, and seem in a Passion. Who has put you into such an ill Humour? I'll lay a Vager 'tis the Man I met. Yes, replied *Don Matthias*; it is my Steward. Every time I speak to him, it is always thus. He will be talking of my Affairs to me. He tells me I shall eat myself out of House and Home. A Wretch! — He'll lose nothing by it, however it goes. I am just in the same Case, cries *Don Antonio*. I have such another impertinent Steward. When the Coxcomb, after my repeated Orders, brings me any Money, he does it as if he gave it to me. He is full of his Advice. Sir, cries he, you'll undo yourself. Your Rents are seiz'd, I am forc'd to interrupt him, and cut him short in his Discourse. The worst of it is, says *Don Matthias*, we cannot do without these Men. They are a necessary Evil. They are so, replies

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replies *Contelles*. But hold; I have one of the pleasantest Thoughts come into my Head that ever Man had. With that he burst out into a Fit of loud Laughter; and then continued, Nothing can be better contriv'd. We'll turn these serious Scenes into comick, and divert ourselves with what has so much vex'd us. 'Tis this: I will demand of your Steward as much Money as you have occasion for. Do you do the same by mine. Let them then lecture us as much as they please, we shall hear them with Indifference. Your Steward shall bring me his Accounts. My Steward shall do the same by you. You will hear of nothing but my Extravagances. I shall hear of nothing but of yours. I will be a pretty Frolick, will it not?

They both tickled themselves with the Thoughts of it; and were laughing at it, when their Mirth was interrupted by *Gregorio Rodriguez*, who return'd, follow'd by a little old Man that had scarce a Hair upon his Head, so bald was he. Don Antonio would have gone. Adieu, Don *Matthias*, says he; we shall see one another again by and by. I leave you with these Gentlemen. You have doubtless some Business of Consequence together.

gether. No, no, reply'd my Master, stay, this sage old Person is an honest Man who lends me Money at 20 per Cent. How! 20 per Cent. cries Centelles, in a Surprise: You light of honest Men than I do. I am forc'd to pay dear for every Penny I borrow: 40 per Cent. is my Common Rate. Extortion! says the old Usurer. What Rogues they are? Don't they think there's another World? I do not wonder People fall so much at Usury. 'Tis the Exorbitancy of it that makes it so dishonourable. If all my Brethren were like me, we should not be decry'd so much. For my part, I generally lend my Money only to do my Neighbour a Kindness. Ah! if the Times were as they have been, I would offer you my Purse without Interest; and as bad as they are now, I can hardly in my Conscience take even so little as 20 per Cent. But they say there is no Silver in the Mines; that the Bowels of the Earth are drain'd of it; and it's Scarcity makes me encroach upon Morality. How much do you want? continued he, addressing himself to my Master. Two hundred Pistoles, replied Don Matthias. I have Four hundred in a Bag, says the Usurer. You may have half

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half of them. Saying this, he pull'd a blue Bag from under his Cloak, which seem'd to me to be the very Bag in which the Peasant *Talego* brought the Five hundred Pistoles to *Rodriguez*. I guess'd immediately what was the Meaning of it; and soon after perceiv'd that *Melendez* had not misinform'd me, when he boasted of the Steward's Dexterity. The Old Man empty'd the Pistoles on the Table; the Sight of which made my Master greeily of all. He was smitten with the Totality of the Sum. *Signor Discomulgado*, says he to the Usurer, I have thought better of it, and find myself to be a Blockhead. I ask'd to borrow only what I had pass'd my Word for, not thinking that I had not a Penny in my Purse. I will take the whole Four hundred Pistoles, to save the Trouble of sending for you again. I intended, replied the Usurer, to lend part of this Money to a Clergyman, who has enter'd some Maidens in a Nunne-ry, and is about furnishing their Lodgings for 'em; but since you have occasion for all of it, 'tis at your Service. All you have to do, is, to provide Security. As for Security, says *Rodriguez*, interrupting him, and taking a Paper out of his

his Pocket, you shall have very good. Signor Don *Matthias* need only sign this Bill; 'twill entitle you to Five hundred Pistoles upon *Talega*, a rich Peasant of *Mandejar*. 'Tis very well, replies the Usurer: I am not very difficult. Then the Steward presented a Pen to my Master; who, without reading it, set his Name to the Bill, whistling all the while he was writing.

This Affair over, the old Man bad my Master Adieu. Don *Matthias* ran and embrac'd him, crying, Till next Time, Signor *Desconulgado*, I am yours. I can't imagine why they should treat Murders as Rascals. I think you are Men necessary to the State. You are the Consolation of a Thousand Heirs, and the Resource of all the Lords, whose Expence exceeds their Income. Very true, says *Castiles*; the Usurers are Men of Honour, who cannot be too much honour'd. Let me also embrace this worthy Person, for the sake of his 20 per Cent. Saying this, he approach'd the Old Man to hug him: and these two Beaux push'd him from one to t'other, by way of Diversion, as a Ball is stricken at Tennis. After they had done with him, the Steward who deserv'd it as much

much as he, and a great deal more, took him away. They were no sooner gone, than Don *Matthias* sent the 200 Pistoles to the Countess of *Pedrosa*, by the Lackey that was in the Room with me. The other 200 Pistoles he put up in a long Silk Purse, which he usually carried about with him. Being highly pleas'd to find himself so well in Cash, he demanded with a great deal of Gayety of Don *Antonio*, What shall we do to Day? Let us consult. You talk like a Man of Sense, replies *Centelles*; let us deliberate upon the Matter. While they were considering it, two other Lords enter'd the Chamber, Don *Alexio Segiar*, and Don *Fernand de Gombao*, both of them near about the same Age with my Master, who was Twenty eight or Twenty nine Years old. These Four Gentlemen embrac'd as if they had not seen one another in ten Years before. After which Don *Fernand*, who was a Boon Companion, said, addressing himself to my Master, Where do you dine to Day? If you are not engag'd, I'll carry you to a Tavern where you shall drink the Liqueur of the Gods. I sup'd there, and did not come away till between five and six this Morning.

Would

Would to Heav'n, cry'd my Master, I had done the same, I should not have lost my Money then. For my Part, said Centeller, I found out a New Diversion last Night. I love change in my Pleasures. Nothing but Variety can render Life agreeable. One of my Friends carried me to the House of a Custom-house Officer; a Set of Men who do their own and the State's Business together. Every thing was magnificent, and the Entertainment very elegant: But the Master of the House had something in him extremely ridiculous. Tho' he was but an ordinary Fellow at the Beginning, he pretended mightily to Quality, and his Wife to Beauty, tho' she was horribly ugly. They had both a *Biscayan* Brogue in their Talk, which made the silly things they said still more pleasant. Their Children, in number five or six, with their Preceptor, were all set to Table. Judge you what their Breeding was.

I supp'd, cries Don *Alexis Segiar*, with the Actress *Arsenia*. We were six of us, *Arsenia*, *Florimonda*, with a Coquet, a Friend of hers, the Marquis de *Zenta*, Don *Juan de Alencado*, and
your

Chap. 4. of GIL BLAS. 877

your Servant. We spent the Night in Drinking, and Talking merrily. What Pleasure was it? 'Tis true, *Arfelia* and *Florimonde* are not over-stock'd with Wit; but then they are wanton Jades, and that's as good as witty. They are brisk, frolicksome Wretches: And I love 'em a thousand times better than your prim, precise Dames that plague themselves of Sense and Virtue.

CHAP. IV.

How Gil Blas became acquainted with Valets belonging to Beaux.. An admirable Secret they taught him to acquire the Reputation of a Man of Wit: And the singular Oath they made him take.

THESE Lords continued to divert themselves in this manner, till Don *Matthias*, whom I was all the while dressing, was ready to go out with them. He then bad me follow him; and all these Four Rakes went together to the Tavern *Don Fernand de Gambos*

Gentles had propos'd to them. I march'd behind them, with three other Valets; for each of those Gentlemen had one. I observ'd with Astonishment, that each of those Valets copied after his Master, and gave himself the same Airs. I saluted them as their new Comrade. They returned my Salute: And one of them, after having look'd some time stedfastly upon me, said, I perceive, Brother, by your Air, that you have never yet serv'd a young Lord. No, replied I; I have not been long in *Madrid*. So I thought, said he, you have a Country Look still: You seem timorous and confus'd. You don't know how to behave yourself. But no Matter; we shall make something of you. You flatter me, replied I. No, no, says he; there's no Man such a Blockhead, but we can improve him. Depend upon it we'll do your Business for you.

He need say no more to give me to understand that I had a Company of rare Sparks for my Brother Valets; and that I could not have fallen into better Hands to learn my Trade. At our coming to the Tavern, we found an Entertainment prepar'd for them. Signor Don

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Don *Fernand* had bespoke it in the Morning. Our Masters sat down to Table, and we stood ready to serve them. They were extremely pleasant all the while they were at Dinner; and I took great Delight to hear them talk. Their Character, their Thoughts, and Expressions diverted me. What Fire! What Fancy! They seem'd to me to be a new Species of Men. After the Desert was brought in, we spread the Table with Bottles of the most excellent Wine; and left them, to go to Dinner ourselves, in a Room where the Cloth was laid on purpose for us.

I soon found that the Cavaliers of my Fraternity had more Merit than I at first imagin'd. They were not contented with assuming the Manners of their Masters; they affected the Language also: And these Rogues imitated them so well, that there was no Difference, except the Quality Air. Their Air was free and easy. I was charm'd with their Wit, and despair'd of ever becoming so agreeable as they were. Don *Fernand's* Valet, because his Master treated the others, had the Management of the Feast: And that we might

might want nothing, call'd the Land-
lord, and said, Master *Andreo Mantano*,
give us ten Bottles of your most excellent
Wine; and, as you are us'd to do, put
them down in our Masters Reckoning.
With all my Heart, replied the Host;
But Master *Gasper*, added he, you know
Signor Don *Fernand* owes me a great
many Reckonings already. If by your
Means I could touch a little Money. Oh,
Sir, answer'd the Valet, don't be in any
Pain on that Score. I'll answer for him.
My Master's Debrs are as good as old
Gold. 'Tis true, some ill bred Creditors
have seiz'd our Rents; but we shall put
them in a little while, sell our Estates,
and clear off all, without enquiring
into the Particulars of your Bill. *Mantano*
brought the Wine, notwithstanding
the Rents were seiz'd; and we
drank it before the Creditors were
outed. We wasted one another's Healths
by the Surnames of our Masters. Don
Antonio's Valet call'd Don *Fernand's* Gen-
tleman, and Don *Fernand's* Valet call'd Don
Antonio's Centelles. My Name was *Silva*
with them; and we got as fuddled by
degrees, under those borrow'd Names,
as the Lords who bore them.

Tho'

Chap. II of GIL BLAS 381

I Tho' I was not so brilliant as my Brethren, they express'd themselves to be very well satisfied with me. Silas, said one of the loofest of 'em, we shall make something of thee. I find that thou hast a Genius at bottom; but thou dost not yet know how to use it. The fear of speaking ill, hinders thy speaking any thing in a venture; and I must tell thee, that 'tis by venturing any thing in Conversation, that Men now-a-days acquire the Name of Wits. Wouldst thou shine? Follow the Vivacity of thy Nature, and say every thing that comes uppermost. Thy Impudence will pass for a noble Boldness. If thou canst but crack one Jest among a hundred Impertinences, the foolish things thou say'st shall be taken no notice of; and thou shalt be deem'd a Man of Merit. This is what our Masters practise so successfully; and thus every Man should do that aims at the Reputation of a distinguish'd Wit.

Besides, that I had stor'd great Desire already to pass for a fine Genius, the Secret to succeed in it appear'd so easy to me, that I thought I ought not to neglect it. I made a Trial of it on the Spot, and the Wine I had drunk gave

SW

Success to the Experiment; that is, I talk'd right or wrong, whatever came into my Head; and had the good Fortune, among many Extravagances, to mingle some Points of Wit, which were mightily applauded. This Essay I'll do with Confidence. I redoubled my usual Vivacity, to produce some agreeable Sally; and Chance was so much my Friend, that my Efforts were not ineffectual.

So now, says one of my Brethren, the same that had spoke to me in the Street, Dost thou not begin to mope upon it? Thou hast not been within above two Hours, and thou art already another Creature. Thou wilt alter for the better more and more every Day. This it is to serve Persons of Quality. He raises the Mind. City Places do not do so. Without doubt, replied I, and hereafter I will dedicate my Services to the Nobility. Well said, cry'd Don Fernand's Valet, almost drunk. 'Tis not for Citizens to have such superior Genius's as we have. Let's take an Oath, Gentlemen, among our selves, never to serve such Fellows. Let us swear by Sky. We all laught at Casper's Thought; we applauded it; and every Man with his Glass in his Hand, took the Burlesque Oath.

We

Chap. 4. of GIL BLAS. 283

We sat at Table till it pleased our Masters to retire. 'Twas Midnight first. And my Brethren took it for an Excess of Sobriety that they went home so soon. Indeed these Lords went from the Tavern, only to visit a famous Coquet who liv'd in the Court Quarter, whose House was open Night and Day to Men of Pleasure. She was about Thirty five Years of Age. She wore extremely well, and was so agreeable in Company, that Otis said she sold the Remains of her Beauty, as dear as she did the First-Fruits. She had always with her two or three Coquets of the first Order, which drew a great Concourſe of Lords to her House. They gam'd in the Afternoon; they sup'd at Night, which they spent in drinking, and making themselves merry. Our Masters stay'd there till Morning. So did we, without being tir'd; for while they were with the Mistresses, we diverted our selves with the Maids. At last, when Day broke, we separated, and went each to his Rest. My Master, according to Custom, rose about Noon, dress'd himself, and went out. I waited upon him to the House of Don Antonio Cenzeller, where we found one Don Alvaro de Acuna,

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Alvar, an old Debaucher. All the young Men who would render themselves agreeable, put themselves into his Hands. He form'd them for Pleasure. He taught them how to shine in the World, and waste their Estates. He was not afraid of spending his. That Business was done long before. After the natural Embraces of these Gentlemen were over, *Cervantes* said to my Master, S'Dearth, Don *Matthias*, thou could'st not come hither more *apropos*. *Alvar* is come to carry me to dine with a Citizen who treats the Marguis de *Zenar*, and Don *Juan de Moncada* to day. Thou shalt go with us. What's the Citizen's Name? says Don *Matthias*. *Gregorio de Noriega*, replies Don *Alvar*; and I'll tell you in two Words what this young Man is. His Father, who is a rich Jeweller, is gone to trade in Jewels in foreign Countries, and left with him, when he went, a very good Income. *Gregorio* is a Coxcomb, who has a towardly Disposition to ruin himself, and set up for a Beau and a Wit, in spite of Nature. He has desir'd me to instruct him. I govern him; and can assure you, Gentlemen, I have put him in a right Way. His Income is already pretty well diminished.

Chap. 4. of GIL BLAS. 285

I don't doubt it, cry'd *Centelles*. I see him, methinks in an Alms-house. Come, *Don Matthias*, continued he, let us scrape Acquaintance with this Man, and contribute to his Ruin. With all my Heart, replied my Master; I love dearly to see those Mechanick Fops reduced, who pretend to our Airs and Manners. Nothing, for Example, pleas'd me better, than when the Collector's Son was so beggar'd by Gaming and Vanity, in making a Figure like a Lord, that he was forc'd to sell his House over his Head. As for him, replies *Antonis*, he does not deserve to be pitied. He's as great a Fop in his Misery, as he was in his Prosperity.

Centelles and my Master accompanied *Don Alvar* to *Gregorio Noviega's*. *Mogician* and I went with them, overjoyed that we were like to come in for Snips, and contribute also to the Citizen's Ruin. When we came there, we found several Men very busy in getting Dinner ready. The Fumes of the Ragouts were most grateful Odors to us. The *Marquis de Zenne*, and *Don Juan de Mancado* were just arriv'd. The Master of the House appear'd to be what *Alvar* said, a great Coxcomb. He, in vain, affected

affected to assume the Airs of a Beau. He was a wretched Copy of so excellent an Original; or rather a Blockhead that would fain have put himself off for a Man of Sense. Represent to yourself a Man of this Character, among five Sparks a rallying him, each of them making a Jest of him, and endeavouring to draw him into Extravagances. Gentlemen, says Don *Alvar*, after the first Compliments were over, I recommend Signor *Gregorio de Noniega* to you, for an accomplish'd Cavalier. He has a thousand fine Qualities. Do you know how he has improv'd himself? Put it to the Experiment. He is equally Master of all the Sciences, from Logick to Orthography. You do me too much Honour, says the Citizen, interrupting him with an awkward Smile; I could turn that Argument upon you, Signor *Alvar*; you, who are styl'd one of the Fountains of Learning. I did not think cry'd Don *Alvar*, that I should have drawn upon my self so witty a *Panegyrick*. But to say the Truth, Gentlemen, Signor *Gregorio* cannot fail of acquiring a Reputation in the World. As for me, cries Don *Antonio*, what I take to be most charming in him, and
before value

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value infinitely above his Orthography; is, the judicious Choice he makes of the Persons he frequents. Instead of confining himself to a City Conversation, he keeps Company with none but young Lords, not minding what a Charge it puts him to. This shows a Greatness of Soul, and that he knows how to spend his Estate with Delicacy and Discernment. These Ironical Discourses made way for a thousand of the same nature. They all fell upon poor Grogan; and he was such a Fool as not to perceive it. On the contrary, he took every thing to be meant as it was said; and was mightily pleas'd with his Guests. He even imagin'd that they did him a Favour, to turn him into Ridicule. In fine they play'd upon him all the while they were at Dinner. They staid with him all Day and all Night too. We drank what we would as well as our Masters, and were both in a handsome Pickle when we left him.

CHAP

CHAP. V.

*Old Blas sets up for a Gallant Man,
and gets Acquainted with a great
Girl.*

I Slept some Hours, and rose in a gay
Humour, Remembring the Advice
Alexander gave me: I went, while my
Master was yet asleep, to make my Com-
plaint to our Steward, who seem'd to take my
Respects very graciously. He ask'd me
how I lik'd this way of Living, and re-
ply'd, 'Twas new to me; but I did not
despair of accustoming myself to it,
which indeed I did effectually, and in
a little time too. I chang'd Humour,
and from grave became frolicsome.
Don Antonio's Valet complim'd me
on my Metamorphosis; and told me that
I wanted nothing now to finish me for
a Cavalier but an Affair of Gallantry,
which was absolutely necessary to ren-
der a young Man compleatly polite.
That all, our Comrades were belov'd
by

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by some fair Lady; and that he, for his part, was in the good Graces of two Ladies of Quality. I believ'd the Rascal ly'd. Monsieur Mogicon, says I, you are a jolly, handsome Fellow; but I can't understand how Women of Quality can fall in Love with a Man of your Condition. Oh! as for that, replied he, they don't know who I am. I make Conquests in my Master's Cloaths, and even with his Name, as thus: I am dress'd like a young Lord; I imitate the Manners of one; I go to the publick Places; I ogle all the Women I meet, till I fix on one that gives me Encouragement; I follow her, and get into Talk with her. I call myself Don Antonio Centelles. I demand an Assignment. The Lady seems coy. I press her. She complies, &c. &c. By this means, Child, continues he, I have Affairs of Gallantry upon my Hands; and I advise thee to follow my Example. I had too great a Desire to become a Gallant Man, not to take his Advice. Besides, I did not find any Repugnance in myself to an Amorous Intrigue. I design'd therefore to transform my self into a young Lord, and seek out some Gallant Adventures. I durst not disguise myself

myself in our Palace, for fear Notice should be taken of it. I took one of the finest Suits in my Master's Wardrobe, I bundled it up, and carried it to a Barber, a Friend of mine, where I might dress and undress myself commodiously. I made myself as fine as I could. The Barber assisted me in doing it. And when I thought we had done enough, I march'd toward the Walks of St. *Jerome*, where I doubted not but I should meet with more Opportunities than one to enter upon Gallantry. But before I got there, I light upon an Adventure, which I was wonderfully charm'd with. As I was crossing a Bye-street, I saw a Lady richly dress'd, and very well equip'd, go out of a little House into a Hackney-Coach, which waited at the Door. I kept to look after her, and saluted her in a way which shew'd I was not a little taken with her. She, on her part, to shew that she deserv'd my Attention, perhaps, more than I thought she did, lifted up her Veil for a Moment, and discover'd one of the prettiest Faces I ever saw. The Coach drove away, and I staid behind in the Emotion this Apparition had caus'd in my Breast. A lovely Creature.

said

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said I to myself; she'll furnish me, I'll warrant her. If the two Ladies that are in Love with *Mogican* are as handsome as this, he's a happy Dog. I should think myself so, if I had such a Mistress. As I was making these Reflexions, I chanc'd to cast my Eye at a Window of the House whence this amiable Person came, and perceived an Old Woman, who beckon'd to me to enter. I flew into it, and found the venerable, discreet Matron in a Parlour, neatly furnish'd. She took me for a Marquis at least; and saluting me very respectfully, said, I doubt not, my Lord, you have an ill Opinion of a Woman, who, without knowing you, made a Sign to you to enter the House; but you will alter it, perhaps, when you know that I deal with all the World in this free Way. You look to be a Court Lord. You judge well, my Dear, cry'd I, sheathing out my Right Leg, and falling away a little to the left, I may without Vanity say, I am of one of the best Families in *Spain*. You have the Air, replied she; and I must own I love to do good Offices to Persons of your Quality. 'Tis my *Foible*. I took notice of you at my Window, and ob-

serv'd you ogled a Lady who had just then parted with me. Do you like her? Tell me truly. Yes, cried I; I am smitten with her, upon my Honour. I never saw so charming a Creature. Bring us together, and depend upon my Gratitude. You have done Services of this kind for other Persons of my Quality, and know by that how well we are us'd to pay for them. I have told you, says she, that I am devoted to serve the Quality. I delight to be useful to them. I entertain here, for Example, certain Ladies, whom an Appearance of Virtue hinders from seeing their Gallants at Home. Very well, cry'd I; and 'tis probable you have been doing as much for the Lady we talk of. No, replied she, 'tis a young Widow of Quality, who is willing to have a Lover; but she is so nice, I cannot tell whether you would succeed, whatever may be your Merit. I have already recommended three very likely Gentlemen, but she has refus'd them all. 'Sdeath! my dear, said I, with an Air of Confidence, do but bring me into her Company once, and I'll answer for the rest; I want to have some Dialogue with so nice a Lady.

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I never yet met with one too nice for me. Well then, answer'd the Old Woman, Come hither to morrow at this Time, and you shall satisfy your Curiosity. I will not fail, replied I. We shall see whether a young Lord may not pretend to a Conquest.

I return'd thence to the Barber's, without looking out for other Adventures, and very impatient to see the End of this. The next Day, when I had adjusted myself to the best Advantage, I went at the time appointed to the Old Woman's. My Lord, says she, you are punctual, and I am glad of it. The Business is worth the Trouble. I have seen our young Widow; and we have had a great deal of Discourse about you. I was bid not to speak of it; but I am so much your Friend, that I can't help it. She is as much taken with you, as you are with her; and you are in a fair Way to be happy. Between you and me, this Lady is a choice Bit. Her Husband did not live long with her. He was but a sort of a Shadow. She is as good as a Virgin. The Old Woman meant without doubt, one of her Virgins, who know how to pass their Celibacy without wanting

O 3

Huf-

Husbands. The Heroine of the Affignation arriv'd soon after in a Hackney Coach. Assoon as she came into the Hall, I accosted her with five or six foppish Bows; and then approaching her very familiarly, said, My Princels, behold a Lord that's taken in your Snare. Your Image has not been out of my Mind ever since I saw you Yesterday; and you have driven out a Dulness that had began to take footing there. The Triumph is too glorious for me, replied she, lifting up her Veil; but I must not rejoyce too much. Young Lords love change; and nothing is so hard to keep as a Courtier's Heart. Ah! my Queen, cry'd I; if you please, let's leave that to the future, and think now of the present. You are Fair; I am in Love. If my Love is agreeable to you, let us engage without Reflexion: Let us embark like Mariners, and not dread the Dangers of the Sea. Let us think only of Pleasure. At these Words I threw myself at her Feet in a Transport of Joy; and to imitate the *Beaux*, I press'd her very petulantly to consent to my Happiness. She seem'd to be complying; but would not yield at the first Meeting: So she push'd me back:

Hold

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Hold, cry'd she, you are too forward; you act like a Rake: I am afraid you are a young Debauchee. Puh, Madam, said I, do you hate what all Women that are not Vulgar love. None but Citizens are afraid of a Rake. Your Reasons, reply'd she, are too powerful to be resisted. I perceive 'tis to no Purpose to dissemble with you young Lords. All Women must come half way. Know therefore, the Victory you have gain'd; continued she, with seeming Confusion, as if her Modesty had been injur'd by that Confession, you have inspir'd me with Sentiments I never felt before; and I want nothing now but to know who you are, to make me chuse you for my Lover. I take you to be a young Lord, and a Man of Honour: However, I am not sure of it; and disprejudiced as I am in your Favour, I will not give myself to one I don't know.

I call'd to mind in what manner Don Antonio's Valet told me he us'd to extricate himself out of such Difficulties; and resolving, like him, to pass for the Master; Madam, says I to my Widow, I shall make no Scruple to tell you my Name. It is too noble for a Man to be ashamed of it. Did you ever

hear talk of Don *Mathias de Silva*?
 Yes, replied she, I have seen him, as a
 Friend's of mine. As impudent as I
 was become, this Answer of her's puz-
 led me a little; but I recollected my
 self in a Moment, and put my Genius
 to the stretch to come off cleverly. Ah!
 my Angel, replied I, You know a Lord
 that I know also. I am of the same
 Family. His Uncle married a Sister in-
 law of an Uncle of my Father's. We
 are, as you see, very nearly related. My
 Name is Don *Gesler*. I am the only Son
 of the illustrious Don *Fernando de Re-
 ra*, who was kill'd fifteen Years ago in
 a Battle on the Frontiers of *Portugal*. I
 might give you a particular Account of
 the Action, which was very hot; but
 it would be to lose the Moments which
 are precious in Love; and may be em-
 ployed much more agreeably.

I became more pressing and passionate
 after this Discourse. My Princess was
 not at all mov'd by it. The Favours she
 gave me, only made me long for others
 which she refused. The cruel Creature
 left me in this Condition; went to her
 Coach, and drove away. Altho' I was
 not entirely happy, yet I was pleas'd
 with my good Fortune. If I have not
 obtain'd

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obtain'd the Favour I prest for, said I to myself, 'tis because my Goddess is a Lady of Quality, who would not appear forward, nor comply with my Desires at the first Interview. Her high Birth makes her delay my Joys for a few Days. With all these favourable Thoughts of her, I could not sometimes help thinking she might be a cunning Gypsy, and did it to draw me in. However, I lov'd to think the best; and the most advantageous Opinion I had of her had the Predominancy in my Mind. We agreed, when we parted, to meet again the next Day; and the Hopes of enjoying then the Height of my Wishes, gave me a Taste of them before-hand. With these pleasing Fancies in my Head, I return'd to my Barber's, and chang'd my Cloaths, and went to my Master, whom I knew to be at a Tennis Court. I found him at Play, and observ'd that he gain'd, by his Looks: For he was not one of those insensible Gamblers that make or ruin themselves without changing Countenance. He was merry and insolent when he got, and sullen when he lost. From the Tennis Court he went in a very gay Manner to the *Prince's Theatre*, and sat down upon his seat the

the Play-house Door, where putting a Ducat into my Hand, he cry'd to me, There, *Gi! Blas*, since I have had good Fortune to Day, be thou so much the better for it. Go, divert thyself with thy Cottrades, and come to me at Midnight at *Arsenia's*, where I shall sup with Don *Alexio Segiar*. At these Words he went into the House, and I stay'd without, studying with whom to spend my Ducat, according to the Intention of the Founder. I was not long at a luss about it. *McCherin*, Don *Alexio's* Valet, falling in my Way, I took him with me to the first Tavern, and we staid there till Midnight. From thence we went to *Arsenia's*, whither *Cherin* had Orders to come as well as I. A little Lackay opened the Door, and conducted us into a Hall, where *Arsenia* and *Florimonda's* Women were making merry, while their Mistresses were doing the same with our Masters. The coming of two good Guests, who were already half-fuddled, could not be disagreeable to two such Baggages as they were, especially considering they were Players. But how was I astonish'd, when, in one of them, I discover'd my Widow, my adorable Widow, who I took to be a Countess, or a

Mar-

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Marchioness. She was no less surpriz'd to find her dear Don Cesar de Rubens reduc'd to a Valet de Chambre. We, however, look'd upon one another some time, without being out of Countenance. We had both of us a great mind to burst out a laughing; and we did not long forbear it. After which, Laura to my Princess was call'd, taking me aside, while Clarin talk'd with her Companion, and giving me her Hand, whisper'd me, Since it is so, Signor Don Cesar, let us not reprovach one another, but do each other Justice. You play'd your Part admirably, and I did not act mine ill: What say you? Did not you take me for one of those pretty Women of Quality who delight in Intrigue? 'Tis true, replied I; but be you who you will, my Queen, I have not chang'd Sentiments in changing Forms. Accept of my Services, and suffer Don Matiburo's Valet to finish what Don Cesar so happily began. Well, said she, I love thee better as thou art now, naturally, than I did before. Thou art as a Man, the same as I am as a Woman: That's the greatest Encomium I can bestow upon thee. I admit thee among the number of my Adorers. We have no need

of

of the Agency of the Old Woman. Thou may'st come hither freely. The Ladies of the Theatre live without Constraint, Misdellly, pldellly among the Men. The Publick sees it, laughs at it; and what then? Are we not made for their Diversion?

We left off here, because there were others in the Room. The Conversation became general, brisk, wanton, and full of very intelligible *Double Entendres*. Every one said something, and especially my amiable *Laura*, *Arsenius's* Woman, shew'd that she had a great deal more Wit than Virtue. We could often hear our Masters and the Players laugh aloud; and giv'd by that, their Conversation was of the same nature with ours. If all the fine things which were said that Night at *Arsenius's* were written down, it would make a Book of great Instruction for Youth. The time of departing, that is, Day-break, coming upon us, we each retir'd with our Masters, *Clarinda* with *Don Arsenius*, and I with *Don Matthias*.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE THEATRE. We have no more to say of this Part.

CHAP. VI
Of the Discourse of Some Lords a-
bout the Players of the Prince's
Company.

IN the Forenoon my Master receiv'd a Billet from Don Alexio Segiar to desire him to come to him. We went to his House, and found there the Marquis de Zenete, and another young Lord whom I had not seen before. Don Matthias, says Segiar to my Master, presenting that Cavalier to him, This is my Kinsman Don Pompeyo de Castro. He has been bred up from his Youth in the Court of Portugal. He arriv'd at Madrid last Night, and returns to morrow to Lisbon. He can give me but this one Day. We must make the most of so precious a one; and I thought I should want you and the Marquis de Zenete, to help me out in it. Upon this my Master and Don Alexio's Kinsman embrac'd; and many a Compliment pass'd between them. I was mightily pleas'd with what Don Pompeyo

said,

said, he seeming to be a Man of as much Judgment as Wit.

They din'd at *Segiar's*: And those Lords, after Dinner, Gam'd till Play-time. They then went together to the Prince's Theatre, to see a New Tragedy, call'd *The Vices of Carthage*. When the Play was done, they return'd to sup at the same Place where they had din'd. Their Conversation roll'd at first on the Play they had heard, and afterwards on the Players. As for the Play, cries Don *Matthias*, I have no Opinion of it. *Aeneas* is flatter there than in the *Aeneid*; but it was play'd divinely. What does Don *Pampero* think of it? He does not seem to be of the same Sentiment. Gentlemen, says the Cavalier, smiling, I observ'd you were so charm'd with the Actors, and especially with the Actresses, that I dare not give you my Opinion. Very well, cries Don *Alejo*, interrupting him: have a care what you say of our Actresses before us, who are the Trumpets of their Fame, drink with them every Day, and are their Guarantees. We'll give Certificates for them if you require it. I doubt it not, replied his Kinsman: you will warrant their Lives and Mannets as well

well as their Merit, I see you are so much their Friends.

Your *Lisbon* Players, says the Marquis *de Zenere*, smiling, are, without doubt much better than ours. Most certainly, replied Don *Pompeyo*; there are some at least that have no Defect. There are sure of your Certificate, says the Marquis. I have no Correspondence with them, replies Don *Pompeyo*. I never drink with them: I am therefore qualified to judge of them without Prejudice. Tell me truly, Do you really take your Players to be an excellent Company? Not I, says the Marquis; I'll speak but for very few of them. I'll give up all the rest. Will not you allow that the Actress who play'd the Part of *Dido*, did it incomparably? Did she not represent that Queen with all the Grandeur and all the Grace that suit the Idea we have of her? Did you not admire to see with what Art she engages a Spectator, and makes him feel the Emotions of all the Passions she expresses? She is perfect Mistress of all the Beauties of Declamation. I grant, reply'd Don *Pompeyo*, she knows how to Move and Touch: Never Player had more Bowels; and

and the Representation was fine: But she is not an Actress without Fault. Two or three things in her Playing mock'd me. When she would denote Surprise, she rolls her Eyes in a furious manner, which does not become a Princess. Add to this, that by heightning her Voice, which is naturally low, she spoils the Sweetness of it, and makes it harsh. Besides, in more than one Place of the Play, she did not seem to understand, what she said: But I will rather think her Thoughts were distracted, than accuse her of want of Understanding.

By what I can see, says Don Matthias to the Critick, our Players are not like to have any Panegyrics from you, Pardon me, replies Don Pompeio, I discover a Talent thro' their Defects; nay, I must own to you, I was charm'd with the Actress who play'd the Woman's Part in the Interlude. She has a fine Genius; and gave a Grace to every thing she said. If there was a Jewel in it, she season'd it with a malicious Smile, and added new Charms to it. One may blame her sometimes for giving too much way to her natural Fire, and passing the bounds of an honest Boldness: But we must

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must not be too severe. I would only have her correct an ill Custom. Often, in the middle of a Scene, in a serious Place, she on a sudden interrupts the Action, to please a fond Desire of Laughing, with which she is taken. You'll say the Pit clap her then. Therein indeed she is happy.

And what do you think of the Men? cries the Marquis, interrupting him; you'll surely have no Mercy on them, since you spare the Women so little. No, says Don Pompeyo, there are some of the young Actors very promising; and I was especially very well pleas'd with the late Actor that play'd the Part of Dido's first Minister. He speaks naturally, and like our Portuguese Players. If you were pleas'd with him, says Segiar, you must surely be charm'd with the Player that acted the Part of *Aeneas*. Is he not a fine Actor? an Original? An Original indeed, replied the Critick. He has Tones which are particular to him, and very sharp ones. He's almost always out of Nature. He precipitates the Words in which the Sense lies, and dwells on the others; nay, he raises his Voice on Conjunctions. He diverted me extremely, and particularly where he express'd

express'd to his Confident the Violence he did to himself to leave *Dido*. Grief cannot be declar'd more comickly. Very fine, Cousin, says Don *Alexis*; you will at last make us believe the Court of *Portugal* have no refined Court. Do you not know that the Actor you talk of is mightily admir'd? Did you not hear how he was clapt? That's no Proof of his Merit, replies Don *Pampero*; the worst Actors are commonly the greatest Favourites of the Pit, and have the most Claps. The Audience likes what's glaring, and neglects what's just, as *Plautus* informs us, by an ingenious Fable; which suffer me to relate to you as follows.

The Citizens of a certain City met at a great Square to see some Pantomimes act their Buffoonries. Among these Actors there was one whom the People applauded every Moment. This Buffoon, when the Show was almost over, wou'd needs close it with something New. He came alone upon the Stage, bent down, cover'd his Head with his Cloak, and set himself to counterfeit the Cry of a Suckling Pig. He did it so well, that they all believ'd he had a Pig under his Cloak. They cried out to

to him to throw open his Cloak and Robe. He did so; and the People finding there was nothing under them, repeated their Applauses with more Fury than ever. A Peasant, who was among the Spectators, was shock'd with so many Tokens of their Admiration; Gentlemen, cries he, you are in the wrong to be so charm'd with this Buffoon. He is not such a rare Actor as you take him to be, I can get a Sucking Pig better than he; and if you question it, come here to morrow, and you shall be Witnesses of it yourselves. The Citizens, prejudg'd in favour of the Pantomime, met again the next Day, rather to hiss the Peasant than see what he could do. The Two Rivals appear'd on the Theatre. The Buffoon began, and receiv'd the same Applauses as the Day before. Then the Peasant bending down in his Turn, and covering his Head with his Cloak, took a true Sucking Pig, which he had under his Arm by the Ear, and the Pig squeek'd heartily. However, the Audience gave the Preference to the Pantomime, and hiss'd the Peasant; who pulling out the Sucking Pig, and shewing it to them, said, Gentlemen, this

not

not I that you hiss; 'tis the Pig itself. See what Judges you are.

Cousin, cries Don *Alexio*, thy Fable is a little too close a one. Nevertheless, spite of thy Sucking Pig, we shall not give up our Actors and Actresses. Let's change the Discourse: We have had enough of this. You will go to morrow then, as delirious as I am to keep you longer. I should be glad to stay, replies his Kinsman, if I could. I have already told you that I came to the Court of *Spain* about a State Affair. I spoke to the Prime Minister yesterday. I am to see him again to morrow Morning, and shall depart a Moment after to return to *Lisbon*. Thou art become a *Portuguese*, says Don *Alexio*; and in all likelihood will return no more to *Madrid*. I believe not, replies Don *Pampero*. I have the Happiness to be belov'd by the King of *Portugal*. I live pleasantly at his Court: Yet, as gracious as he is to me, can you think it? I was very near leaving his Dominions for ever. On what Occasion, cries the Marquis? Pray tell us. Most willingly, replies Don *Pampero*, and my Story is contain'd in what I am about to relate to you.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of Don Pompeyo de Castro.

DON Alexio, continues he, knows, that from my Youth I took an Inclination to Arms; and seeing our Country was in Peace, I went to Portugal; from whence I cross'd over to Africa with the Duke of Braganza, who gave me a Post in his Army. I was a Cadet, and not one of the richest in Spain, which spurr'd me on to signalize myself in several Actions; and that made me taken notice of by the General. I did my Duty so well, that the Duke advanc'd me, and put me in a Condition to continue in his Service with Honour. After a long War, the End of which you are not ignorant of, I settled at Court; and the King, on the Recommendation of the General Officers, allow'd me a considerable Pension. To shew how sensible I was of that Monarch's Generosity, I let no Opportunity

tunity slip to express my Gratitude by my Affiduity. I was near him at all Hours when the Courtiers were admitted into his Presence. By this Conduct I insensibly became belov'd by him, and received new Benefits from him.

Having one Day distinguish'd myself in a Ring-course and Bull-fight, the whole Court extoll'd my Strength and Dexterity; and when, loaded with their Applause, I got home, I found a Billet which inform'd me, that a Lady, the Conquest of whom ought to rejoyce me more than all the Honour I had acquir'd that Day, desired to speak with me; and that I need only come to a certain Place appointed, in the Dusk of the Evening. I was indeed more pleas'd with this Letter than all the Applause before mentioned; and imagin'd that the Person who sent it was a Woman of the first Quality. You don't doubt but I was punctual at the Time and Place. An Old Woman waited there to be my Guide; and introduc'd me by a little Door into the Garden of a great House, whence she carried me into a rich Closet, full of rich Decorations, saying, Stay there. I'll go tell my Mistress of
your

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your coming. I examin'd the Riches of the Closet, which was enlighten'd by Wax-Candles in Golden Sconces: And this convinc'd me the Lady must be as noble as I conceiv'd her to be. If every thing I saw assur'd me of the Nobility of her Birth before she came, her Appearance, her Grand and Majestick Air confirm'd me in that Opinion, which however was a wrong one.

Signor Cavalier, says she, after the Step I have taken in your Favour, it would be in vain to endeavour to conceal the tender Sentiments I have for you. The Merit which the Court were Witnesses of this Day, in regard to you, was not the first Motive of them: It only hasten'd the Discovery of 'em. I have seen you more than once. I inform'd myself of you; and your Character is so good, that I resolv'd to follow my Inclination. Do not think, continues she, that you have made a Conquest of a Dutchess. I am only the Widow of a Captain of the King's Guards; but what will render your Victory glorious, is, the Preference I give you of one of the greatest Lords in the Kingdom. The Duke of Almeida loves me, and spares for nothing to please me.

He

He could never succeed; and I suffer his Careless, only out of Vanity.

Tho' I found by this Discourse that I had to do with a Coquet, yet I was not displeas'd at the Adventure. Donna *Horrensia*, for that was her Name, was still in the Flower of her Youth, and her Beauty charm'd me. Besides, I was offer'd the Possession of a Heart which a Duke sought after in vain. What a Triumph was that for a young Spanish Cavalier! I threw my self at *Horrensia's* Feet, to thank her for her Goodness to me. I said all a Gallant Man could think of; and she had reason to be satisfy'd with my Transports. Thus we parted the best Friends in the World, after we had agreed to meet every Evening that the Duke *d'Almeida* did not come thither; which I was promis'd to have exact Intelligence of. They did not fail me; and at last I became the *Adonis* of this new *Venus*.

But the Pleasures of Life are not of eternal Duration. Whatever Measures the Lady took to keep our Commerce from my Rival, he came to the knowledge of what it import'd us very much he should be ignorant of. One of the Lady's Maids, in disgust, told him all.

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all. This Lord, naturally Generous, but Proud, Jealous, and Passionate, was enrag'd at my Audaciousness. Choler and Jealousy disorder'd his Mind; and hearkning only to his Fury, he resolv'd to be reveng'd of me after an infamous Manner. One Night when I was at *Hortensia's*, he waited for me at the Garden-door with all his Valets, arm'd with Sticks. As soon as I came out, he caus'd those Rascals to seize me, and order'd them to beat me to Death. Strike, says he, let him perish under your Hands. I will thus chastise his Insolence. At these Words his People assaulted me all together, and gave me so many Blows that they laid me for Dead on the Place. After which they retir'd with their Master, for whom this cruel Spectacle had been a very pleasant one. About Day-break some Persons came by, who observing I breath'd still, had the Charity to carry me to a Surgeon; and I falling into the Hands of a skilful one, was perfectly cur'd in two Months time. I then went to Court, and liv'd there as I us'd to do. I left off visiting *Hortensia*, who took no Step to let me see her again, because the Duke had at this Price forgiven her Infidelity.

As no body was ignorant of my Adventure, nor took me for a Coward, every one admir'd that I should sit down so quietly under such an Affront; for I did not say what I thought, and I seem'd not to resent it. Some believ'd that, as stout as I was, the Rank of the Offender kept me in Awe, and oblig'd me to put up the Offence. Others, with more reason, mistrusted my Silence, and look'd on the peaceable Situation of my Soul as a deceitful Calm. The King was of the latter Opinion; and imagin'd that I would not suffer such an Outrage without Revenge, as soon as I had an Opportunity. To find out my Design, he took me into his Closet one Day, and said to me, Don *Pompeya*, I know the Accident that has happen'd to you; and must confess I am surpriz'd to find you so easy under it. You certainly differble. Sir, replied I, I know not who the Offender is. I was attack'd in the Night by Men who are unknown to me. 'Tis a Misfortune I must bear as well as I can. No, no, says the King; don't think that I can be so put upon. I have heard all. The Duke of *Almeida* has mortally affronted you. You are Noble, and a *Castilian*. I know what

these

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these Qualities will engage you to do. You have form'd a Resolution to be reveng'd. Tell me what you intend to do; I require you. Fear nothing; you shall not repent of trusting me with your Secret.

Since your Majesty will have me, replied I, I must inform you what I have resolved to do in this Matter. Yes, my Lord, I do meditate Revenge for the Affront I have suffer'd. Every Man that bears such a Name as mine is accountable to his Race. You know how basely I have been treated: And to be reveng'd in a manner answerable to the Offence, I propose to assassinate the Duke of *Almeida*, by stabbing him with a Dagger, or shooting him thro' the Head: After which I'll make my Escape, if I can, into *Spain*. This is my Design. 'Tis rash, says the King, yet I cannot condemn it, after the cruel Outrage the Duke of *Almeida* has done you. He deserves the Chastisement you have reserv'd for him: But do not execute your Enterprize so soon. Let me find out some Way to make the Matter up between you. Ah! my Lord, cry'd I, a little angrily, Why did you oblige me to reveal my Secret to you? What Way can there

there be found out? If it is not one that gives you Satisfaction, said he, interrupting me, you may do what you intend. I shall not abuse the Confidence you put in me: I will not betray your Honour. Be under no manner of Concern on that score.

I was extremely desirous to know how the King would have this Business accommodated. It was thus: He talk'd to the Duke of *Almeida* about it. Duke, says he, you have affronted Don *Pompeyo de Castro*. You are not ignorant that he is a Man of an illustrious Family, a Gentleman whom I love, and who has done me Service. You ought to give him Satisfaction. I shall not refuse it, replies the Duke. If he complains of my Fury, I am ready to do him Reason by way of Arms. There must be another Reparation, cries the King. A *Spanish* Gentleman understands the Point of Honour too well to fight fairly with a base Assassin. I cannot call you any thing else; and you cannot expiate the Indignities of your Action, but by presenting a Stick your self to your Enemy, and offering to receive his Blows. Heaven! cries the Duke, Would you have a Man of my Rank,

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Rank, my Lord, so debase himself? so stoop to a Gentleman, and receive Blows from him? No, replies the Monarch; I'll oblige Don *Pompeyo* to promise me that he will not strike you: But do you ask his Pardon when you present the Stick to him; that's all I require of you. 'Tis too much, my Lord, says the Duke, hastily; I had rather be still expos'd to the Danger I run from his conceal'd Resentment. Your Life is dear to me, replies the King; and I would prevent this Affair's having any ill Consequence: That it may end with as little Dislike as may be to you, I myself will be the only Witness of the Satisfaction I order you to give the *Spaniard*. The King stood in need of all his Power over the Duke, to bring him to consent to do so mortifying a thing. He brought him to it at last. He then sent for me, and told me what Discourse he had had with the Duke of *Almeida*, demanding if I would be content with the Reparation they two had agreed upon. I replied, Yes; and would be so far from striking the Offender, that I would not take the Stick he presented to me. The Matter being thus regulated, the

P 3 Duke

Duke and I met one Day, at a certain Hour, in the King's Apartment. His Majesty took us into his Closet: Come, says he to the Duke, acknowledge your Fault, and deserve a Pardon. My Enemy then made Excuses to me, and presented me a Stick he had in his Hand. Don Pompeyo, cries the King at the instant, Take the Stick, and let not my Presence hinder you from doing Justice to your injur'd Honour. I discharge you from the Promise you made me, not to strike the Duke. No, my Lord, replied I; 'tis sufficient that he puts himself in a Posture to receive the Blows. An affronted Spaniard demands no more. Well, says the King, since you are both content with this Satisfaction, you may now determine the Matter in a regular Way, at the Points of your Swords. That's what I earnestly desire, cries the Duke; and nothing but that can make me reconcile myself to the shameful Step I have been taking. At these Words he went out, full of Rage and Confusion; and two Hours after he sent to tell me he waited for me in a Bye-Place. I went thither, and found him there in a Disposition to fight it out to the last. He was not a-

bove

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bove Five and Fotty Years of Age. He wanted neither Courage nor Skill. The Parly was equal between us. Come, Don Pompeyo, says he, let us end our Difference. We both of us have reason to be angry; you for the Treatment you met with from me; and I for having ask'd your Pardon: Saying this, he drew so quickly that I had scarce time to be upon my Guard. He push'd at first very vigorously; but I had the good Fortune to parry all his Passes. I push'd at him in my Turn; and found I had to do with a Man who knew as well how to defend himself as to attack. I know not what might have happen'd, had not his Foot slip't in retiring, and that Slip threw him on his Back. I then held my Hand, and said, Rise. Why do you spare me? replied he; your Mercy is an Affront to me. I shall take no Advantage of your Misfortune, says I: 'Twould be an Injury to my Glory. I say once more, Rise, and let us continue the Combat. Don Pompeyo, replied he, getting up, After so generous an Action, Honour will not permit me to fight against you. What would the World say of me, if I should kill you? I should pass for a

Scoundrel, that took away the Life of a Man who might have taken mine. I shall not put it in any danger, and I find my Gratitude gives birth to soft Transports which succeed the furious Emotions that before ruffled my Soul. Don Pompeyo, continues he, let us cease hating one another; let's do more, let us be Friends, Ah! my Lord, cry'd I, I accept of your agreeable Proposal with Joy. I swear to you from this Moment a sincere Friendship; and to give you present Proofs of it, I add to it, that I will never set foot within *Hortensia's* Doors again, tho' she should desire it. No, says he, I ought rather to yield the Lady to you, since she prefers you in her Heart. But you Love her, reply'd I, interrupting him; and her Kindness to me may be troublesome to you, I'll sacrifice it to your Ease. Ah! too generous *Castilian*, cries the Duke, holding me fast in his Arms, how am I charm'd with your Sentiments? What Remorse do they create in my Mind! With what Grief, with what Shame do I remember the Outrage you have received. The Satisfaction I gave you in the King's Cabinet, appears to me now to be too small; I will make better Reparation for the Affront; and to blot

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out the Infamy of it for ever, I offer you one of my Nieces, who is at my Disposal. She is a Rich Heiress of Fifteen Years of Age, and fairer still than she is young. I return'd the Duke's Compliments as respectfully as the Honour he did me to receive me into his Alliance deserv'd. I Married his Niece a few Days after; the whole Court commend-ed this Lord for making the Fortune of a Young Gentleman, whom he had cover'd with Infamy: And my Friends rejoiced with me, that an Adventure, which might have ended so fatally, had such an happy Issue. Ever since that Time, Gentlemen, I have liv'd very pleasantly at Lisbon. I am belov'd by my Spouse, and still love her; the Duke of Almeyda is always giving me New Tokens of his Friendship, and I may say without boasting, that I am still well with the King of Portugal. The Importance of my present Journey to Madrid, assures me that I am still in his Esteem.

P L S C H A P.

CHAP. VIII.

*By what Accident Gil Blas was obliged
to look out for a New Place.*

THUS did Don Pompeyo finish his Story, which Don Alenjo's Valet and I hearkened to in an Outer Room, for they had taken care to dismiss us from theirs before he began it. We stay'd behind the Door, and listen'd so attentively that we did not lose a Word. After this, these Lords drank on, but they left off before Morning, because Pompeyo was to be early with the Prime Minister, and desir'd to have a little Rest. The Marquis de Zenete and my Master embraced that Gentleman, bid him farewell, and left him with his Knifeman.

We went to Bed for this Time before Day-light, and when Don Matias awoke he gave me a New Employment. Gil Blas, says he, Take Pen, Ink and Paper, and write Two or Three Words for me, which I will dictate to thee. I make thee my Secretary. So, says I to my.

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myself, this is a new Business for me. As a Lackey, I follow my Master every where; as Valet de Chambre, I Dress him; and Write for him as Secretary. Heaven be prais'd, I am going like the Threefold Hecate, to act three different Parts. Thou dost not know, continues my Master what my Design is, but be discreet and I'll tell thee; 'tis as much as thy Life is worth to say any Thing. As I meet every Day with Persons who boast of Ladies Favours; To give them as good as they bring, I'll have Counterfeit Letters in my Pocket, which I will pretend came from Women, and read 'em to them. This will divert me, and make me happier than my Fellows, who are at the pains to obtain Conquests, meerly for the Pleasure of publishing them; whereas I will publish them, and be at no Pains in obtaining them; But, added he, so disguise thy Hand, that the Billets may not appear to come all from one Person.

I took Pen, Ink and Paper, made myself ready to obey Don Matthias's Commands, and he dictated a Billet to me in the following Terms. *You was not last Night at the Place of Assignment. Ah! Don Matthias, what can you say in your Justification?*

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question? How was I mistaken: You have justly punished me for believing that all the Amusements, all the Business in the World, should give way to the Pleasure of your seeing Donna Clara de Mendoza. This Billet being done, he dictated another to me, as from a Woman which had left a Prince for him; and after this a Third, from a Lady who told him if she could be sure he would be discreet, she would take a Voyage with him to the Island of Venus. He not only caus'd me to write the Letters, but to set the Names of Persons of Quality to them. I cou'd not help telling him I thought that was too nice and perilous a Matter, but he desir'd me to give him Advice only when he ask'd it. I was forc'd to hold my Tongue and to follow his Orders. This Affair dispatch'd, he rose, and I help'd dress him. He put the Letters in his Pocket, went out, and I waited on him to Don Juan de Moncado, who that Day treated five or six Gentlemen his Friends. There was Plenty of all Things, and of Joy, which gives the best Relish to them at all Festivals. Every one of the Guests contributed to keep up the Conversation, some by Witticisms, others by Stories of which they made themselves always the

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the Heroes. My Master did not lose so fair an Opportunity to value himself on the Letters he had made me write; he read them out to the Company, and with so confident an Air, that every one but his Secretary might have been deceived by it. Among the Gentlemen to whom he read them, there was one nam'd Don Lovez de Velasco. This Man who was very grave, instead of doing like the rest, and congratulating the Reader on the Favours he had received from those Ladies, demanded of him, sullenly, if the Conquest of *Donna Clara* came Cheaply? Very easily, reply'd Don *Matthias*; she made all the Advances; she met me in the Walks; she lik'd me, sent after me, understood who I was, wrote me a Billet, appointed me to come to her at such an Hour in the Night, when all the Family was a-bed but her self and her Woman. I went to her House, was introduced to her Appartment—— I must beg Pardon if I say no more: It is not consistent with Discretion.

At this Laconick Recital, *Signor de Velasco* chang'd Countenance; and it was plain he had an Interest in the Lady that was the Subject of it. All those Billets, says he to my Master, casting a furious Look

Look at him, are Counterfeited, and especially that you boast to have received from *Donna Clara de Mendosa*: There is not a more reserv'd Lady in Spain: A Gentleman every way equal to you in Birth and Merit, has Courted her these Two Years, and has scarce been able to obtain the most Innocent Favours; and may flatter himself, that if ever she granted any others, it would be to himself only. How, Sir! do you say the contrary? replies Don *Matthias* in a merry way: I agree with, you she is a Lady of nice Honour. And I too am a Man of nice Honour; consequently you ought to be satisfy'd that nothing but what was very Honourable pass between us. Don *Lopez*, interrupting him, said, This won't do, Sir! let us have none of your Gallery: you are an Impostor: *Donna Clara* never had an Assignment with you by Night: I can't bear your injuring her Reputation. I need not tell you any more. At these Words, he broke up abruptly, and went away in a manner that shew'd this Affair wou'd have ill Consequences. My Master, who was brave enough for a Man of his Character, despis'd Don *Lopez's* Threats. What a Coxcomb he is? cry'd he, bursting out a Laughing; Knight Errants

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Errands vindicate the Beauty of their Mistresses: He will vindicate the Vertue of his; which I think is much more extravagant.

Velasco's withdrawing, which Moncada in vain endeavoured to hinder, did not break up the Company. The Gentlemen took little Notice of it, and went on Carousing till Morning. By Five a Clock my Master and I were got to Bed. I was very sleepy, and made account to have a good long Nap of it; but I reckon'd without my Host, or rather without our Porter, who awak'd me an Hour after, to tell me there was a Youth demanded to speak with me. The Duce take the Porter, cry'd I, gaping; Dost thou not know that I have not been in Bed an Hour? Tell the young Man I am asleep, and that he must call again. He says he must needs speak with you this Minute, reply'd the Porter. Upon which I got up, slip'd on my Coat and Breeches and went down, cursing the Person whom I was going to. Friend, says I, be pleas'd to tell me what pressing Affair procures me the Honour of seeing you so early. I have a Letter, answer'd he, to give into Don Matthias's own Hand, and he must read it this Instant, 'tis of that
vast

vast Consequence: I desire you would
 introduce me to him. Believing 'twas a
 Matter of Importance, I took the liberty
 to wake my Master. Your Pardon, Sir,
 for disturbing your Rest, said I; but the
 Importance—What woud'st thou have
 with me? cry'd he, interrupting me. My
 Lord, says the Young Man who accom-
 panied me, I have a Letter to deliver
 you from Don *Lopez de Velasco*. Don
Matthias took the Billet, open'd it; and
 having read it, said to Don *Lopez's* Valer,
 Child, I don't rise before Noon, what-
 ever Diversion is propos'd to me to tempt
 me; think then, if I will rise at Six a
 Clock in the Morning to fight. Tell
 thy Master, if he is at the same Place at
 Two a Clock, I'll be with him. Go,
 carry him that Answer. At these Words
 he sunk down in his Bed and fell asleep
 again.

He rose, and dress'd himself very com-
 posedly between One and Two a Clock,
 saying, when he went out, that I need
 not follow him. But I was too impa-
 tient to see what became of him, to obey
 his Commands. I walk'd after him till
 I came to St. *Jerome's* Walks, where I
 perceiv'd Don *Velasco* lay'd expecting
 him. They drew and fell to it imme-
 diately:

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diately : The Battle was long. They push'd both with great Vigour and Dexterity. At last Victory declared for Don *Lopez* : He ran my Master through. Don *Matthias* fell, and Don *Lopez* fled, very well satisfy'd with the Vengeance he had taken. I made what haste I could to assist my Master : I found him just departing. The sight drew Tears from me, and especially when I consider'd that he had made me the Instrument of his Death. But notwithstanding my Grief, I thought of what I had to do for my own Interest on this Occasion. I return'd Home immediately, without saying any Thing, I bundled up my Cloaths and other Goods, and by mistake put some of my Master's among them. I carry'd the Bundle to the Barber's, and then reported about Town the sad Accident of which I had been a Witness. I told every body that would hear me, and did not fail to make a Report of it to *Rodriguez*. He seemed to be less afflicted than studious about the Measures he was to take : He assembled Don *Matthias*'s Domesticks, order'd them to follow him, and went with 'em to St. *Jerome's* Walks. We lifted our dying Master up, and carry'd him Home, for he Breath'd still, but Dy'd Two Hours

Hence after, Thus perish'd Signor Don
Matthias de Silva, for reading *Mala pro-*
pos, some Counterfeit Billetdeux.

CHAP. IX.

What Person be enter'd into the Ser-
 vice of, after the Death of Don
Matthias de Silva.

SOME Days after the Funeral of Don
Matthias, his Domesticks were all
 paid off and dismiss'd. I took up my
 Quarters at my Barber's, with whom
 I liv'd very Friendly, and lik'd living
 there much better than at *Malendez's*.
 Having Money in my Pocket, I was not
 in haste for a Service; besides, 'twas not
 now every Place that would please me.
 I would wait on no ordinary Person, and
 resolv'd to be very Scrupulous in my
 Choice of a Master. I did not think the
 best too good for me; so favourable an
 Opinion had I conceived of a Young
 Lord's Valet preferable to all others.

While

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While I was waiting for a Place equal to my Merit, I thought I could not spend my Time better than by passing some of my idle Hours with my fair *Laura*, whom I had not seen ever since we made the Discovery of our selves. I durst not Dress my self like *Don Cesar de Ribera*, nor, unless it was for a Disguise, put on that Habit, without passing for a Mad-man; my own Cloaths were still pretty fresh, and, by the Barber's Assistance, I adjust'd my self the middle way, between *Don Cesar* and *Gil Blas*. Thus equip'd, I went to *Argens's* House, where I found *Laura* in the same Room we formerly met in, and by her self. Is it you? cry'd she, as soon as she saw me; I thought you had been lost; 'tis a Week ago that you promis'd to see me: I perceive you are a Man of your Word, especially with the Ladies.

I excus'd my self, on Account of the Death of my Master, the Affairs I had had to do; and added very gallantly, that in the midst of all of 'em the amiable *Laura* was still in my Mind. If it be so, reply'd she, I have no more Reproaches to make you, and must own that I thought of you too. As soon as I heard of *Don Matbias's* Misfortune, I form'd

form'd a Design that perhaps will not displease you. I have heard my Mistress say often, that she wanted a Man to be a sort of a Steward, and keep an exact Account of all the Money given him for the Expences of the House: I have cast my Eye on your Lordship: I fancy you may go thro' such an Employment well enough. And I fancy, reply'd I, I shou'd do it to a Miracle; I have read the *Oeconomiques* of *Aristotle*: and for keeping Accounts, 'tis my Master-piece. But Child, continued I, I have one Scruple upon me concerning my serving *Arsenia*. What Scruple? says *Laura*. I have taken an Oath, reply'd I, not to serve a Citizen: Nay, I have Sworn it by *Soyx*. If *Jupiter* durst not break that Oath, judge you whether a Valet may? What do you mean by a Citizen? cries the Woman of *Arsenia*! What do you take us Players to be? Do you level us with the Wives of Mechanicks or Attorneys? Know, Friend, that Actresses are Noble and Arch-Noble, by the Alliances they contract with great Lords. On this Foot, says I, I may accept the Place you have cut out for me: I shall not demean myself. No no, replies she, to pass from the Service of a Bean, to that of a Stage Heroine. 'Tis still the

the same World. We go Cheek by Jowl with People of Quality : We have the same Equipages ; we live as well, and in the main, act the same Parts of Life. Indeed, Where's the Difference between a Marquis and a Player, take them all the Day long ? If the Marquis is three quarters of the Day above the Player by Birth, the Player for the other Quarter is still more above him by the Part of Emperor or King which he Acts. This methinks, is a Compensation for our want of Nobility and Grandeur, and equals us with the Lords and Ladies of the Court. Yes, truly, reply'd I, you are Tallies one to another. I find Players are not such Scoundrels as I took 'em for, and you have given me a great desire to serve Persons of so much Honour. Come then, says she, Two Days hence, I need no more Time to dispose my Mistress to take thee : I'll speak in thy Favour ; and having an Ascendant over her, I'm satisfy'd I shall succeed in it.

I thank'd Laura for her Good-will. I let her see that my Gratitude wou'd have no Bounds, and assur'd her of it with Transports which left her no room to doubt it. We had a long Conversation ; and it had been longer, if a Foot-Boy had

not

not come and told my Princess that *Arsenia* wanted her. We then parted: I went Home in sweet hopes of an Employ to my liking, and was punctual to *Laura's* Appointment. Two Days after, I expected thee, said *Arsenia's* waiting Woman, to inform thee that thou art Intendant of this Household. Follow me, I'll present thee to my Mistress. At these Words she led me thro' an Apartment consisting of five or six Rooms within one another all richly furnish'd.

What Luxury! What Magnificence! I thought my self in the House of a Vice-Queen, or rather, that I saw all the Riches of the World heap'd together in one Place. True, there were the Riches of several Nations, and that Apartment might be defin'd to be the Temple of a Goddess, where each Traveller brings an Offering of the Rarities of his Country. I saw the Goddess sitting on a Satin Couch, she look'd Charming and Plump with the Fumes of the Sacrifices: She was in a gallant Disguis, and her fair Hands were preparing a new Head-dress for her to Act her Part in the next Day. Madam, says her Woman, This is the Steward I spoke of; I will assure you, you cannot have a better. *Arsenia* look'd

atten-

attentively upon me, and I had the good luck not to displease her. So, *Laura*, cries she, 'Tis a pretty Lad, and I doubt not but I shall like him. Child, added she to me, I receive you into my Service, and have only one Word to say to you. You will have no Reason to be dissatisfy'd with me, if I have none to be so with you. I answer'd, I would do my utmost to give her Content. And perceiving we were agreed, I went for my Cloaths, and took immediate Possession of my Post in her House.

CHAP. X.

Which is not longer than the preceding One.

TWAS near Play Time. My Mistress bid me wait on her, with *Laura*, to the Theatre. We enter'd her Shift, where she took off her ordinary Dress, and put on a more Pompous one to Play in. When the Curtain was drawn, *Laura* took me with her to a Place where we could

could see and hear the Actors perfectly well. I did not like the greatest Part of them, occasion'd without doubt by what I heard Don *Pompeyo* say to their Prejudice. However, several of them were clapp'd, and some of those put me in mind of the Fable of the Sucking Pig.

Laura told me the Names of the Actors and Actresses, as they came upon the Stage. She not only nam'd them, but with Characters that were as diverting as they were malicious. This Actor says she, is a Blockhead, that a Bully; that Minx whom you see there, and who looks so smirkingly, is call'd *Rosanda*; the Company has but a bad Bargain in her, she ought to be list'd in the Band that's raising for the Vice-Roy of *Mexico*, and to be suddenly Ship'd off: Behold that Bright Star advancing there, that Setting Sun; 'tis *Castida*; if she had requir'd a piece of Marble out of every Lover, to build a Pyramid, as did heretofore a Princess of *Egypt*, she might have rais'd one as high as the Heavens. In fine, *Laura* rail'd at them all alike, the Baggage spar'd not even her own Mistresses. However, I must own my Weakness; I was charm'd with *Laura*, tho' her Character was not morally good. She

blush'd rail'd

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run'd with a Grace that made me in love even with her Malice. She rose between the Acts to see if *Arsenia* wanted her; but instead of coming to her Place again, she stay'd chatting with the Fellows behind the Scenes. I follow'd her once to watch her, and observ'd she had abundance of Acquaintance. I told three Players that stop't her, one after another, to talk to her, and I saw they did it with great Familiarity, I was not pleas'd with it, and it was then the first time of my Life that I knew what Jealousy was; I went back to my Place so Thoughtful and Sad, that *Laura* perceiv'd it as soon as she return'd. What's the matter with thee, *Gil Blas*? said she in a Surprise. What Humour has taken thee since I left thee? thou art melancholy and pensive. 'Tis not without Reason, my Princess, reply'd I, your Aires are a little too free, I saw you speak to the Players. A fine Reason for you to be melancholy, said she, smiling: Does that trouble you? You must bear a great deal more, if you live among Actors: you must learn our familiar Ways: No Jealousy, Child: Jealous Folks: in the Comick World, pass for Fools. Indeed there are no such Creatures here: Fathers, Husbands, Brothers,

Q

Uncles

Uncles, Cousins, are, with us, the easiest Persons upon Earth, and very often make their Fortunes by it.

After having exhorted me to take Umbrage at no Body, and mind nothing I see, she declar'd I was the happy Mortal who had found the way to her Heart, assuring me she wou'd always love me, and me only. Upon this Assurance, which I might have suspected, without passing for a Distrustful Person, I promis'd not to be alarm'd ; and I kept my Word. I saw her that very Moment Talk and Laugh with Men. When the Play was done, we return'd Home with our Mistress. *Florimonda* came thither soon after with three Old Lords, and a Player, who were to sup there. Besides *Laura* and me, there were a Cook, a Coach-man, and a Foot-boy in the House. We join'd all five to get the Supper ready. The Cook, who understood her Business as well as Dame *Jacinta*, prepar'd the Dishes, the Coach-man assisting her ; the Waiting-woman and the Foot-boy laid the Cloth, and I set out the Buffert, where were placed several Vessels of Silver and Gold, and other Offerings which the Goddess had receiv'd. I furnish'd it also with Bottles of different Wine, and serv'd

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serv'd as Butler; to shew my Mistress I was fit for any thing. I observ'd the Looks of the Players during the Entertainment. They carry'd themselves like Ladies of Importance: They imagin'd themselves to be Women^o of the first Quality. Instead of giving the Lords the Title of *Excellency*, they gave 'em only that of *Lordship*, calling them plainly by their Names. 'Tis true, the Lords themselves spoil'd them, by rendring them so familiar with them. The Player, on his side, accusom'd to act the Hero, behav'd himself with those Lords *sans Ceremonie*: He toasted their Healths, and one wou'd have thought expected to have been toasted in his Turn.

Floridor, a vain empty Fellow, who got his first Name on the Stage, by representing a Thing of as little Wit and as much Vanity as himself, a Composition of Levity and Grimace; this same *Floridor*, from wearing a Livery, is admitted to sit down with Gentlemen and Persons of Condition, and even to call *Ovid* and *Terence*, two celebrated *Wits*, his Friends.

By the Behaviour of my Mistress and *Florimonda* with the Old Lords, I thought to my self, what *Laura* told me, the

Marquis and the Player were equal all Day; she might have added, they are much more so at Night, which they spent together over their Cups. *Arsenia* and *Florimonda* were naturally Wanton; a thousand bold Touches escaped them in their Discourse, intermix'd with small Favours and Toyings, which were savoury Things to those Old Sinners. While my Mistress was amusing one of them, with some innocent Banter, her Friend, who sat between the two others, did not act the *Susannah*. As I was considering this Picture, which had but too many Charms for a Lad of my Age, Fruit was brought in. I then fill'd the Table with Bottles and Glasses, and vanish'd to sup with *Laura*, who waited for me. What dost thou think of those Lords, says she, *Gil Blas*? They are, doubtless, replied I, Adorers of *Arsenia* and *Florimonda*. No, cry'd she, they are Old Lechers who visit all Coquets alike, and engage with none in particular: They ask but a little Complacency of them, and are Generous enough to pay well for the Trifles that are granted them. *Florimonda* and my Mistress have no Lovers at this time, I mean, no such Lovers as assume the Authority of Husbands:

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bands; and won'd have all the Pleasures of a House, because they are at all the Expence. As for me, I am glad of it, and maintain, that a Coquet of Sense ought to avoid such Engagements. Why shou'd they suffer any one Man to be their Master? They had better live meanly by getting a Penny a Time, than flourish on such hard Terms.

When *Laura's* Tongue was once set a-going 'twas not an easy Matter to stop it. Words cost her nothing: What a Flux of Language! She told me a hundred Adventures, what had happen'd to the Actresses of the Prince's Company; and I concluded, from her Discourse, that I cou'd not be better plac'd, to acquaint my self perfectly with Vice. I was unhappily of an Age when it does not strike People with Horror; and the Truth is, the Baggage knew how to give such Colour to it, that nothing appear'd but what was Delicious. She had not Time to tell me the tenth part of the Exploits of the Actresses, for we were but three Hours together. The Lord and the Player retir'd with *Florimonda*, whom they saw Home.

When they were gone, *Arsenia* putting some Money into my Hand, said, There,

Gil Blas, are 10 Pistoles for thee to go to Market with. Five or six of our Gentlemen and Ladies Dine here to Morrow, be sure take Care that we want for nothing. With this Money, Madam, reply'd I, I'll engage to buy enough to Entertain the whole Troop. Pray, Friend, says she, interrupting me, correct your Expressions. You must never say *Troop*, but *Company*. You call a parcel of Banditti a *Troop*: The same is the Phrase when you speak of Beggars and Authors; but when you talk of *Players*, you must always say a *Company*, especially if you are speaking of the Actors of *Madrid*, who very well deserve to be call'd a *Company*. I ask'd my Mistress's Pardon, for making use of so disrespectful a Term. I humbly entreated her to excuse my Ignorance, protesting that for the future, whenever I speak of Messieurs the Players of *Madrid*, in a collective manner, I would always say the *Company*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How the Players live together, and after what Manner they Treat the Authors.

NEXT Morning I went to Market to exercise my Employment of Steward: 'Twas a Fast-Day, but by my Mistress's Order I bought some good fat Pullets, some Rabbits, Partridges, and other Poultry. As Messieurs the Players were not entirely satisfied with the Manners of the Church, they did not then exactly follow her Commandments. I brought home as much Provision as would have serv'd a dozen honest Gentlemen for three Days in Carnival-time. The Cook had Work enough all the Forenoon. While Dinner was getting ready, *Arsenia* rose, and was at her Toilet till Noon, when Signors *Rosinairo* and *Ricardo* came. After them, arrived two Actresses, *Constantia* and *Celinaura*, and a moment after *Florimonda*, accompanied with a Man who had the Air of a most

foppish Cavalier: His Hair was ty'd behind with Colour'd Ribbands, his Hat was cock'd, and in it he wore a Red Feather: His fine Shirt was shewn at his Bosom: His Gloves and his Pocket-handkerchief hung at his Sword-hilt; and he wore his Cloak with a grace particular to himself. Tho' he had a good Mien, and was well Shap'd, I immediately saw something very singular in him. This Gentleman, said I to myself, must needs be an Original. I was not deceiv'd, his Character was a most distinguishing one. As soon as he enter'd *Arsenio's* Appartment, he ran with open Arms to the Actors and Actresses and embraced them with more Familiarity than the young Beaux who associated with my Master made use of. I did not change my Opinion when I heard him open his Mouth; he dwelt upon every Syllable, and pronounced his Words in an Emphatick Tone, with Looks and Gestures accommodated to the Subject. I had the Curiosity to ask *Laura* who that Cavalier was? Thou may'st well desire to know, says she, 'tis impossible to see and hear him, and not be curious to know more of him; his Name is *Signor Carlos Alonso de la Ventoleria*; he was

was formerly a Player, he left the Stage out of Humour, and has had sufficient Reason to repent it. Didst thou take notice of his black Hair? 'Tis a borrow'd *Teint* and so is that of his Eyebrows and Mustachlo; he is Older than *Saturn*. But his Parents having forgot to have him Register'd when he was born, he takes advantage of their negligence, and says he's Twenty good Years younger than he really is; he is the fullest of himself of any Man in *Spain*. He almost reach'd his Fifteenth Year before he could either write or read, and then he took a *Preceptor*, who taught him to Spell in *Greek* and *Latin*. He has abundance of Stories by Heart, which he has told so often that at last he believes them; he outs with them in all Companies; and one may say, that he frequently shews his Wit at the Expence of his Memory. 'Tis said he is a great Actor; I must take other Peoples Word for it: I confess I don't like him, I have heard him sometimes rehearse here, and among other Defects, found he has an affected Pronunciation, and a quivering Voice that gives it an Antick and ridiculous Air.

Such

Such was the Picture that my Doxy made of this Honorary Player, and indeed, I never saw a Man of a Prouder Aspect; he affected to speak finely, and did not fail to take out of his Budget Two or Three Stories, which he related with a studied and imposing Air. On the other Hand, the Actors and Actresses, who did not come there to hold their Tongues, were not mute; they entertain'd themselves with their absent Companions, after a most uncharitable manner; but that goes for nothing with Players and Authors. They made no Conscience of Back-biting their Neighbours. You don't know, Ladies, says *Rosanaïro*, what our Dear Brother *Cesarino* has done lately, he bought some Silk-Stockings, some Ribbands and Gloves, and had them brought this Morning to the House by a little Page, as if a Countess had sent them. What deceit there is? cries *Signor de la Ventoleberia*, with the Air of a Coxcomb; in my Time People had more Integrity, we did not think of putting such Tricks upon one another. 'Tis true, the Ladies took Care to spare our Invention, they often made us Presents. S'death, cries *Ricardo*, with as much Vanity as the old Player, so they do still.

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If it was permitted me to explain my self thereupon, I cou'd——But one must not tell certain Adventures, especially when Persons of Rank are concern'd in them.

Pray, Gentlemen, cries *Florimonda*, interrupting them, don't brag of Ladies Favours; all the World knows what Ladies they are---Let's talk of *Ismenia*; 'tis said the Lord who spent so much Money upon her, has left her at last. Yes, says *Constantia*, and she has lost a Tradesman too, whom she had almost ruin'd, I know the occasion of it. Her Mercury serv'd her *qui pro quo*. He carry'd to the Lord a Letter she wrote to the Tradesman, and gave the Tradesman the Letter she wrote to the Lord. Great Losses these, my dear replies *Florimonda*. As for the Lord says *Constantia*, he had run out his Estate, but the Tradesman had still something left, and was worth keeping.

Such were the Subjects they talk'd of before Dinner; and while they were at Table, I shou'd never have done if I went about to repeat all the Scandal I heard. The Reader will excuse me for omitting it, to tell how a poor Devil of

an Author, who came to *Arsenia's* when they had almost Din'd, was receiv'd.

Our Foot-Boy came and told my Mistress out a-loud, That a Man with foul Linen, dirty Shoes, and who, saving her Presence, look'd like a Poet, demanded to speak with her. Shew him in, reply'd *Arsenia*. Don't stir, Gentlemen; 'tis only our Author. So it was indeed, and one that had a Play in the House. He brought my Mistress her Part. His Name was *Pedro de Moya*. When he enter'd the Room, he made five or six low Bows to the Company, who took no manner of notice of him; only *Arsenia* nodded her Head a little, in return for the Compliments with which he overwhelm'd her. He drew nearer to them, trembling, and in the utmost confusion. He let fall his Hat and Gloves, took them up, and approach'd my Mistress, to whom he presented her Part, with more Respect than a Lawyer gives a Petition to a Judge. Be pleas'd to accept Madam, says he, the Part I presume to offer you. She took it after a cold and scornful manner, and did not condescend so much as to answer his Compliments. This did not discourage our Author, who took hold of the Occasion, to give

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give another Part to *Rosina*, and another to *Florimonda*, who treated him no more Civilly than *Arsenis* had done. On the contrary; the Player, as obliging as these Gentlemen naturally are, insulted him with the most piquant Gallery. *Pedro de Moya* was sensible of it, but durst not retort, for fear his Play shou'd suffer. He retir'd without saying a Word to them in answer, but I cou'd perceive, was mightily concern'd at the Reception he met with. I doubt not but he pass'd his Censures on the Players according to their Deserts; and the Players, on the other hand, began, as soon as he was gone, to talk of the Author with as much Courtesie. Methinks, says *Florimonda*; *Signor Pedro de Moya* did not go away very well satisfy'd.

Don't let that trouble you Madam; cries *Rosina*, Are Authors worth minding? If we suffered them to be equal with us, it would spoil them. I know those poor Creatures; I know them full well: They will presently forget themselves on the least Encouragement. Use them like Slaves, and don't be afraid of tiring out their Patience. If they leave you sometimes in Anger, their Itch of Writing will bring 'em back again, and 'tis

'tis enough for them that we will deign to Act their Plays. Right! Says *Arsenis*; We never lose our Author, unless he has made his Fortune; and as soon as that is done by our Merit only, he grows lazy and Writes no more. True, the Company can do without them, and the Publick does not miss them.

This Discourse was applauded by them all. As ill as the Actors treat the Authors, the latter have no help for it; and the Players, by putting themselves above them, shew what a contemptible Opinion they have of them.

CHAP. XII.

Gil Blas took a Fancy to the Theatre. He gives himself up to the Pleasures of the Stage, and in a little while grows weary of them.

OUR Guests sat at Table till it was Time to go to the Theatre. I attended them thither, and saw the Play again. I was so pleas'd with it, that I resolv'd

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resolv'd not to miss a Night. I never fail'd being there, and intensly accustom'd my self to the Ways of the Actors. How wonderful is the Force of Habit; I was particularly Charm'd with those that us'd most Rants and Gesticulations; I was not singular in it. The Beauty of the Pieces touch'd me as much as the manner of representing them; some of them put me into Transports; and I lik'd those best, where all the Cardinals, or the Twelve Peers of France, were introduced. I got some Parts of those incomparable Poems by Heart: I remembred I learn'd one entire Play, call'd the *Queen of Flowers*, in Two Days. The *Rose*, who was the Queen, had for her Confident the Violet, and for her Esquire the Jessamin. I thought nothing finer than such Works; as that, which, in my Opinion, did a great deal of Honour to the Wit of our Nation.

I was not contented with adorning my Mind with the fine Strokes of these Master-pieces of the *Drama*. I Labour'd to perfect my Joys, and in order to it, hearkened eagerly to whatever the Players said; if they commended a Play, I esteem'd it; if they discommended, I despis'd it. I took it for granted, that they

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they understood Plays, as Jewellers do Diamonds. Nevertheless, *Don Pedro de Moya's* Play had a great Run, tho' they did not think it would have taken. However, I could not suspect their Judgments; I had rather conclude that the Publick wanted common Sense, than question the Infallibility of the Company. But I was assur'd by every one, that the Plays, which the Players thought best of, had generally the worst Success; and on the contrary, those that they disliked, were almost always received with Applause. They told me they hardly ever hit right, and gave me Instances of a thousand Plays which succeeded quite contrary to their Decisions. I had need of these, and many more Proofs, to give me an ill Opinion of the Excellence of their Taste.

I shall never forget what happen'd one Day at the Acting of a New Play. The Players thought it dull and tedious, nay, they imagin'd the Audience wou'd not hear it out: But they would venture, and Play'd the First Act, which was clap'd, and the Second more than the First. What a Devil, says *Rosinairo*, this Play takes! They then Play'd the Third Act, which pleas'd more than the Two former.

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former. I can't comprehend it, says *Ricardo*, we concluded this Play would be damn'd—And see how 'tis lik'd, Gentlemen, cries a Player that was by, with great plainness, there are a thousand witty Strokes in it, which we did not observe, and that's the Reason of its Taking.

I ever after look'd upon the Actors to be wretched Judges, and gave them their Due, in my Sentiments of their Merit. They make good all the ridiculous Things the World says of them. I have known Actors and Actresses spoil'd by being Clap'd; and looking on themselves as Objects of Admiration, they have thought they did a Favour to the Publick when they Play'd. I was shock'd with their Defects, but 'twas my Misfortune to take Delight in this way of Living, and to plunge myself in Debauchery. How could I help it? All their Discourse was pernicious to Youth, and I saw nothing but what contributed to corrupt me. If I had known nothing of what pass'd at *Casilda's*, *Constantia's*, and the other Actresses, our own House was enough to ruin all the Young Men in *Madrid*. 'Twas frequented not only

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by

by old Lords, but by young Rakes, by Heirs all come to their Estates, by Citizens and Lawyers. The Grave and the Gay were confounded there, and every one welcome for his Money.

Florimonda, who liv'd in a House in our Neighbourhood, Din'd and Supp'd every Day with *Arsenio*. There was such a Friendship between 'em, that abundance of People were surpriz'd at it. They wonder'd Two Coquets could live so lovingly together, and doubted not but they would Quarrel one time or other about a Spark. In which they were mistaken; they were hearty Friends: Instead of being jealous of each other, as the rest of the Sex are, they liv'd in Common. They chose to divide the Spoils of Men, rather than dispute their Sighs.

Laura following the Example of those two Illustrious Associates, made the most of her Young Days. She had Reason to tell me I shou'd see fine Doings there. However, I was not jealous. I promis'd to imitate the Company in that Point; I dissembled my Sentiments for some time, and was satisfy'd with asking the Names of the Men whom I saw she entertain'd in private. She always told

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told me 'twas an Uncle, or a Cousin. She had, I found, a very numerous Family, exceeding that of King *Francis*. She did not content herself with Uncles and Cousins, she Convers'd also with Strangers, and Acted the Widow of Quality at the old Woman's I have spoken of. In fine, *Laura*, to give a just and exact Idea of her, was as young, as pretty, and as much a Coquet as her Mistress, who had no other Advantage of her, than that she publicly diverted the Publick.

I was borne down by the Torrent, for three Weeks; I gave myself up to all manner of Pleasures; but I must own, that in the midst of them, I often felt that Remorse which came from my Education, and imbitter'd all my Sweets: Debauchery, could not triumph over that Remorse; on the contrary, it encreas'd in proportion with it, and by an effect of my natural Disposition, I began to conceive a Horror for the Disorder of the Players Lives. Ah, Wretch! cry'd I to myself, Is it thus that thou answerest the Expectation of thy Relations? Is it not enough to have deceived them in choosing another Profession than that of a Preceptor? Does thy servile Condition hin-

der:

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for the sake of an honest Man? Does
he live with such wicked
People? Envy, Choler, and Avarice
reigns every where among them. Mo-
desty is banish'd, by these; By those,
Temperance and Industry; All of them
are Proud and Insolent. In a Word, I
was resolv'd to dwell no longer with
such abandon'd Sinners.

End of the First Volume.



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